

WHAT'S NORMA NOW

MAN AT HIS BEST

APRIL 2012

10% OF MEN
DON'T BELIEVE THAT
ORAL SEX COUNTS
AS "SEX"

52% OF MEN
HAVE SEX LESS
THAN ONCE
A WEEK

100% DE
SOFIA VERGARA →
ES UNA
MUJER QUE AMAMOS
(PAGE 88)

80% OF MEN
HAVE NEVER USED
VIAGRA

34% OF MEN IN
COMMITTED
RELATIONSHIPS
HAVE
CHEATED

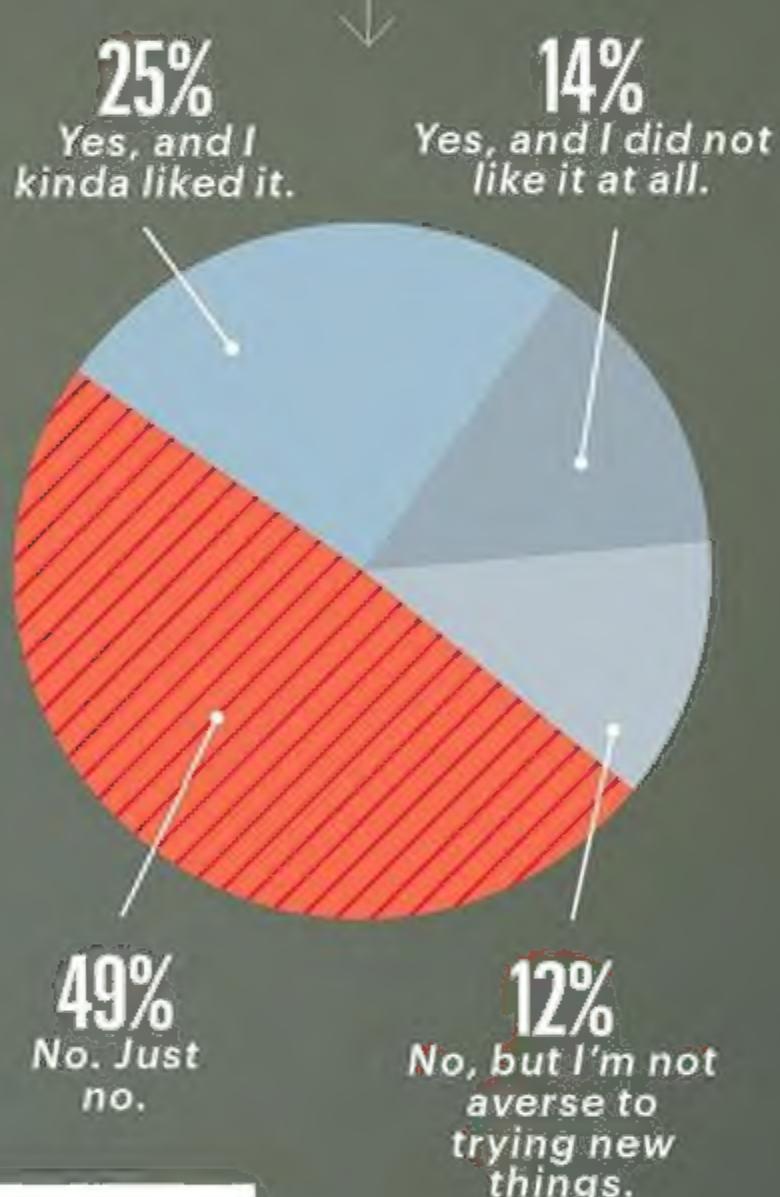


14% OF MARRIED
MEN SAY
THEY HAVE HAD SEX
WITH A GUY

MARRIED
MEN HAVE KINKIER
SEX THAN
SINGLE MEN

17% OF
MEN HAVE WORN
"COSTUMES"
DURING SEX

GUESS WHAT
THIS CHART REFERS TO
(FIND OUT, PAGE 99)



62% OF MEN SAY
THEY PREFER
SMALLER BREASTS

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THE ESSENTIALS

Suits for spring and summer, shoes for work and weekend, watches for every occasion, cars for the discerning driver, and vacations for the restless traveler. But first: some cocktails.

THE INFORMATION

A concise how-to guide for life, including: how to care for your most valuable possession, your body; the art and science of putting your best foot forward; a user's manual for the sun; and wisdom from an extremely well dressed golfer.

THE RESOURCES

An insider's guide to the best barbers, cobblers, and all-purpose neck savers on the most stylish street in the world.



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PROMOTION



1 Crowd at the Manhattan Experience finale in downtown New York City. 2 (L to R) Woodford Reserve Master Distiller Chris Morris, Judge Leo Robitschek, Master of the Manhattan Joann Spiegel, Woodford Reserve Sr. Brand Manager Laura Pinsky. 3 Manhattan cocktails created by Manhattan Experience finalists. 4 Woodford Reserve poster commemorating the Manhattan Experience event. 5 (L to R) Manhattan Experience event judges David Wondrich and Gary Regan. 6 Woodford Reserve bottle display. 7 (L to R) Emcee Domenica Davis from NBC4 New York and Manhattan Experience finalist Joe Raya.

WOODFORD RESERVE® MANHATTAN EXPERIENCE NYC FINALE

In the third annual Manhattan Experience event, Esquire and Woodford Reserve Craft Bourbon brought together bartenders from across the country to show off their finest Manhattan cocktails. This year's event saw sixteen top mixologists square off in front of a packed house and a panel of noteworthy judges, including Woodford Reserve's Master Distiller Chris Morris and Esquire Drinks Correspondent and cocktail historian David Wondrich.

New York's own Joann Spiegel took home the well-earned title of Master of the Manhattan with her "Leaving Manhattan" cocktail.

For more on the event and to view all 16 finalists' recipes visit www.woodfordreserve.com/recipes.



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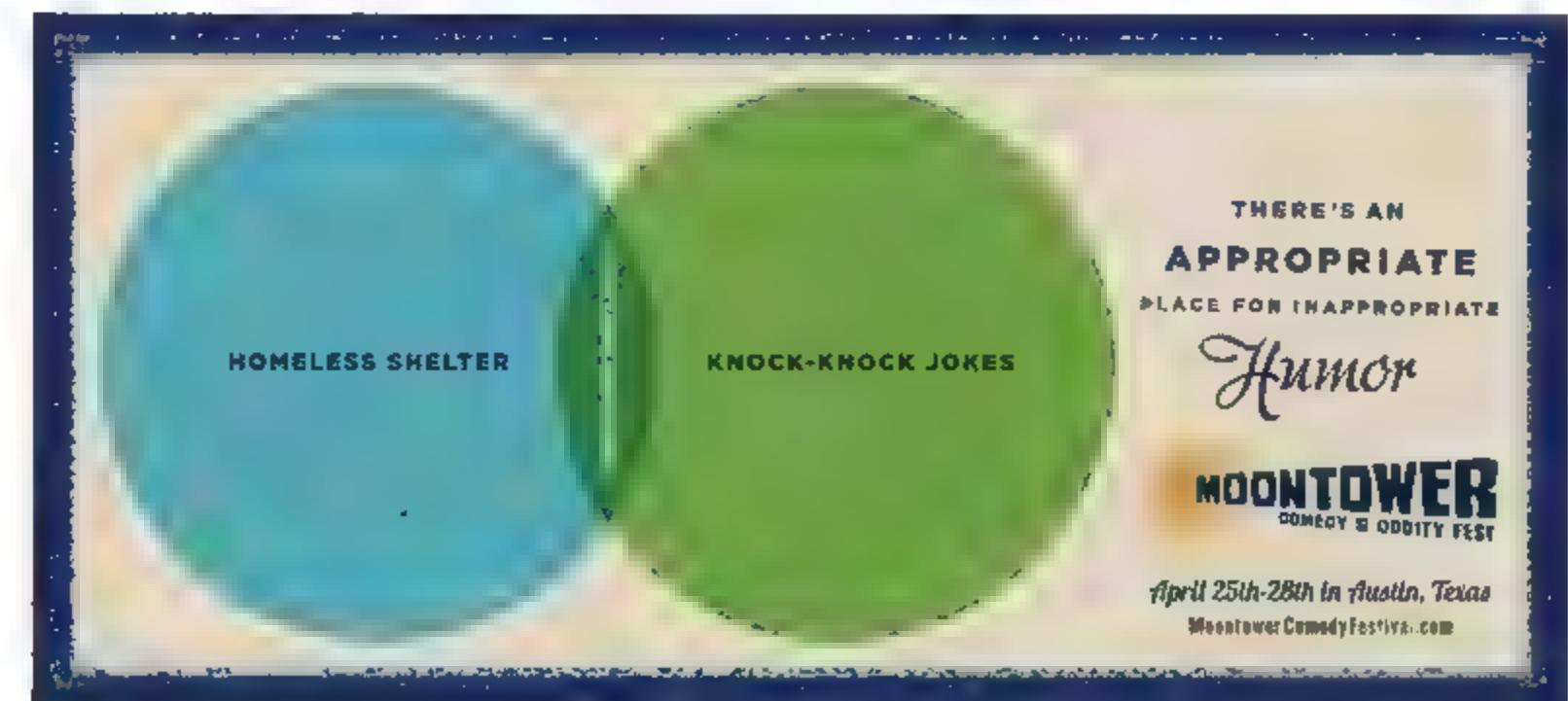
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IT'S EVERYTHING YOU UNEXPECTED





We love her. You love her. America loves her. But think it's easy to live with a beau fait, smart Colombian bombshell? A public service
By Cal Fussman

VOL. 157 • NO. 4

108
WHAT'S WRONG WITH
A LITTLE HGH?

To hear sports leagues and politicians talk, taking hormones such as testosterone and HGH is dangerous and to be avoided at all costs. To hear doctors talk, we're basically sitting on a cure for aging.

By Craig Davidson

84
THE 2012 ESQUIRE
SEX SURVEY OF MEN

How often? With whom? When? Where? How many? And how weird? The results of a nationwide survey analyzed a thousand ways. Yeah, you're in here.

114
WHAT I'VE LEARNED:
LIONEL RICHIE

"Do you like your kids? Yes. More importantly, do they like you?" Interviewed by Cal Fussman

116
THE MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICAN

Scott Brown is the politician Americans say they want. He respects the other side, compromises, and doesn't just vote the party line. So why is he having such a hard time getting reelected? By John H. Richardson

140
THE WORLD OF MEN.
A REPORT FROM
ESQUIRE
EVERWHERE

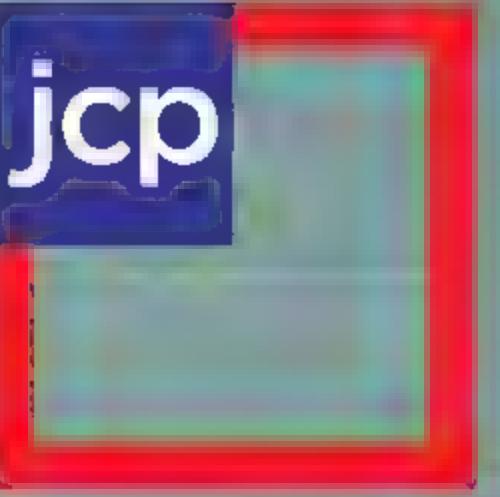
For the first time, the editors of seventeen international editions of Esquire—from Britain to China—weigh in on the state of sports, politics, blogging, women, humor, and mojos in their own sweet corners of the earth.

124
THE WAR
AGAINST YOUTH

The recession didn't ruin the prospects of young Americans. It was the Baby Boomers
By Stephen Marche

{ continued on page 28 }

ON THE COVER: SOFIA VERGARA PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR ESQUIRE BY JAMES WHITE. LINGERIE BY AGENT PROVOCATEUR. BRACELET AND EARRINGS BY JACQUELINE NERGULZIAN. PRODUCED BY MICHELLE HYNEK FOR FIRST SHOT PRODUCTIONS. STYLING BY DEBORAH WAKNIN. HAIR BY JEN ATKIN, MAKEUP BY KAYLEEN MCADAMS. MANICURE BY ASHLEE JOHNSON. ALL FOR THE WALL GROUP



Turn the page at **jcpenney**

Esquire
CONTENTS
APRIL 2012

NO. 4

{ continued from page 25 }



86
THE 3 SERIES TURNS 30
The new BMW 328i may look responsible and even a little boring, but it's neither. Okay, it's kind of responsible.
By Sam Smith

45
ESQ&A

Ed Helms on Bill Cosby, a stolen Mercedes, and making guitars out of cigar boxes.

BEFORE WE BEGIN

The Esquire Universe
32 Letter from the editor
34 Discord
38 The Ladies Tournament
42

60

MAN AT HIS BEST:
CULTURE

Six songs you'll want to download, two books you'll want to read, and an algorithm for picking your next movie.

63

FUNNY JOKE FROM A
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

By Krysten Ritter

72

MAHB PLUS!

Try the foam, and other things to consider before drinking your next dark beer

72

MAHB PLUS!

Try the foam, and other things to consider before drinking your next dark beer

64

SEX

If your wife or girl friend is on the Pill, there are a few things you might want to be aware of.

66

MAHB: INSTRUCTION
The darkest beers and the easiest Bolognese

76

STYLE

Quest ons for the Esquire fashion director the three things to know before you buy any more denim and a guy who owns 128 pairs of jeans.

130

ESQUIRE STYLE
Suits that fit as good as they feel. And how to find them

154

THIS WAY OUT
Keyboard Shortcuts We Need

By Jonathan Stern

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Steve McQueen at Race End
Mojave Desert, 1964

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APR
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BEFORE WE

BEGIN

Essential information for this issue and your month

**THIS MONTH IN
THE ESQUIRE UNIVERSE**

A collage of various magazine covers and promotional materials for Esquire magazine, including 'The Magazine', 'The iPad', and 'The Website' sections. The collage features a central 'The Magazine' cover with a large 'THE MAGAZINE' title, a circular 'How American Men Think About Sex' graphic, and a circular 'How Men From The Rest Of The World Think About Being Men' graphic. Surrounding this are other magazine covers: 'The iPad' on the left, 'The Website' at the bottom, 'The Big Black Book' in the middle left, and various other sections like 'The Case for You and Testosterone', 'Why Baby Boomers Hate Their Children', 'A Partially Comprehensive Guide to Dark Beer', 'Inside the Scott Brown Relection Campaign', 'Sofia Vergara on the Vicissitudes of Latin Women', 'Krysten Ritter Is You Anythin', 'Charles P. Pierce's Daily Dispatches on the Politics Blog', and 'The Esquire Mad Men Recap'. The background is a textured, light-colored surface.

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32 ESQURE : APR + 2012

CANALI



A NOTE FROM
DAVID GRANGER

If Trends Continue...

Within that phrase resides one of the great misapprehensions of our culture. Let me in dulge in a bit of hyperbole here when I say, Trends never continue.

At the basis of just about every discussion of the future of our country and our world [1] is the assumption that what is happening now will continue to happen. Social Security will run out of money in 2036...if trends continue. The earth will be uninhabitable at some point in the future because of climate change...if trends continue.

Trends, of course, will not continue. There are already forces building that will reverse the momentum. But, as Marche's essay passionately argues, it best be soon that we start nourishing our young again.

Just a few years ago, there was this notion of peak oil. It asserted (and the assertion became received wisdom) that the amount of oil capable of being extracted from the earth was in terminal decline. We were officially running out of oil [2]. Well, trends didn't continue. Not only did the world's consumption of oil rise (which should have hastened the draining of the tank), but the supply of available oil also turned out to be vastly larger than had been empirically expected. Trends did not continue. Peak oil has vanished as a topic of discussion.

This little rant is prompted by Stephen Marche's essay, "The War Against Youth" (page 124), about the dire circumstances of young people in America. Marche makes a compelling case that we, as a culture, have

sold the future of the generation now in early adulthood cheap [3] and that its condition will have brutal consequences for the future vitality of our culture. As you can tell, I am predisposed to react skeptically to Marche's argument—mostly because I believe that current economic trends will not continue and that an improving American economy will improve the prospects of my children's generation—but then, nearly every day, I read of a new assault on the young and realize that while trends will not continue, the importance of Marche's argument goes beyond my little rant.

One of our core values as a society was once the education of our children. I went to public schools in four different states—west, east, and south—and each offered a solid foundational education. I then went to a land grant university, where I paid less than \$1,000 a year in tuition. Public education helped make me and most of my generation nearly regardless of our economic circumstances. Can anyone say this is still the case?

Just yesterday, the state of Florida said it wants to cut \$250 million from its education system. Students on campuses all across California regularly organize demonstrations to protest the demise of what once was the greatest public education system in the world and what is now indebting all but its richest graduates. An entire political movement continues to demonize educators (and their unions) and to militate for slashing more funds from education.

Trends, of course, will not continue. There are already forces building that will reverse the momentum. But, as Marche's essay passionately argues, it best be soon that we start nourishing our young again.

→ SENTENCE OF THE MONTH:

"In this ideological time, when the forces of certainty on both sides are growing ever stronger and more hostile, can a liberal citizen of Massachusetts be liberal enough to vote for a good man who isn't a liberal?" PAGE 52



THE ESQUIRE FLASH SALE!

You may be familiar with Esquire's Big Black Book. In case you're not, it's a semiannual luxury style magazine we've put together for the past six years. We promise you'll like it. In fact, we're so sure you'll like it that we're offering you this exciting deal: For 24 hours only, starting March 27 at 12:01 a.m. EST, if you subscribe at esquire.com/bbb-offer, we'll give you the new Big Black Book for free! We'll give you 11 issues of Esquire, too, but you're paying for those, so that should come as no surprise. The Big Black Book usually costs \$9.95. Combined with the year of Esquire you're getting, that's a \$3,000 value for only \$8. Or something like that.



Salvatore Ferragamo

BEFORE WE BEGIN

THINGS WE WON'T BE COVERING THIS MONTH

The Only Scootercase, a rollable suitcase that includes an integrated scooter • WotWentWrong, a new app that helps you find out why a particular relationship failed by e-mailing or texting a questionnaire to the person who dumped you • The Bell FreshTECH automatic Jam & Jelly Maker • Sylvester Stallone and Christian Slater's upcoming movie, based on the *Bullet to the Head* comic-book series • The official fragrance of the New York Yankees



Notable occurrences this month that, interest ed or not, you should be aware of



April 1
The return of Game of Thrones.

April 8
Laura Linney makes cancer—or at least a comedy about cancer—enjoyable on Showtime's The Big C.



April 10
Bonnie Raitt's first album in six years, Slipstream

April 12
Nick Dybek's debut novel When Captain Flint Was Still a Good Man, proves that a book's last 40 pages can be worth a slow start

April 13
Richard Jenkins adds an unlikely pedigree to the silly supernatural torture porn The Cabin in the Woods



April 20
Darling Companion, an amusing movie about a middle-aged couple who rediscovers love when their dog runs away. Take your mom

April 22
HBO's new political comedy Veep means the welcome return of Julia Louis-Dreyfus's biting narcissism. It also reminds us that any show set near the White House will face unfair comparisons with The West Wing

April 27
The lovely Alison Brie attempts a British accent in the otherwise amusing Jason Segel movie The Five Year Engagement



THE BEST WORST CAR I EVER BOUGHT

To complement his column on the consistent quality of the BMW 3 Series (page 86), car correspondent Sam Smith offers his experience with one of the earliest models.



In 2006, I flew to California and paid a man \$200 for an old BMW that appeared to have been lived in by a pack of moose. The car, a 1969 2000A, was essentially a BMW 1500 with a bigger engine—the proto 3 Series. I found it on Craigslist while halfway through a bottle of bourbon, which made the purchase seem like a good idea. What ensued was fun, but it was most definitely not a good idea. It started with a road trip: for some asinine reason, I decided to drive the car home to Michigan, even though it hadn't run in years and the interior smelled like a dead whale. Being relatively handy with a wrench, I figured nothing could go wrong. Naturally, everything did. The radiator exploded. The exhaust fell off. The thermostat stuck. The front shocks blew while cresting the Sierras and made the car body-slam its oil pan into the pavement every time the wind shifted. All told, the 2,300-mile weeklong trip taught me a few things: First, never buy a car while drinking. Second, if it smells like a dead animal, it probably is. And third, even four decades of wear and tear can't erase good genes: In spite of everything, the car was a balls-out hoot to drive. It was balanced and zippy and stayed alive in the face of staggering abuse, which just added to its charm.

A FEW THINGS WE CAN(NOT) ALL AGREE ON

The February issue focused on 79 things that we assumed we'd find consensus on. For a few of them, we were mistaken.

Turkey cannot be the man (number 42) when it cannot recognize the genocide of 1.5 million Armenians committed by the Ottoman Empire from 1915 to 1923. Turkey threatens to recall ambassadors, close air bases, and refuse to trade with nations who properly recognize the genocide. To be the man, Turkey must come to grips with this dark period in its history.

BRET RUMBECK
Boise, Idaho

You are selling us all short by advising that no cocktail should take more than 45 seconds to make (number 52). As a manag

er of a craft-cocktail bar, I prize efficiency and speed but insist on balancing them with creativity, innovation, and attention to detail. It takes time to create flavors and textures through techniques such as muddling and the use of egg foams—time your bartender could be using to make bad drinks and more money in some club or dive bar, as I did for 13 years. I would hope those of us with discerning taste could agree to dispense with arbitrary time limits.

CARL WENGER
Sacramento, Calif

Don't be too quick to assume we can all agree on number 58, "Most people really shouldn't be allowed anywhere near a handgun." As a college professor and

a legal handgun owner for decades, I'm always surprised by how many New Yorkers—young, old, liberal, conservative, male, and female—enjoy handguns. The old mantra that we'd all be safer if only the police had guns just doesn't fly anymore. On the other hand, speaking as a non-smoker, I think Mike Sager really na led it in number 63 regarding the phenomenal waste of money and effort expended in fighting marijuana. And we can all agree Lyle Lovett is great (number 33).

TERRY MORGAN
Alfred, N.Y.

Letters to the editor may be e-mailed to editor@esquire.com and include your full name and address. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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CONTEXT-FREE HIGHLIGHT FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH A MODEL
"Why would my dentist love me? I stop by my dentist every time I get into town."
Gap-toothed model Jessica Hart, who spoke to us after a *Me In My Place* photo shoot.
For pictures, go to esquire.com/hart.

ESQUIRE'S HEALTHIEST CONTRIBUTOR

For the past two years, editor at large A. J. Jacobs has been on a quest to become as healthy as possible. He followed the latest medical advice on diet, exercise, stress, and chewing techniques. He even tried to re-create a squat to fit in his bathroom. And then he wrote about it. His new book, *Drop Dead Healthy: One Man's Humble Quest for Bodily Perfection* (Simon & Schuster, \$26), comes out April 10. Here, some of the wisdom he gained on his recent journey.

> **The treadmill was invented** as a way to punish prisoners in Victorian England. Really. It was banned in 1902 for cruelty.

> **There is no shame in light weights.** The key to massive biceps and triceps is to achieve muscle failure—the moment when your exhausted, shaky arms can lift no more. To recover, your body starts building new proteins. You can reach muscle failure with any weight—5 pounds, 50 pounds, it doesn't matter. Light weights may take more reps, but they also may cause fewer injuries.

> **Multivitamins are a good way to make your urine more expensive.** Other than that, they are largely a waste of time, money, and child-protective caps.

> **Drink coffee** before the gym. Caffeine boosts endurance, partly by slowing down the burning of glycogen, the body's energy reserves.

> **One hundred percent cacao** the totally healthy chocolate—tastes like detergent.

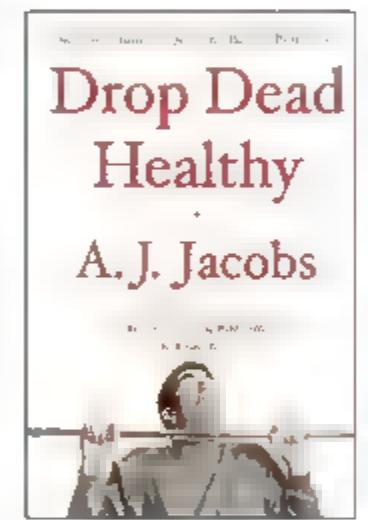
> **Doing a three-day juice cleanse** is unpleasant, but at least there's a total lack of medical evidence of its benefits.

> **Ditto** a colonic.

> **Sitting is bad for you.** Worse for your heart than a Paula Deen glazed bacon doughnut.

> **If you are going to sit down,** at least fidget. Or, as scientists call it, engage in "spontaneous physical activity." Wiggle in your chair, tap your feet. Studies show that fidgeting burns a surprising number of calories, around 350 per day.

> **Avoid stretching.** By which I mean avoid "static stretching," the kind in which you reach for your toes and hold for 30 seconds. Static stretching can actually hurt performance and make athletes slower. During your warm-up, do what's



called "dynamic stretching": lunges, backward jogging, and lifting your knees above the waist while running.

> **My trainer's sales pitch:** He made six previous clients vomit. Sold.

> **Why I use the Purell dispensers** at the gym: MRSA, athlete's foot, jock itch, impetigo, herpes simplex, and ringworm are often found on equipment.

> **Surprisingly bad for your heart?** Noise pollution, which raises blood pressure. Earplugs could save your life.

> **Are you still sitting?** If you continue to do so, there's a 43 percent chance you will be dead by the end of this article.

> **Dermatologists** recommend a shot glass of sunscreen every two hours. That's a shitload of sunscreen.

> **Number of times** I flossed for my first 42 years of life: zero. Since starting this project: 400. What convinced me? It's not just for your teeth—it's to prevent plaque in your arteries and lengthen your

life span by years.

> **I wrote this book** while walking on a treadmill desk, which is just what it sounds like. It took me more than 1,000 miles.

> **If you run through** Central Park holding a large mallet with which to smash logs (the Roman Legionnaire's Workout), you will get at least five people calling you "Thor."

> **Massaging yourself** has known health benefits. It will also cause people to move away from you on the subway. And I was just doing shoulders, neck, and arms.

> **When taking a pole-dancing class,** it's courteous to wipe down the pole after you're finished.



TOOL OF THE MONTH

THE PEWTER
BEER STEIN

You don't buy pewter beer steins to benefit your beer. They won't. You buy pewter steins sometimes called parlor or bar-ster mugs to benefit you. You buy them because you value history because you know they were the traditional container for drinking beer in England since ass wasn't mass-produced until the middle of the 19th century. More than that, you buy pewter mugs because you respect affection. Most of the time, you won't use your mugs. They sit in the back of your cabinet, or on your bar, or on your mantel for months—until by virtue of your company or mind set, the moment demands them. When you take your mugs down, you do so with appreciation for their potbelly, their flared sides, their general ostentation. You let them change you. Suddenly, you may want to call what you're drinking "grog." You may even decide to put on an amusing hat. Or not. Doesn't matter. That's all up to you and your Stein. Because drinking from a beer Stein is about enjoying beer. And that has a lot to do with enjoying yourself.



THE ESQUIRE SUMMIT

Back in the fall, we welcomed 17 editions of Esquire from around the world to the first-ever Esquire Global Initiative in New York City. For two days, editors and publishers from every international edition of Esquire (as well as special guests Bill Keller, David Lauren, Mark Burnett, and Mary-Louise Parker, pictured with Esquire UK editor Alex B. Imes) discussed current events, pop culture, leisure interests, and sex in the hopes of identifying what unites and divides Esquire readers across cultures and continents. To see some of the results, turn to page 140 and visit esquire.com/egi-2012 for video and more.



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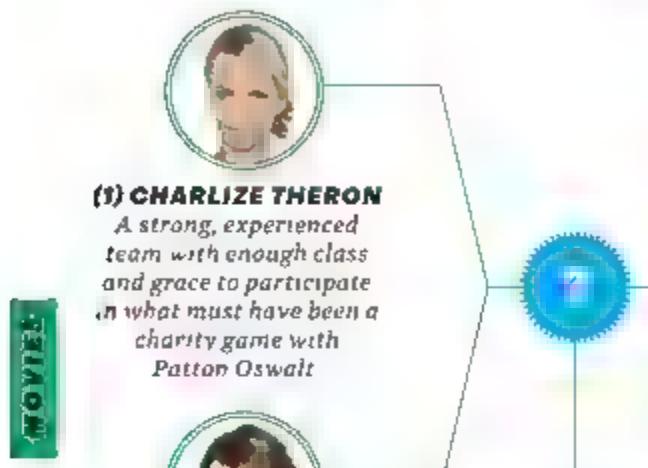
BEFORE WE BEGIN

TWEET OF THE MONTH

Exactly how many times does @esquiremag plan on mailing me a pic of Bill Clinton's scrotch?
@andrewgoldman

THE LADIES' TOURNAMENT

March Madness is back, which means our not-at-all-objectifying search for the Hottest Woman of the Year is back, too. Voting continues through April 4 at esquire.com/tourney-2012 and a winner—your winner—will be crowned later in the month. A preview of the top seeds:



MUSIC AND MODELS

DEDICATIONS & ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the two men whose expertise informed this month's guide to dark beer (page 72):
> Gregory Hall, former brewmaster of the excellent Goose Island brewery and founder of the craft cidery Virtue Cider. You made us want to cook with more beer. And to try cider.
> And Garrett Oliver, brewmaster of the equally excellent Brooklyn Brewery and editor of *The Oxford Companion to Beer*. Your knowledge (and the 920 pages of your book) not only enlightened us about the history of porter and the intricate science behind brewing beer, but gave us the kind of useless triv a we'll be regaling our companions with the next time we're out for a drink. (For example, the tune of "The Star Spangled Banner" was copped from a well-known drinking song.)

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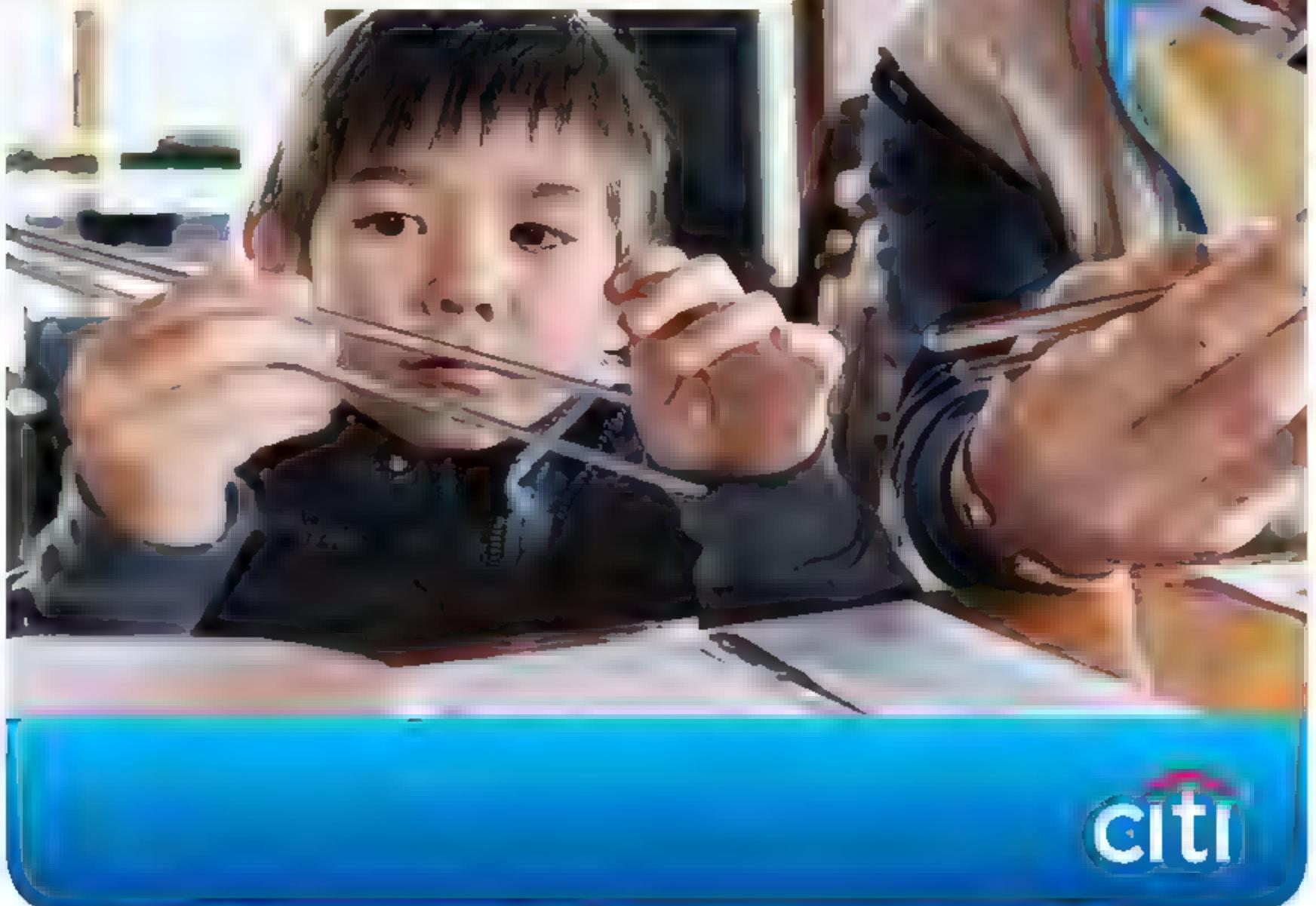
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A FEW OBSERVATIONS

► The average length-to-width ratio of the human face is 1.27. By our fuzzy calculations, the head of **James Van Der Beek**, formerly of *Dawson's Creek* and currently of the dark and amusing new sitcom *Don't Trust the B---- in Apartment 23* (premieres April 11), is 18 percent larger than normal. Though

Van Der Beek tells us that he wears a size 7 1/2 hat, which is only 5 percent larger than normal. Though

Leonardo DiCaprio and Kate Winslet will make money off the release of *Titanic 3-D* (out April 4) on top of the 18 percent larger

► Leonardo DiCaprio and Kate Winslet will make money off the release of *Titanic 3-D* (out April 4) on top of the 18 percent larger



ED HELMS

SCOTT RAAB TALKS WITH THE ACTOR ABOUT *JEFF, WHO LIVES AT HOME* AND MOONSHINE AND THE BANJO AND MAKING STUFF

The restaurant at the Crosby Street Hotel, downtown Manhattan.

SCOTT RAAB: I just saw *Jeff, Who Lives at Home* this morning. It was a very symphonic movie.

ED HELMS: That's a nice word.

It's not the funniest movie I've ever done.

SR: It's pretty funny.

EH: It has a more complex goal than just getting laughs, and yet it was one of the most fun productions I've ever been on. Partly because Jason Segel's such a world-champion good guy, and we were in New Orleans, which is home turf for the DuPlessis brothers [directors Mark and Jay]. And it was a new process for me, because the DuPlessis brothers want you to improvise—not just comedy, but everything. [Looks at recording device.] That looks like a Taser.

SR: The New York City police commissioner said the same thing. A lot of stand-ups use it to record their acts.

EH: It was a big deal when I got a minidisc recorder when I was doing stand-up. This was in my 20s.

SR: You're about 57, 58 now?

EH: Thanks. Yeah, I'm 38. Everybody thinks I'm 50.

SR: You've compared your stand-up style to Bill Cosby's.

EH: I told personal stories the way Cosby would spin a yarn for ten minutes. My monologue on *Saturday Night Live* last year

CONTINUED

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ED HELMS CONTINUED

was a condensed version of one of those long tales. I think in hindsight it works better as a long story than as a condensed monologue.

SR: Do you read reviews?

EH: Yeah, because no one's going to tell me what they really think of something.

SR: Well.

EH: I appreciate it. Not a lot of people do. It's important to me to have a realistic assessment of where I stand. By the way, if I come across as nauseous, it's because I got a little carsick on the way over. But I'm recovering.

SR: You look fresh.

EH: I just had a photo shoot, so I've got some makeup on. I did not feel fresh this morning. My best friend lives in Hell's Kitchen. We had a great dinner and then we went out to a whiskey bar and drank moonshine. Like fancy bottled moonshine.

SR: The car sickness and the moonshine may be related.

EH: Yeah, I know. We had a great night, busted out the instruments. He plays mandolin in this bar all the time.

SR: And you had your banjo?

EH: I usually travel with it, but I played guitar. We drank moonshine and sang bluegrass all night. It made for a rough morning, but it was a good night.

SR: These were jugs of moonshine?

EH: I'll show you one. I took a picture. [Scrolls through pictures on his iPhone.]

SR: Was that your own goatee in *Jeff, Who Lives at Home*?

EH: Yeah. When I was on *The Daily Show*, I wanted badly to have a mustache because I wanted to do a John Stossel

parody and I never could. I just don't have a very good mustache. But I've gotten hairier in my 30s and I can pull off a mustache. And since I wear glasses most of the time when I'm not working, I look exactly like Ned Flanders.

SR: It's a good comedy look. But goatees are like tattoos. If you get one now you look like every other schmuck. Which your character is—not at the end, but at the beginning.

EH: He's desperate to be cool.

SR: And he thinks the car will do it.

EH: The Porsche, yeah.

SR: The inspection sticker on his Boxster in the film said "4/2010." I'm thinking the brother's got an old Boxster, you know?

EH: We had a couple of Boxsters. But this movie did not have a big budget. They came from another movie. And they were pieces of shit. These Boxsters had been wrecked a few times. You've got Teamsters who can make rattletaps look brand new—they had to cut a sunroof in so Jason could pop out the top. We had four Mercedes on *The Hangover* set—they kept getting more and more fucked up as the movie goes. One day in production, we show up to work, one of the beat-up Mercedes had been stolen. Then, on that very day, our beat-up Mercedes drives right by production and our security guys pull him right over. It was like some crack addict.

He had drugs in the car. It was hilarious serendipity.

SR: You've talked about the discomfort of being the cruel *Daily Show* correspondent.

EH: I found myself often asking the question, "Who deserves to be made fun of?" Depending on your mood, the answer can be no one or everyone. It took me a while to understand the math of how those field pieces came together. I don't think

woven into the identity.

SR: I recently saw Stephen Colbert speak about growing up in the South. The talent that has passed through *The Daily Show* is incredible.

EH: That's where I first started to appreciate the discipline it takes to generate comedy on deadlines. It's terrifying.

SR: You've talked about the discomfort of being the cruel *Daily Show* correspondent.

EH: I found myself often asking the question, "Who deserves to be made fun of?" Depending on your mood, the answer can be no one or everyone. It took me a while to understand the math of how those field pieces came together. I don't think

CONTINUED

He ms and his
goatee in *Jeff, Who
Lives at Home*

60
PHIL HARTMAN
GET MISTY WHEN
TALK ABOUT HIM
BECAUSE HE'S SOME
ONE I JUST ASSUMED
I WOULD MEET
I ASSUMED I WOULD
BE BRIEFED TO SHARE

that ridicule is ever funny but there are times when that gets the biggest response. Identity questions come up, like Can I do this and be a good person? I have profound respect for Sacha Baron Cohen, but *Borat* is not a particularly comfortable movie for me to sit through. I think Steve Carell was really genius about making himself the joke in a lot of his segments.

SR: No one talks about your personal life. It's amazing. You're in a long-term relationship?

EH: I have a serious girlfriend, yeah.

SR: Maybe it's because people find you so lovable, they leave you alone.

EH: I think if I ever get to the point where I actually think I'm beloved, I might just stop working.

SR: People like Ed Helms. I don't know if it includes everyone in the Apatow stable, or all *The Daily Show* alums, but there's a sense of "These guys are great."

EH: Maybe it's because of this new approach to comedy. *There's Something About Mary* was transformative because it was really about a loser. And then *40-Year-Old Virgin* came out, and then suddenly the idiot could be a hero. In the '80s you had a lot of aggressive comedy: *Beverly Hills Cop* and even *Vacation*. Chevy Chase is very flawed, but he's still got an alpha energy. Now it's these guys that are struggling with fitting in. I think Ben Stiller is just a world champion at that.

SR: Robert Downey Jr. calls him "our Chaplin."

EH: But Downey was our Chaplin.

SR: Do you have hobbies? Are you a sports fan? Do you prefer crack or powder cocaine?

EH: I like to play with radio-controlled toys. Helicopters, airplanes, and cars, and I like to tinker over them and work on them and modify them. I like crafty stuff. I have a little shop in my garage at my house in Silver Lake [California].

SR: I thought everybody lived in the Palisades or the Valley or Laurel Canyon.

EH: I like feeling close to downtown. When I moved to L.A., I moved into Zach Galifianakis's house in Venice, and I hated it. I was really lonely over there. This is not particularly fair to

CONTINUED

a back-end percentage before I'm right in 1996.

> Three Hustons currently

star on TV series *Anjelica* plays a producer on the

Broadway musical show *Smash*, nephew **Jack** plays the guy with the face on *Boardwalk Empire*, and brother **Danny** plays a mobster on Starz's new 1950s

Jewish Mafia drama *Magic City* (premieres April 16). ▶ The Farrell brothers **The Three Stooges**, starring Sean Hayes, Will Sasso, and

Chris Diamantopoulos is somehow more palatable than it seemed when it starred Sean Penn, Benicio del Toro, and Jim Carrey as originally reported.

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ED HELMS CONTINUED
the Venice population, but it was like people didn't really care about stuff—the beach mind-set. I need an environment that I can pull energy from. I think downtown L.A. is a really special, weird, unique place. [Shows a picture on his iPhone.] This was something made—cigar-box guitars for my nieces and nephews for Christmas this year. I've got a nice little shop. This is a little snapshot of the shop.

SR: That's a clean shop.
EH: That's why I took a picture. I read a some woodworking manual that you should always spend the first 20 minutes of your day cleaning your shop. Start by cleaning it, then you just mess it up. Don't clean it up when you're done. Clean it up when you get there. I gotta show you the finished product. Each guitar is unique. And they sound pretty good. That's number three of the seven. I added a little inlay on the back. I had a ton of fun.

SR: I'm no evangelist for fatherhood, but should it happen, you're gonna love it. You're the kind of guy it's made for.

EH: I'm excited about it.

SR: I read that you had heart surgery when you were 14.
EH: I was diagnosed at birth with a murmur, so it wasn't something that crashed in on us. And when you're 14, you're more worried about what the kids at school think than whether or not you're in a threatening situation. It doesn't feel like a defining thing. It may have been in ways I don't know. I did write my college application essay about it. *Dead Poets Society* was a big movie during my adolescence, so it was "I had heart surgery and I've learned to seize the day! If you put me into your college, I will seize the day!" I went back to Oberlin and they showed me my application, and there's a question on it that says, "What are your career goals?" And I wrote: "TV/film actor/producer" I was 17 years old.

SR: You nailed it.

EH: I'm grateful to have had that clarity. I think it's elusive for a lot of people. This is a boring trope among comedians, but it was *Saturday Night Live* that made me want to do it. My buddy Nick Chew and I would just stay up late every Saturday night. This was the Ebersol era. We were eight years old.

SR: Not the glory years.
EH: But it was Eddie Murphy and Joe Pesci and Martin Short, and they did some extraord-



SONGS EVERY MAN SHOULD LISTEN TO

THIS MONTH, MORE CHANTING

BY ANDY LANGER

"**Ho Hey**," the Lumineers, *The Lumineers*
The music industry—folks famously quick to wash, rinse, and repeat when they strike gold—thinks your next favorite band will sound a lot like Mumford & Sons. And that's good news for chanting. In the first four seconds of this scrappy Denver trio's "Ho Hey," the song's title is established as a chant. Virtually every line is punctuated by a "ho hey," and those that aren't get a foot stomp or clap.

"**Me and My Shadow**," M. Ward [1].

A Wasteland Companion

Because M. Ward is the most brilliant guitar soloist in folk. And because while you won't go wrong downloading any of the tracks from his new record, this one swings a little harder.

"**I Want Yr Love**," Yellow Ostrich,
Strange Land

Two years ago, Yellow Ostrich mastermind Alex Schaaf recorded *The Morgan Freeman EP*, singing exclusively from Freeman's Wikipedia entry. Constrained lyrically, the emphasis shifted to musical dynamics—the notion that how a song moves can sometimes be as important as what it says. The lesson stuck. Mostly just drums, clanky percussion, and Schaaf's youthful voice, "I Want Yr Love" sets narrow parameters, then spirals into something like

those rare moments when Radiohead seems more interested in momentum than art.

"**Eyeoneye**," Andrew Bird, *Break It Yourself*
After eight studio albums from Bird, the final frenetic minute or so of this song—full of *Arcade Fire*-like melodies, violin, driving guitars, and, yes, whistling—is the most vital of his career, a crescendo so fierce and breathless that you want to hit rewind again and again to see just how he got himself there.

"**Kingdom of Izzness**," Dr. John [2].

Locked Down

The Black Keys' Dan Auerbach has given the 70-year-old Night Tripper a serious tighten-up, complete with cooing backup singers, syncopated hand claps, and a B-3 organ groove that RZA might drop 16 bars over

"**Nothing's Gonna Change the Way You Feel About Me Now**," Justin Townes Earle [3].

Nothing's Gonna Change the Way You Feel About Me Now

No other song delivers as succinctly and unglamorously the three cycles of a failed relationship: the nagging suspicion that it's doomed, the conversation full of things you shouldn't have said, and the devastation of everything after.

nary work. If I had to pinpoint one thing, it was those early Eddie Murphy sketches. And the film segments that they did, like the prison poet. Do you remember that one? "Kill my landlord. Kill my landlord. Watchdog barking? Do he bite? Kill my landlord. Kill my landlord. C-I-L-L." I'm really grateful that I had the opportunity to tell Eddie Murphy what he meant to me. The other guy was Phil

Hartman. I get misty when I talk about him because he's someone I just assumed I would meet. I assumed I would be able to share with him what he meant to me. I was surprised by how personally I took that loss. SR: have a note here: "Gandhi was a pussy." That's my favorite line from *Jeff, Who Lives at Home*. EH: That was the first day Jason and I worked together. We

were feeling each other out. There were a lot of riffs in that scene. Man, how sweet is Jason in that movie?

SR: Hey, if I hadn't loved that movie so much, this would have been a smoother interview.

EH: I'll be bummed if people don't see it.

SR: Thanks for taking the time today.
EH: It's been a pleasure. And stay tuned. More to come.

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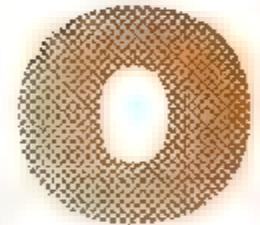


MARCH 25

MAD MEN

ON THE OCCASION OF THE LONG-AWAITED FIFTH SEASON, AND THE NEW POSTER.

BY TOM JUNOD



In September 11, 2001, Richard Drew took a picture. He was a photographer for the Associated Press, and he'd been dispatched to downtown New York, where the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center were on fire—were, indeed, already ruins, even before they fell. When he staked out his place near the police perimeter, however, Drew focused not on the fire but on the falling. People were jumping out of the towers in droves, and after they jumped, they fell. Drew pointed his lens at them and followed them down. He shot them en masse and he shot them individually, and at 9:41 A.M. he shot a man in a white shirt and black pants tumbling in the air, scrambling in the air, but appearing to manage one blessed moment of consonance before completing his fall out of the camera's view. This photograph—the photograph of a man falling 1,000 feet headfirst and somehow righting himself before joining the ruin—is the photograph that appeared the next day in *The New York Times* and in newspapers all over the world. It had no title, and after readers protested its publication, it was withdrawn from view.

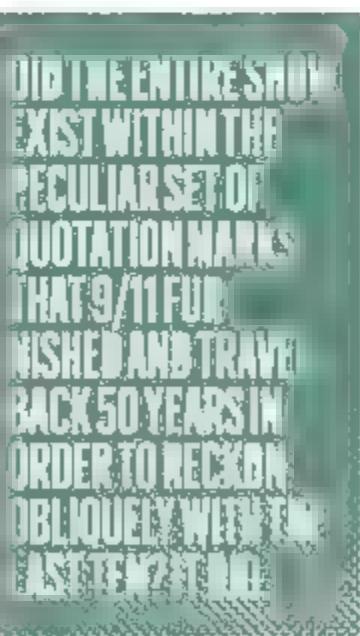
Six years later, AMC broadcast the first episode of its drama about the golden age of Madison Avenue, *Mad Men*. The title sequence portrayed a man—the stark silhouette of a man—in a suit and tie falling from the window of an office tower. Was the image a reference to Drew's photograph? Absolutely. Did the entire show exist within the peculiar set of quotation marks that 9/11 furnished and travel back 50 years in order to reckon obliquely with the last ten? It did, which accounts for the almost forensic nature of our fascination with

American decline, we have to understand how the photograph it refers to in its opening credits has become an iconic American image. It wasn't always. Upon its publication Richard Drew's photograph was denounced as nothing less than a violation of both its subject and its audience, and it became cultural contraband until Esquire published in September 2003 the story that gave it both its title and its symbolic status. The story was called

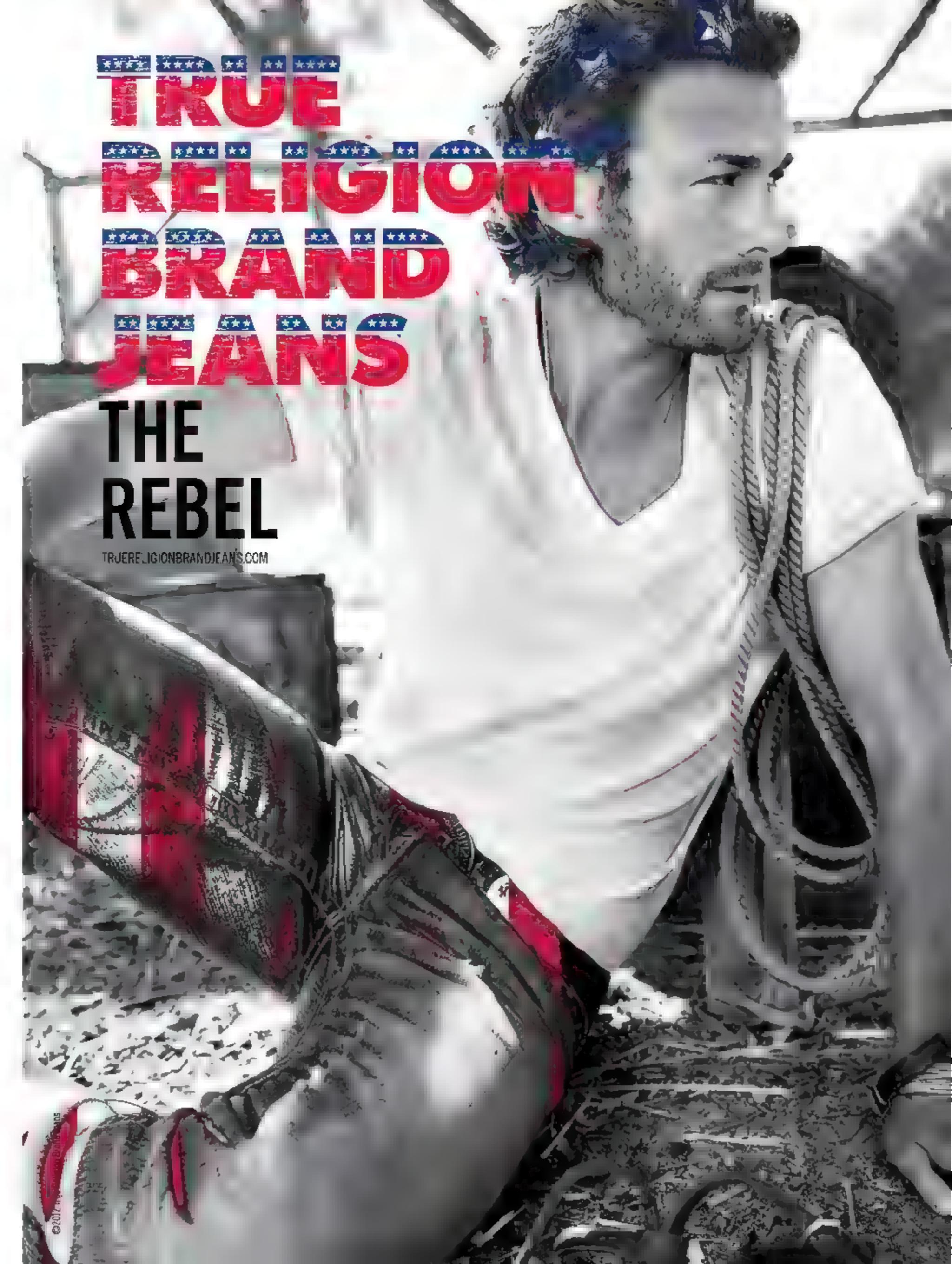
"The Falling Man," and by the time it was written, it had become clear that despite the best efforts of the American government and the American media, the legacy of 9/11 was not going to be moral clarity but rather moral unease—an almost vertiginous sensation of the ground giving way beneath our feet, along with just about everything else.

That sensation, alas, has never gone away, and it is what has been mined brilliantly by the makers of *Mad Men*. If, in 2003, America was finally able to look at a two-year-old photograph suggesting that it had to revise what it thought it knew about how people died on 9/11, by 2007 it was primed to watch a melodrama suggesting that it had to revise what it thought it knew about how people lived in the 1960s. It was ready to hear that what it had always regarded

as American exceptionalism got its start as American entitlement, and was always fated to fall back to earth. And that is how the photo of the Falling Man is truly connected to *Mad Men's* stylized sequence of a man falling. There is supposed to be mystery at the heart of both images—the question of who this man might be, and where he might be going. But we don't look at "The Falling Man" or at *Mad Men* because we don't know where their subjects are going to end up. We look at them because we do.



62 There must be at least eight people in your audience before you can ask for a show of hands.





MY NIGHT WITH TONY

THE RETURN—AND POSSIBLE REDEMPTION—OF ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S STRANGEST DIRECTORS

BY TYLER CABOT

A couple years back, I met director Tony Kaye at a downtown Manhattan bar. He showed up an hour late with his two teenage daughters. After directing them to a table along the back wall, he apologized, explaining that he'd been at Mickey Rourke's discussing an upcoming film. Kaye, a self-proclaimed genius who once compared his directing talent to Hitchcock's, has a lot in common with Rourke. Both men crashed and burned in Hollywood, although Kaye had yet to make his comeback.

American History X, which Kaye directed about ten years earlier, both made his name and killed his career. Kaye was pushed from the movie for refusing to stop filming months after the studio and cast believed it was done. He brought a monk, a rabbi, and a priest with him to negotiate for more time, then demanded that his directing credit be changed to Humpty Dumpty. A couple years

later, in November 2001, he showed up at a master class taught by his friend Marlon Brando dressed as Osama bin Laden. Brando cut him off. Soon after, the rest of Hollywood did, too, and Kaye spent the next five years or so shooting an abortion documentary and leaving hundreds of paintings from what he called his "Left Lying Around Painting" series in front of talent agencies, bus stops, and galleries in Los Angeles.

But that night at the bar, Kaye sat down, ordered tea, and explained that he'd changed. Mellowed. He was no longer the difficult artist. He let his ego get in the way, but now things were different. He was working again. And then he jumped up.

"What time is it?" he asked. It was late. He'd been working on becoming a singer/songwriter, he said. There was an open-mic night a few blocks away at the Bowery Poetry Club. Did I want to come and watch?

Inside the club, Kaye signed up on the clipboard, and the four of us took seats. About an hour later, his name was finally called.

"Tony Kaye," the MC said. Then he paused, as though he were trying to figure out a puzzle. Because Tony Kaye had been missing for ten years. He was a legend, but a legend that had imploded, never to be heard from again. "Is that the Tony Kaye from *American History X*?"

A few years later, I had a similar feeling as I watched Kaye's long-awaited follow-up to *History X*, *Detachment* (out now).

The movie is about struggling teachers in a struggling inner-city school, and while it's illuminated by the same flat light and hopelessness of *History X*, it's not as inspired or satisfying. The dreariness of the lives on the screen is often too hard to watch—everyone in the film wants to be dead, or soon will be. Still, I'm not ready to write Kaye off. And clearly neither are Adrien Brody, Christina Hendricks, and James Caan, who star in the film. That's the thing

about claiming you're a crazy genius: Even if people want to call bullshit on you, they also want to stay close—just in case there's any truth to it. It's why, three years ago in that dank poetry club, I sat through Kaye's whole set. And it's why I'll watch whatever he comes up with next.



SCENE OF THE MONTH

IN WHICH BOB MARLEY IS AT HIS MARLEY-EST IN THE NEW DOCUMENTARY MARLEY

BY JOHN H. RICHARDSON

Marley is a pedestrian documentary with one extraordinary moment. After being shot by thugs from one of Jamaica's warring political parties, Bob Marley flees the island, then changes his mind and returns to give a free peace concert. More than 50,000 people are there, and you can feel the vibrating potential of violence right through the screen. And in the middle of a song, Sant Bob calls the two warring political leaders onstage and makes them join hands—a dope-smoking dreadlocked freak at the center of the most authentically religious moment most of us are likely to see in our lifetimes.

We know from Rita Marley—the filmmakers interview all the principals very well—that Marley would so lose himself in a song, the band could stop and he would still keep playing. That's how he looks with those two warring politicians, dancing low in a watch-doctor crunch, shaking his enormous dreads, lost inside the music. *Marley* (out April 20) shows how a nutty belief like Rastafarianism—which claims an obscure 20th-century Ethiopian leader as the incarnation of God—can become the vehicle of miracles. Never was it so clear that the task of art and life is to organize ourselves beautifully around something—never mind what.



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KING AND GRISHAM

TWO NEW BOOKS, BY TWO LITERARY SLUGGERS

BY BENJAMIN PERCY

The books of Stephen King and John Grisham are not read aloud by the scarred, bespectacled men you'll find in the dark corners of university coffee shops. But they—the big-armed cleanup batters of the book world—are read where it matters: everywhere else.

Grisham has slugged more than 20 books, King more than 50. And with that many at-bats, of course they strike out. But people keep buying their books, just like people keep watching Albert Pujols, because they know these men are capable of brilliance. I'm talking less about line-by-line craftsmanship—though King knows how to turn a sentence—and more about the everyman accessibility of their characters as well as their keen sense of story and structure, their plots as vivid and precise in their design as the chalk diamonding the infield.

Baseball is the subject of Grisham's latest, *Calico Joe* (Doubleday, \$25), a novel about the Cubs and the Mets during the 1973 season, and two men whose lives will be changed by one pitch. (You can picture the movie poster already.) Grisham mixes in fictional players with the real ones, and the novel occasionally reads like the sports page of a small-town newspaper. But he makes up for it in moments like these: "He sprinted after foul balls, lunged into the stands, turned lazy singles into doubles, bunted with two strikes, violently broke up double plays, tagged up on every fly ball to the outfield, usually had the dirtiest uniform when the game was over, and through it all ripped baseballs to all corners of the field." Is the end of the book overly sentimental? Yes, grossly so. But baseball is a sentimental sport, and with spring training under way, this was exactly the reading experience I wanted.

metry, and bring justice to an unruly frontier town. The experience will further steel him for the man he will become, the stone-faced gunslinger who makes bullets dance from six-shooters with sandalwood grips.

Can you read this book as a stand-alone novel if you're unfamiliar with the Dark Tower series? Yes. Should you? Hard to say. I felt enchanted, but maybe for the same reason that I bought the extended editions of the *Lord of the Rings* DVDs. It is not King at his best. (For that, you should pick up *Different Seasons*, a book that includes "The Body"—one of the greatest coming-of-age stories ever written—and "Rita Hayworth and Shawshank Redemption," a languidly paced, bruised-hearted novella about male friendship and the good and evil that people are capable of.)

Sometimes King is great, sometimes he's merely good, and perhaps that's the point. Even when King and Grisham don't connect, there's still beauty and excitement in their swings. They still tell stories better than anyone. And they are read by millions because they tell the stories everyone can relate to—of ordinary people leading ordinary lives hurled into extraordinary circumstances. In doing so, they make you gasp, lean forward, chew the inside of your cheek. They entertain. And isn't that why we read books in the first place?



The Jane Austen Guide to Happily Ever After • Code to Joy, a guide to happiness that diffuses negative "blocking beliefs" • The biography of Kate Moss • Mrs. Kennedy and Me, a memoir by Jacqueline Kennedy's Secret Service agent • The Big Miss: My Years Coaching Tiger Woods • The new Pioneer Woman cookbook

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drink smart



11 Wirk
for

DILEMMA OF THE MONTH

THE THREE STOOGES OR TITANIC 3-D?

(Check all that you agree with. Add up check marks. See whichever movie has more.)

THE THREE STOOGES

- You enjoyed *Shallow Hal*
- You like pratfalls
- You root for the underdogs
- You find Carrot Top endearing, sometimes amusing
- While you yourself do not cross-dress, you think it's a staple of good comedy
- You are amused by sound effects
- You enjoy laughing at idiots
- You yourself are an idiot
- You are not bothered by other people's cartoonish suffering
- Kate Upton
- You are not opposed to watching a movie while intoxicated or stoned
- You are currently intoxicated or stoned

TITANIC 3-D

- You are a fan of Kate Winslet's early work
- You are a fan of Billy Zane's midcareer work
- You can get lost in love stories
- You root for the underdog
- You like period pieces
- You aren't opposed to wearing 3-D glasses
- You aren't opposed to paying to watch movies you've already seen
- You consider yourself sentimental
- Your car radio is constantly tuned to the Adult Contemporary channel
- Celine Dion
- You were not aboard the Costa Concordia's final voyage
- You are currently intoxicated or stoned



Roberto Bolaño's *The Secret of Evil* (a posthumous collection of the writer's unfinished works)
 You enjoy challenging reading



Bear in Heaven (Love You, It's Cool) (up-tempo electronic-indie rock from Brooklyn)
 You like heady music

Willow Smith's *Willow You* (Teen pop from Willow Smith's kid)

You like having music stuck in your head

VISUAL RULE NO. 17



OOO ALWAYS



OOO SOMETIMES



OO NEVER





ADRIENNE

FUNNY*
JOKE
FROM A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

AS TOLD BY
KRYSTEN RITTER

Two drunk guys are sitting at a bar when one looks at the other and says, "I had sex with your mother last night."

The other guy gets up, grabs his coat, and says, "Okay Dad, it's time to go."

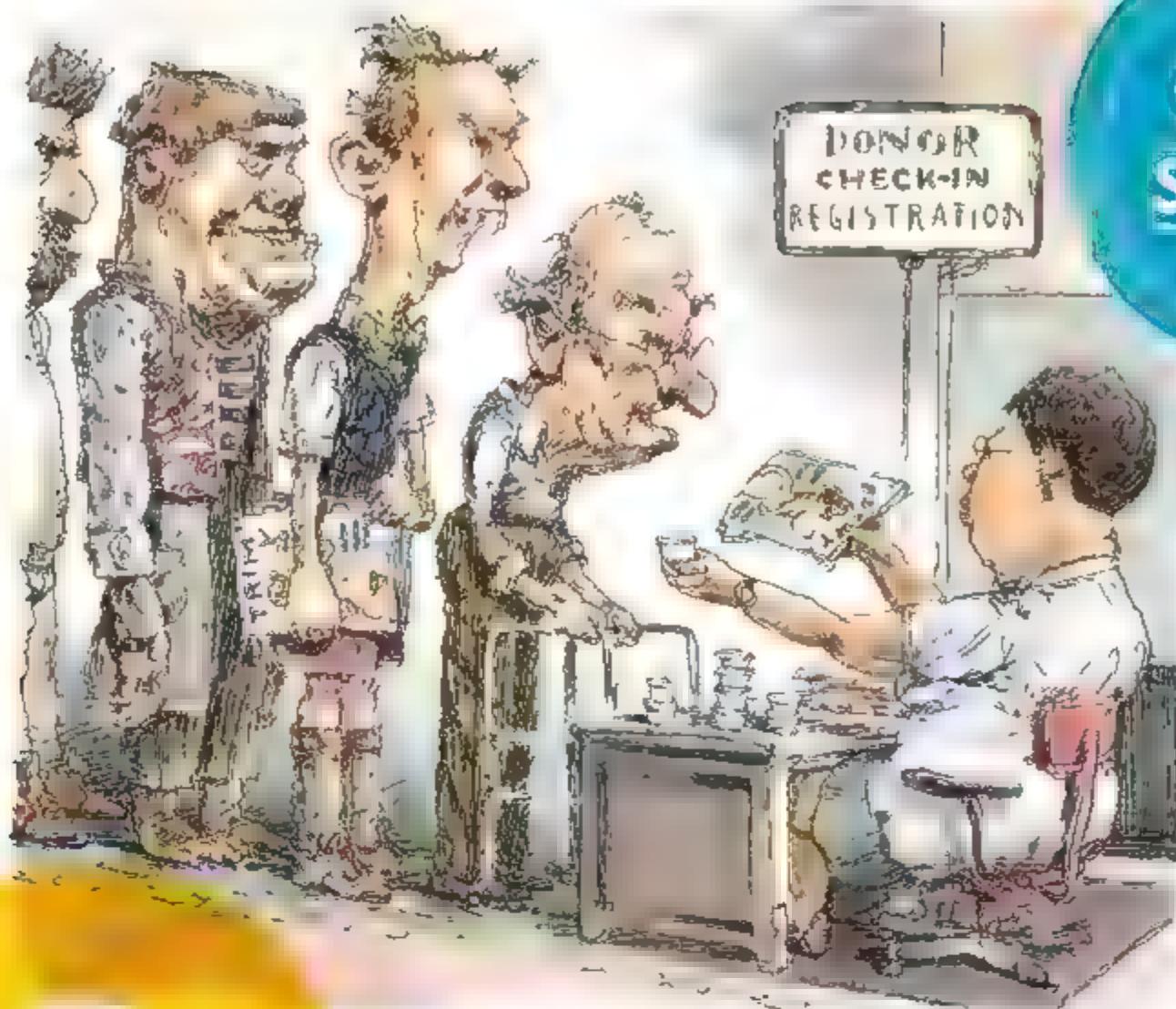
ABOUT THE JOKESTER: Krysten Ritter is the one who should not be trusted in ABC's long-awaited *Don't Trust the B---- in Apartment 23*, a sitcom about a small-town girl who moves to New York and gets mixed up with a well-dressed grifter (Ritter). The role doesn't surprise her friends: "Everyone's like, 'You're so perfect for this part!'" I'm like, 'Why? Does everyone think I'm a horrible bitch?'" Not us. And not, we're assuming, the calf she bottle-fed and raised when she was growing up on her family farm in Shokshinny, Pennsylvania. A modeling gig got her out of animal husbandry and eventually led to acting—perhaps most notably as Jesse's meth-addict girlfriend on season two of AMC's *Breaking Bad*. And if Ritter managed to avoid typecasting with that one, she'll hopefully be okay after *Apartment 23*.

—MARK MIKIN

* Esquire cannot guarantee that this joke will be funny to everyone. (But it is a classic.)

ME
IN MY PLACE

For more from Esquire's collaboration with meinmyplace.com, go to esquire.com/meinmyplace.



HOW PICKY ARE SPERM BANKS?

You can't just show up, look at some magazines, jerk off, and get a hundred bucks like when you visit your parents. Sperm banks must be selective when screening in order to ensure the strongest, healthiest future workforce for China. The FDA, for its part, requires donors of any organic substance to be disease free. It also, for all intents and purposes, requires donors to be straight. It's a more ecological way of screening for things, explains Dr. Robert Brzyski of the American Society for Reproductive Medicine's Ethics Committee. "There are certain diseases you can't really test for, so you ask people about their exposures." For example, the FDA consid-

ers people who've spent three or more cumulative months in the United Kingdom between 1980 and 1996 to be ineligible, which is obviously to prevent a future generation of ravers. As for the banks, they can be as exclusive as they like, usually preferring applicants who have an Ivy League degree, are tall, and have no allergies. At California Cryobank, the largest sperm bank in America, only about 1 percent of applicants is awarded the cup. Certainly looks are a factor, as is overall vibe. "If the guy seems dishonest, unreliable, immature, or in some way strange," says Cryobank communications director Scott Brown, "he can be eliminated." When in doubt, I rec-

ommend following the old Studio 54 rules: Wear a tube top and flirt with the doorman. You've talked about Kegels before, but what are Reverse Kegels? I most certainly have not talked about Kegels before unless I was referring to the dessert. I find the subject of repeated contraction of the pelvic floor muscles to be a trying one. Plus, I don't believe that anyone's really ever done them. Reverse Kegels, one can surmise (when one's spent a long time on internet message boards), require an action akin to flatulence, with which I am unfamiliar. The medical community at large, which is where

Got a sex question of your own? Email it to us at sex@esquire.com.

I/S The dumber the screen, the more indiscriminate the capitalization.

...AND
OTHER
TOPICS



Is there an easy way to eat seeded grapes?
It's best to put them in the freezer. Then go buy seedless grapes.



How do I decline family-style meals with colleagues?
Say that you prefer your own entrée, or better yet, don't say anything.



How big does a burger have to be before a man can cut it in half?
A man should never cut his burger. Unless he's eating family-style with colleagues.



Why do I always feel fake when I say "Have a good one"?
Because it sounds stupid. Say day or better yet, don't say anything.
These are fantastic! Please post them on Facebook where I can better enjoy them.



What can I say when I've seen enough of someone's vacation photos?
These are fantastic! Please post them on Facebook where I can better enjoy them.

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Jim Whittaker
First American to summit Mt. Everest



Jim Whittaker led the Earth Day 20 International Peace Climb that brought together climbers from the USA, Russia and China to summit Mount Everest. They faced blizzards and cracking ice on their way to the Top of the World. Which is why a dependable timepiece like Ball Watch is so important in an environment that features truly adverse conditions.

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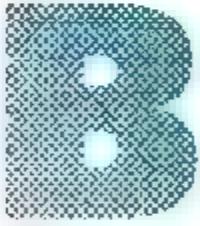
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RED-SAUCE SPECIAL

THE MYTH OF BOLOGNESE SAUCE IS THAT IT HAS TO COOK ALL DAY. THE TRUTH IS YOU CAN MAKE IT ON A TUESDAY NIGHT. SO WHY WOULDN'T YOU?

BY CHEF NICK ANDERER As told to Francine Maroukian



Bolognese is the essential meat sauce of Emilia-Romagna's rich food culture, and nothing stops the people of that region from eating it year-round. But it's also a sensible between-seasons dish while we wait for the markets to fill with spring's early greens. A good Bolognese is vibrant enough to wake us from the hibernating foods of winter and satisfying enough to bridge that unpredictable gap when the weather isn't quite as warm as we think it is.

As complex as the flavor is, this Bolognese is a straightforward, short simmered sauce. The most important moment comes cooking the pasta itself, a single step that can make the dish great or just okay. Executing this step properly will allow the spaghetti's starch to flow into the sauce and the sauce to flow into the spaghetti. It's osmosis, and it's the way spaghetti Bolognese is supposed to taste.

- 1 cup dry white wine
- 2 cups low sodium chicken stock (with extra in reserve)
- 1 28 oz can whole San Marzano tomatoes, crushed by hand with all juices reserved
- Parmigiano-Reggiano rind (removed before grating cheese)
- 1 tsp sugar
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 2 tbsp red wine vinegar
- Coarse salt to taste

- Yield: About 10 cups
- 2 tbsp olive oil
- 4 lbs pork shoulder, ground
- ½ lb prosciutto, ground or diced small
- Vegetable mix: 1 cup carrots, 1 cup red onions, 1 cup celery, all diced small
- 3 garlic cloves, minced
- 2 tsp black peppercorns and 1 tsp fennel seeds, coarsely ground with mortar and pestle
- 1 tsp red chile flakes
- 1 small bunch fresh thyme
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 cup tomato paste

• 1 cup dry white wine
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• 1 tsp sugar
• 1 cup heavy cream
• 2 tbsp red wine vinegar
• Coarse salt to taste

> **In a heavy stewpot or Dutch oven** heat olive oil over high heat and lightly brown the pork in batches, seasoning with salt each time. Don't overcrowd the pot which will result in pale steamed pork. But don't brown it too aggressively either, as this will dry out the meat. It should simply lose its color and be evenly crumbled.

Depending on the size of your pot, it will require roughly three batches, each time transferring the meat to a plate or sheet tray. Do not discard the fat!

> **In the same pot**, over medium heat, add prosciutto, vegetables, and garlic. After a few minutes, add the ground pepper and fennel, chile flakes, thyme, and bay leaf, and cook for 1 minute to extract all the flavor from the herbs and spices. (I don't like making sachets with cheesecloth for the herbs; you can pick out the stems later. You'll get more flavor by cooking them naked with the vegetables.)

> **Add the tomato paste** and cook for a few minutes until it deepens in color, stirring frequently to prevent it from sticking to the bottom of the pot.

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► **Add the tomato paste** and cook for a few minutes until it deepens in color, stirring frequently to prevent it from sticking to the bottom of the pot frequently. Don't trust box instructions, taste a noodle yourself and make sure it still has a lot of bite and is even a bit crunchy in the center. Transfer noodles to sauce, dragging a little bit of the pasta water into the sauce as well (it should be soupy enough that the noodles sink into the sauce, so the Bolognese is simmering around the strands.)

► **When the sauce begins to thicken around the noodles** (1 to 2 minutes), add the cheese, oil, butter, and parsley. Remove pan from heat and stir, watching the sauce become velvety and rich. (If the sauce becomes too dense with the addition of the cheese, a small splash of pasta water will loosen it up again.) Serve with more grated cheese on the side. Serves 4.

OTHER PASTAS THAT WORK
WELL WITH Bolognese



AND TWO THAT DON'T



Deglaze by adding wine and scraping any browned tomato paste from pot, and cook until the liquid is reduced by half. **> Add the chicken stock** and canned tomatoes. Bring to a simmer and add the meat (and the fat!) and the rind you cut off the Parmigiano. Add the sugar, taste the sauce, and adjust if more salt is necessary. You don't need to simmer for hours: 45 minutes is plenty. (It should look like chili.) If the liquid ever evaporates to the point where the meat is not covered, add more stock sparingly.

> After 40 minutes, skim off some but not all of the fat, add heavy cream, stirring thoroughly to incorporate, and simmer for another 5 minutes.

> Remove pot from heat and if you can find them, pick out the bay leaf, thyme stems, and any gooey remainder of cheese rind. Taste once more for seasoning and add the vinegar to brighten the flavors.

COOKING THE PASTA

- 4 cups Bolognese sauce
- 1 lb spaghetti
- 1 cup grated Parmigiano Reggiano (plus more for the table)
- 3 tbsp good olive oil
- 3 tbsp unsalted butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped flat-leaf parsley
- > **In a large skillet** or sauté pan, bring the sauce to a simmer. In a large pot of abundantly salted boiling water, cook the pasta until al dente only, stirring frequently. Don't trust box instructions, taste a noodle yourself and make sure it still has a lot of bite and is even a bit crunchy in the center. Transfer noodles to sauce, dragging a little bit of the pasta water into the sauce as well (it should be soupy enough that the noodles sink into the sauce, so the Bolognese is simmering around the strands.)
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THE DARKEST BEER

PORTER TASTES AS RICH AS ITS HISTORY, JUST NOT AS MURKY

There's nothing like a glass of good porter. Dark, rich, and mellow, it drinks like so much liquid velvet, and yet it's fairly low in alcohol and lightly carbonated, so you're not knocked out of the game after two pints. Porter dates back to early-18th-century London, making it one of the oldest styles of beer going. That history—the knowledge that you're drinking what London clubmen, Yorkshire country squires, Benjamin Franklin, Charles Dickens, and James Joyce drank—somehow enhances every sip.

The problem with history is that it just won't stop squirming. An earlier date pops up, a definition changes, an observer turns out to have been ten years old at the time. With porter, it's not the London part that's the problem or the historical era; certainly by 1730 the drink was well enough established there that *The Grub Street Journal* could print verses singing the praise of "sound, generous Porter" without feeling the need to explain what it was. But when *The Grub Street Journal* said "Porter," what did it mean by that?

The way porter has come down to us, it's generally brewed from the same pale malt that goes into a standard pale ale, with some black malt to give it its deep color. But before 1817, when Daniel Wheeler adapted coffee-roasting technology to malt making, you didn't have black malt. Porter was made entirely from brown malt, which was simply regular pale malt—that is, barley that's been allowed to sprout (and thus convert its starches to sugars) and then toasted—where the heat was turned up at the end, burning some of the grain and giving it a smoky flavor. It took a few months of aging in huge wooden vats to reduce that smokiness, and, as Horst Dornbusch and Garrett Oliver point out in the new *Oxford Companion to Beer*, those vats were anything but sterile, leading to the growth of



funky-tasting wild yeasts. Even when improved malting meant brewers could lose the smoke and the vats (many regretted that), porter was still a much thicker beer than the one we're generally used to. It took World War I and British restrictions on the use of malt to lighten porter to its current point.

As Oliver tells us, porter today "is really a spectrum" of historical styles rather than a fixed point. And as our tasting of 16 modern porters confirmed, that spectrum's a most pleasant place to be. We couldn't get our hands on any straight 18th-century-style porters, made with brown malt and vat aged. (Every once in a while, a well-regarded microbrewery such as New Glarus from Wisconsin or Pennsylvania's East End will offer one as a special, but these tend to come and go very quickly.) About the oldest school of what we tasted were the dry, rich, and coffee-ish Fuller's London Porter and the lean, earthy, and slightly acidic [1] **Taddy Porter** from Samuel Smith's in Yorkshire—both benchmark English porters, although lighter than a true Victorian porter would have been. The

[2] **Anchor Porter** from San Francisco presented itself as a close (and equally delicious) American analog, as did Atlantic Brewing's cute-named Coal Porter from Maine.

At the opposite end of the spectrum were the American brews, such as the ones by [3] **Smuttynose** in New Hampshire and Otter Creek in Vermont, made with fruity, bright New World hops. These come off almost like darker versions of the hoppy IPAs that are such a feature of contemporary microbrewing. The middle of the spectrum held some fine beers as well. The [4] **Firestone Walker's Reserve** from California is winey, even raisiny. Dark and slightly funky, it suggests that old wood-rested style. (The Butte Creek Organic Porter, also from California, had some of those same notes.) The [5] **Founders Porter** from Michigan hints at the richness old porters would have had, but the richest porter we tried comes from Finland, where it was first made in the 1860s. The [6] **Sinebrychoff** is strong and thick and tastes almost as if the Finns thought the "port" in "porter" was derived from the wine of the same name. We don't know if Benjamin Franklin, a man who knew his beer, would have considered any of these a proper porter, but we're pretty sure he wouldn't have turned down a quart or two.



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Scotland has something in the neighborhood of 100 single-malt whisky distilleries. One of the smallest is Glen Garioch, a venerable old place in the comfortable hills of Aberdeenshire. Its 12-year-old is dark and resinous, with a whiff of hay and wildflowers and a bit of fire to warm your rain-chilled bones.



ADRIANO GOLDSCHMIED

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WITHOUT SAYING
A WORD.



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SMOOTHER FINISH

TOP SHELF TASTE

#MAKEITPLATINUM

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LIGHT**

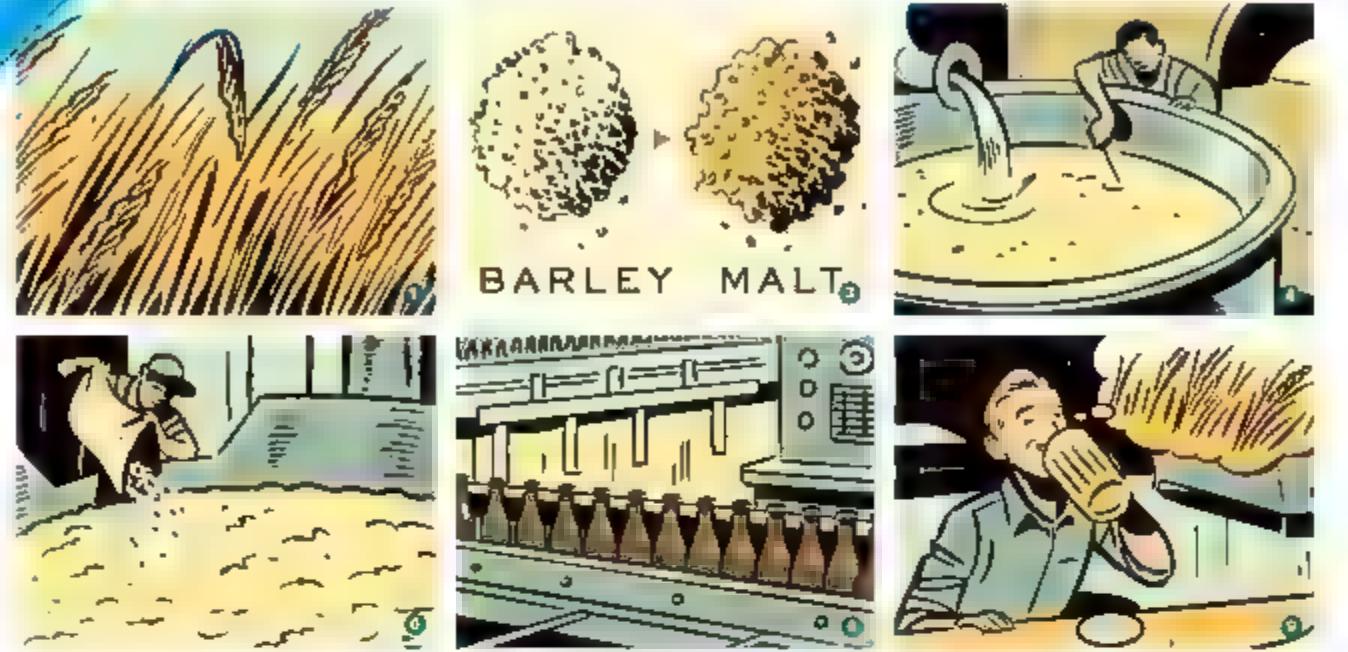
PLATINUM

BEER PLUS!

NO. 222

BEER (DARK)

◀ PREVIOUS: BEARDS **BEER** NEXT: BELLETRISTS ▶



THE VAGUELY INTERESTED MAN'S GUIDE TO BARLEY

A JOURNEY FROM FIELD TO MOUTH

CONSULTANT: Garrett Oliver, editor, *The Oxford Companion to Beer*

1. The miracle of birth Barley sprouts in a farmer's field. 2. After harvest, the barley is shipped to a malt house, where it's steeped in water to begin germination, which breaks down starches into sugar at the start of the malting process. 3. The grain is moved to a kiln, where it's dried and roasted (exact temperature and roasting time affect flavor and coloration), resulting in malt. 4. The malt is ground into smaller bits at a brewery and given a new name: grist. Water is added. Yet another name is bestowed: mash. 5. The mash is strained, leaving a starchy liquid called wort, which is boiled, supplemented with hops, and pasteurized. 6. Added yeast turns the sugar into alcohol and adds bubbles. The beer sits until it reaches the desired alcohol content—anywhere from four to ten days. 7. More fermentation! More bubbles! Sugar and flavor are added, too, if necessary. 8. The beer is transferred to its final vessel—a keg, cask, bottle, or can—then shipped for eventual sale. 9. The miracle of consumption: You open the beer. You enjoy it.

COOKING WITH BEER

GUIDELINES FOR ITS SECOND-BEST USE
CONSULTANT: Gregory Heisler, founder, Virtue Cider



DRY DARK BEER

Examples: Dunkels, black saisons, smoky porters, rauchbiers
Useful for: Mix with pepper, cumin, or cinnamon and marinade beef for 3 to 24 hours. A German rauchbier added to veggie chili will make it taste like it includes bacon or smoked sausage.



SWEET DARK BEER

Examples: Nut brown ales, oatmeal stouts, Belgian dubbels
Useful for: Chili and braised meat. Or reduce one by half and use it in barbecue sauce. Or reduce it down to syrup and drizzle over waffles, oatmeal, or ice cream.



HOPPY DARK BEER

Examples: Brooklyn Brown, Sierra Nevada porter, Greenbush Anger
Useful for: Things other than cooking. Try a cocktail like this one: Mix with bourbon, muddled orange, and some simple syrup.

1. Pour a beer and set it just above and to the right of your dining plate.
2. Serve dinner.
3. As you eat, take a drink every time you get thirsty.
*Also works for all other beers.

DARK BEER* DRINKING GAME

TERMS A MAN CAN USE WHEN DESCRIBING THE FLAVOR OF HIS BEER

- Creamy
- Roasty
- Hoppy
- Bitter
- Chocolatey
- Nutty
- Clovelike
- Buttery

TERMS A MAN CANNOT USE

- Buttery, on second thought

PLEASE ADD TO YOUR MASTER VOLUME



A FEW WORDS ON FOAM

You do yourself a disservice if you wait for the head on your beer to go down. Hop oil is concentrated in the foam, giving it a completely different flavor from the beer itself. Most brewers actually taste that to get a full representation of the beer, which is what you should do. Try to get some of both as you drink.

Flight

LH 1287
TG 746
LH 439
AX 3115
PT 2577
CA 641
X7 3935
SU 108
KY 837
X7 1051
LH 8420

Flight

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Denim Guide
M 04 Y 12

style

THE ESSENTIAL LEE FOR J. CREW 101 B's

SHOPPING FOR JEANS used to be easy. They were blue or black (mostly). They had five pockets (always). And they fit the way jeans were supposed to fit (which is to say they either fit or they didn't, and that was more or less that). Now, today, in 2012, it is not easy to shop for jeans. At all. There are so many choices involved (color, cuts, finishes, etc.) that anyone who just wants to buy a pair of jeans *a normal pair of jeans* can be driven to confusion or, worse, track pants. J. Crew men's wear designer Frank Muytjens knows the frustration, and for spring, he's partnered with Lee, a pioneer of American denim, to reimagine Lee's classic 101 B's. The new 101 B's are straight leg, medium rise, and made from rinsed Japanese selvage denim, and they have the same no-frills details as Lee's original 101 B's from 1924. If you're looking for something more specific in the way of fit, finishing, or wash, we've got you covered on the following pages. But if you're only after a pair of classic, well-cut jeans, look no further.

Cotton jeans (\$320) by Lee for J. Crew; leather jacket (\$580) by G-Star Raw Denim; cotton T-shirt (\$45) by Life/After/Denim; suede shoes (\$135) by Johnston & Murphy; leather belt (\$385) by Brunello Cucinelli

QUESTION ONE: HOW SHOULD THEY FIT?

BECAUSE HOW THEY FIT DETERMINES HOW THEY FEEL. HOW THEY FEEL DETERMINES HOW YOU LOOK. AND HOW YOU LOOK IS WHAT GOOD JEANS ARE ALL ABOUT. CHOOSE THE FIT ACCORDINGLY.



SLIM FIT

Slim. Not skinny. Anything skinny and you're in jeggings territory. Instead, slim-fit jeans should slightly hug the thighs, knees, and calves while loosening up around your ankles. The presence of fabric against your calf might take getting used to, but how they look—crisp, sharp, clean—makes it worth it. Jeans (\$270) by Acne; cotton T-shirt (\$45) by Vince; canvas sneakers (\$50) by Converse; leather bracelet (\$105) by Miansai.



STRAIGHT LEG FIT

A little more forgiving than the slim fit, the straight leg fit is cut more or less the same all the way down, meaning the jeans feel close in the thighs but looser in the knees and calves. To help ease that closeness in the thighs, look for denim with a touch of stretch. (A cotton to spandex ratio of 98 to 2 is a good mix.) By Hudson Jeans (\$217).



CLASSIC FIT

Cut loose throughout these jeans are for guys who want their thighs to breathe. On y hitch. A loose fit below the knee can result in some flare (or worst case, a bell-bottom effect). Opt for a length with about an inch-and-a-half break (which will minimize the bunching of any extra cloth), and if that doesn't do the trick, feel free to roll up the cuffs a bit. By Diesel (\$240).

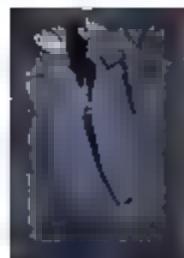


RELAXED FIT

The roomiest of all the options, blessed with a fuller leg and seat. This does not mean they should be hanging off your hips as if you were in the mid-1990s rap game. For them to look the best, the jeans should sit snugly at or just below your natural waist, found right above your hips. By True Religion (\$178).

QUESTION TWO: WHAT ABOUT THE DETAILS?

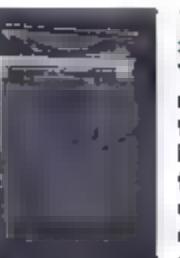
THE FEATURES THAT WHEN DONE RIGHT, TAKE A PAIR OF JEANS FROM GOOD TO GREAT



THE CLOSURE
A button fly, for our money, is an all-around pain in the ass. We prefer the brute efficiency and clean lay of a good zipper—it may not last as long as a button fly, but it's a whole lot easier to live with. By Levi's (\$178).



THE POCKET
Note the lack of overt ass-branding here. A back pocket adorned with just a hint of branding looks cleaner and less fussy. Same goes for the leather label along the belt tab—the simpler the better. By True Religion (\$268).



THE STITCHING
You've got two options: blue-thread stitching indistinguishable from the color of the jeans, rendering the seams nearly invisible, or the classic contrasting golden yellow seen here. We like the latter. By Nudie (\$249).



THE CUFF
Roll up the bottom of your jeans and have a look inside: Is there piping or stitching that, if revealed through an artful cuff, could add some visual interest to your jeans? Take a look and proceed accordingly. By Gilded Age (\$228).

UGG
australia
FOR MEN

QUESTION THREE: WHAT'S A "WASH"?

IT'S HOW YOUR JEANS ARE RINSED, BLED, OR TREATED DURING PRODUCTION, AND YOU'VE GOT OPTIONS



CLASSIC WASH

If you're a fan of medium-blue jeans, you're a fan of classic wash. Most denim begins life as an inky blue, and it's then rinsed with cold water, bleach, or some other lightening agent. A classic wash is best reserved for more casual jeans worn with more casual sportswear. Cotton jeans (\$150) by BLK DNM, cotton parka (\$200) by Lifetime Collective, cotton shirt (\$198) by Tommy Hilfiger, nubuck boots (\$410) by Grenson.



VINTAGE WASH

It can take years to really, truly break in a new pair of jeans, at which point you're probably one long stride away from a tear in the crotch. Hence the vintage wash. This predistressed look usually entails some minimal rinsing (so the cloth fades a little but not too much) as well as light sanding at the seams, knees, and thighs. Cotton jeans (\$198) by J Brand, leather jacket (\$475) by Comune, cotton henley (\$50) by Lifetime Collective, suede sneakers (\$550) by Canali.



DARK RINSE

One step shy of raw, or dry, denim, a dark rinse ensures the same look as untreated but with a much softer hand and some variegated shading (usually in the thighs and the knees). This dark, inky blue works just as well with a blazer as it does with a windbreaker. Cotton jeans (\$70) by Banana Republic, two-button wool-and-polyester-blend jacket (\$280) by G Star Raw, cotton madras shirt (\$185) Gant by Michael Bastian, leather shoes (\$510) by CH Carolina Herrera.



RAW (AKA DRY)

This is denim in its virginal state: unwashed, untreated, and often rigid and rough to the touch. (Selvage denim, a type of cloth that is woven on traditional looms, is usually, though not always, raw.) Raw jeans take forever to break in, but once it's done, they're unique to the owner. Cotton jeans (\$140) by Naked & Famous Denim, two-button cotton jacket (\$198) by Banana Republic, cotton shirt (\$40) by Uniqlo, suede shoes (\$150) by Johnston & Murphy.

WHAT THE PROS LOOK FOR

What a few of our favorite denim gurus want from their jeans

MATTHEW SAAM OF J BRAND

"Simple construction with good stitching and thread color—no heavy embellishments or obvious back-pocket stitching. It's too much of a gimmick. I'm just looking for the real deal: straightforward, masculine, and wearable."

BEN TAVERNITI OF HUDSON JEANS

"Look for the fit, fabric, and wash that fits with your lifestyle. Relaxed fits give freedom of movement for more active lifestyles, for the dapper guy, selvedge denim gives a crisp, tailored feeling."

BRAD ANDREWS OF BONOBOS

"Fit starts at the waist: you should be able to fasten your belt without the waistline cinching. A great classic jean will have a medium rise, so it's not too high and tight or too loose and baggy. Guys with larger frames should stay away from super-slim or skinny fits, if they are not flattering."

JONATHAN KIRBY OF LEVI'S

"Good design comes down to as little design as possible and concentrates on the essence of the product—accessibility, form, and function."



For more insights from denim gurus, visit esquire.com/denim-2012

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I'VE BEEN GOING CRAZY TRYING TO FIND WHAT WERE REFERRED TO AS PERRY COMO SWEATERS—THREE BUTTONS, STRAIGHT BOTTOM, JUST TO-THE HIP LENGTH. I CAN'T FIND THEM IN STORES OR ONLINE.

HENRY ZEEB
PISCATAWAY, N.J.

→ You don't half pick 'em, Henry. I wonder if part of the problem is that quite a few people in clothing stores might not (heaven forfend) know who Perry Como [Fig. 1] was. I do—let alone that he was known for wearing a trim hip-length cardigan. But the main reason you won't find them at that exact length is that trouser waist bands have dropped about four inches since Perry was crooning tunes in his comfy knits. And therefore knitwear cut that short now would probably leave an unsightly band of shirt around the midriff between sweater and trousers. (It's a problem paralleled in vests worn by many celebrities today. See below.) The closest you might get is a slightly longer but still trim cardigan like this one [Fig. 2, \$340 by John Smedley].

IN A ROTATION OF SHIRTS FOR WORK, IS THERE A RECOMMENDED BALANCE BETWEEN SOLIDS AND PATTERNS? I ROTATE EIGHT TO TEN DRESS SHIRTS AND I ONLY HAVE ONE OR TWO SOLID SHIRTS

DANIEL HOFFMAN
BOSTON, MASS.

→ I never thought I'd say this, but I do wonder sometimes if it isn't possible to think too much about



and use a gentle detergent formulated for knitwear, such as Woolite [Fig. 3].

I AM GETTING MARRIED IN JUNE AND MY WEDDING WILL BE STARTING AT 4:00 P.M. IS IT APPROPRIATE FOR ME AND THE MALE GUESTS TO WEAR TUXEDOS EVEN THOUGH IT'S THE MIDDLE OF THE AFTERNOON?

JASON STARKMAN
CHERRY HILL, N.J.

→ Evening wear is the last vestigial wardrobe left to American men that is outside normal day wear. So it has become customary, though by no means requisite, for a bridegroom wanting to show (and encourage in his mates) a bit of ceremony. Given that your wedding celebration does not end at the chapel but sometime late in the evening with wild knee-jerk dancing and associated overbites [Fig. 4], black tie is perfectly acceptable throughout—even when the tux ends up tied around your head.



I HAVE A BLACK SUIT WITH NARROW LAPELS. I WANT TO WEAR IT WITH A BLACK SPREAD-COLLAR SHIRT BUT I CANNOT FIND THE RIGHT TIE. PLEASE HELP!

ANTHONY (LAST NAME WITHHELD)
NEW YORK, N.Y.

→ Sir, if you're hell-bent on reliving the 1990s with the black-on-black look, I'm not going to stop you. But a spread collar doesn't sound quite right for a suit with narrow lapels. To be proportionate, there's a simple test. The leading edge of the shirt collar should be roughly the same length as the width of the jacket lapel at its widest. As to the tie, write me back when you have ditched the black [Fig. 5].



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DO YOU HAVE A QUESTION FOR NICK SULLIVAN? E-MAIL HIM AT ESQSTYL@HEARST.COM.



Timberlake, J. James, L. Depp, J. Beckham, D.



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THE COLLECTOR

WHAT MILES JOHNSON OF LEVIS MADE & CRAFTED CAN TELL YOU ABOUT JEANS
AND WHAT HIS JEANS CAN TELL YOU ABOUT HIM

Miles Johnson is the design director of Levi's Made & Crafted, a two-year-old offshoot of the denim giant that features not only high-end denim but sweaters, blazers, and assorted sportswear in angora, mohair, and cashmere. Johnson is also the proud owner of 128 pairs of jeans that he's worn and collected over the course of his 42 years. Here are eight highlights from his collection.

1) Levi's White Tab flare-legged jeans, c. 1977: "My very first pair of jeans. They started out indigo, and every time my mum washed them, they would go just a little bit lighter. Today they look lilac and they feel like peach skin. I was seven."

2) Levi's 646's, c. 1982: "The first pair I bought with my own pocket money. They're made from quite a heavyweight denim for a 12-year-old, and they were tough to break in. I spent a whole summer roller-skating on our freshly tarmacked roads on the estate where I lived, in a little village in England called Pattenham. By the end of the summer, the jeans were so floppy and buttery that I could just roll out of bed and slide into them."

3) Levi's 501's, c. 1986: "I was a moody, slightly Gothic 16-year-old, and I wore them through my high school years. I used to roll them at the bottom of the leg and wear them with Doc Martens shoes, a big white T-shirt, and a stretched-out cardigan. It was all very Morrissey."

4) Random pair of jeans, c. 1989: "When I went to art college, I took a big pair of stone washed jeans from my dad and wore them all the time for about three years. I studied painting, and I used to clean my brushes on my jeans.

Painting all day, going to the pub, going home, and drawing in our sketchbooks all night. All in these jeans."

5) Levi's Reds, 1994: "I started a master's in men's wear at St. Martins College, and there was so much buzz at the time about Levi's and how it was reinventing jeans. I bought and wore a pair of Levi's Red jeans that were made of hemp and had this really odd twisting seam going around the leg. I became obsessed with denim in general and Levi's in particular"

6) Self-made jeans, 2000: "For my interview to join the European design team at Levi's, I was so desperate to impress them that I made my own jeans. I took a pair of OshKosh bib and brace, cut them up, and restructured them. They were quite the talking point for my interview, and she didn't really look at my portfolio. She just asked me when I was starting, and I've been working at

9), cotton jacket
hambray shirt
T-shirt (\$85) by
ted, leather boots
/ing Heritage

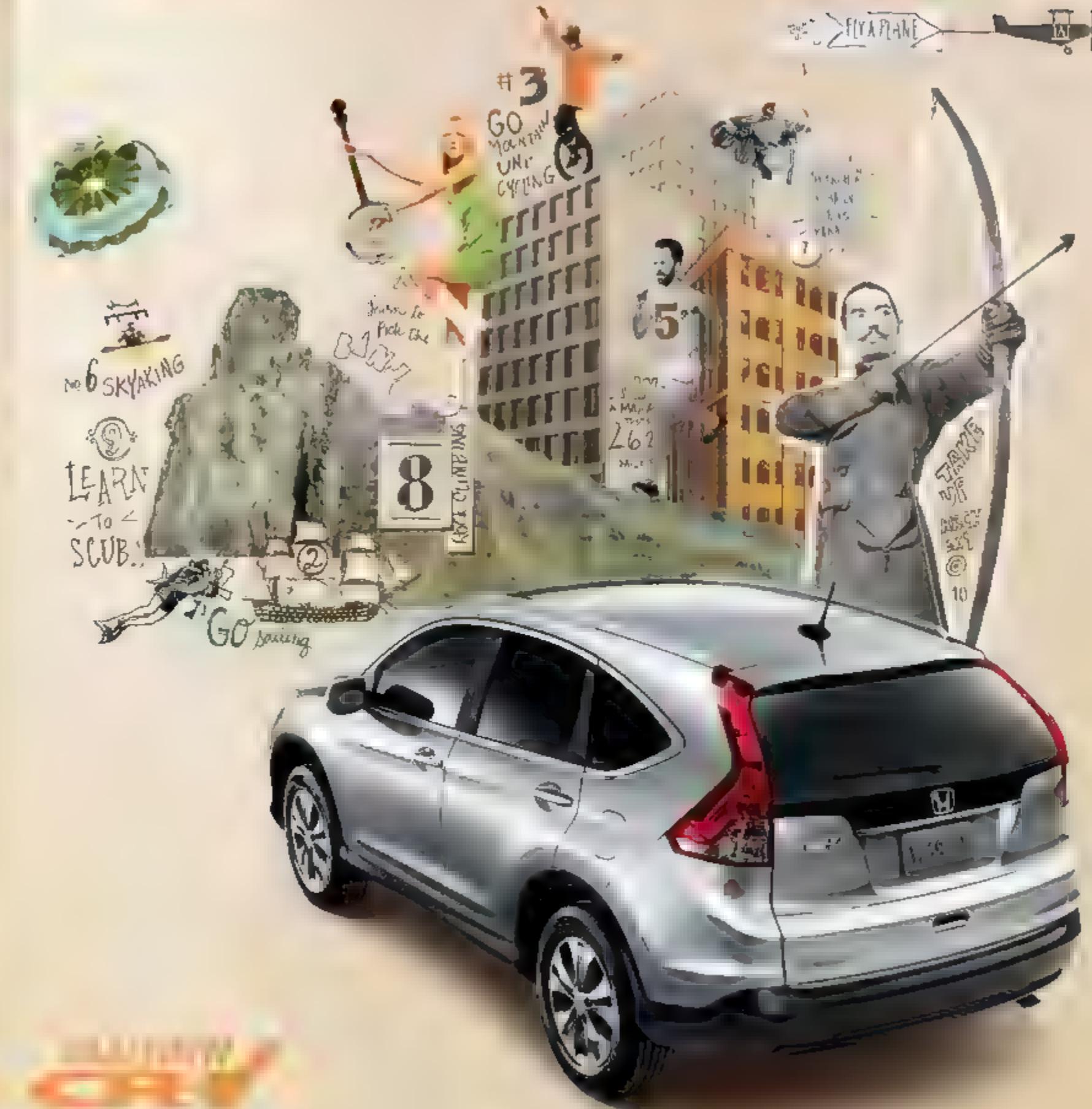
Levi's, mostly at Levi's Vintage, ever since."

7) Levi's Vintage 501's, 2002: "I bought my first house in Worcestershire, in England, and I wanted a pair of gardening jeans that I could get dirty and not worry about. So I got a pair of rigid 1944 501's, and they got really dirty. And the thing is, you can never really wash mud out, so layers and layers and layers of dirt built up. One day I just looked at them and thought, *Oh, my God, they're beautiful.* And so my garden jeans have become one of my favorite pairs to wear everywhere."

8) Levi's 501's, 2012: "I got the opportunity to take over Made & Crafted about a year ago, and I've been having fun with it. And I've started wearing my old pair of black 501's from high school again. I'm so pleased they still fit!"
For more on Johnson's designs, visit levismadeandcrafted.com.



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THE BEAST WITHIN

THE 2012 BMW 3 SERIES

BY SAM SMITH



The car world is a lot like life: There are rules. Boring cars usually look boring. No one stays on top forever. Inconsistency reigns supreme. Thing is, as in life, there are always exceptions. Take the BMW 3 Series: Fifty years ago, the German company built the best sport sedan on the market. Today, ditto. BMW's bread-and-butter 3 Series model was recently revamped, but the six-year-old machine it replaces is still a benchmark, still worlds better than anything Japan or Europe has crafted since. ¶ Because winning streaks are so rare in this business,

the history here is important. Like many European car builders, BMW exited World War II dazed and battered. Short on money, it spent much of the 1950s peddling prewar ideas: blue-blood luxury sedans and sports cars. Few sold well, and the brand hit the skids. Banks were beating down the door, and a group of shareholders even suggested that archrival Mercedes-Benz (*Mein Gott!*) buy the company.

Salvation came when a private investor—Germany's Quandt family, which still owns a controlling stake— injected a truckload of



cash. Desperate, BMW's engineers swung for the fences. The affordable four-door that appeared in 1962 was nimble, styled like an old fridge, and powered by an 80-hp four, an engine so wickedly overbuilt that it later formed the basis for a 1,400-hp Formula 1 car. The new model, dubbed 1500, was aimed at Europe's burgeoning middle class. It was the first 3 Series in everything but name, and it catapulted BMW back into solvency, earning the brand a reputation for sedans that outran sports cars but swallowed abuse like an armored city bus. The Bavarians took the lesson—give the engineers leash and your cars will kick ass—and ran with it. Every 3 since has followed the same pattern.

The 3 Series is new for 2012, but the only outward clues are a snappy new face and microscopically different sheet metal. This is the 1500's legacy: Everything that matters is underneath the skin. The car currently comes in two options: the 328i, with a 2.0-liter, 240-hp four, and the 335i, with a 3.0-liter, 300-hp straight six. Predictably, both engines are turbocharged, maximizing efficiency and output. Rear-wheel drive is standard, allowing for a decent steering



THE NISSAN JUKE-R

THE LEAST SUBTLE CAR IN AMERICA

If BMWs are razor-sharp engineering in a sensible wrapper then a lot of Nissan's are unrefined top to bottom, and this bug-eyed chunk of batshit is proof. The Juke-R is a Nissan Juke SUV (\$20,770) stuffed with the al-wheeeeee drivel guts of a 485-hp GT-R. There are currently just two Juke-Rs in existence, both of which were built by a race shop in England. Nissan commissioned them for no reason other than to prove that it could. Each is five feet tall and offers a wheelbase almost ten inches shorter than a GT-R's, which makes forking the throttle like riding a coked-up giraffe. Sixty-two miles per hour comes up in 3.7 seconds, the air conditioning works, and the cockpit's steel tube roll cage fools you into thinking the car cares for you (it doesn't).

But that's the best part. I drove a Juke-R for about fifteen minutes on a closed track. I exited sweaty and aghast, having just peered into the depths of my soul. Hammer this thing into a corner too fast and you cackle, question your existence, and start eyeballing the exits. Nothing this funky rhymes horizon like this, which is nice—like say, a drinking bender is nice—but you're always wary of the hangover. Crosswinds pitch you into the next lane. Too much throttle at the wrong time with the stability control off pitches you somewhere else, backward. Left alone with a Juke-R, most people would kill themselves, but they'd be smiling.

You want proof that the car industry is back on its feet? Here you go. S.I. is one off experiments I like to come out only when carmakers aren't running scared. The worst part: Nissan won't sell you a Juke-R, no matter how nicely you ask. Much as I hate to admit it, we're probably better off.

—S.S.

feel and a communicative chassis.

The 335i's engine, borrowed from the last 335i, is great—smooth, fuel efficient, and a raucous howler when provoked. But the 328i is the real star. It shares its mill with the Z4 sDrive28i roadster and 528i sedan, but the engine truly sings here. For one thing, the 328i produces the same power as the first six-cylinder BMW M3 (1995–99), for another, at a staggering 36/24 mpg with the optional eight-speed automatic, it bounds over similar offerings from Acura (TSX, 31/22 mpg), Audi (A4, 30/22), and Mercedes-Benz (C250, 31/21). That it's virtually lag free and fiendishly rev-happy is pure bonus.

Chiefly, however, the 3,406-pound 328i handles. It grins in corners. Fours are generally lighter than sixes, but they also take up less space, which means you can shove them further rearward in a rear-wheel-drive

car, improving balance. The 328i's engine is thus damn near buried under the car's windshield, which means the whole package pivots almost telepathically. The brakes, a perpetual 3 Series weakness, don't disappear when you beat on them, the cockpit is simple but comfy, the unflappable stability and you-are-a-god chassis magic—garbage pavement or your mistakes, nothing troubles it. Recall other legendary sportsters, including a few M3s. Few sport sedans turn like this. Hell, some Ferraris don't.

Designing a fast car full of compromises is easy. Speed you can live with is another thing entirely—the 328i looks responsible and boring, but that's just a cover. Want a Swiss-Army-knife sedan that can do everything, haul ass, and still kick up your pulse the next morning? Get 'em while they're hot. ¶

HAIR SECRETS



A man walks out of the elevator, into the lobby of the apartment building where Sofia Vergara lives. Tall, handsome, relaxed, dressed in workout clothes. All-American guy. I'm just walking in, about to buzz up.

"Hey," he calls out to me, "you here to see Sofia?"

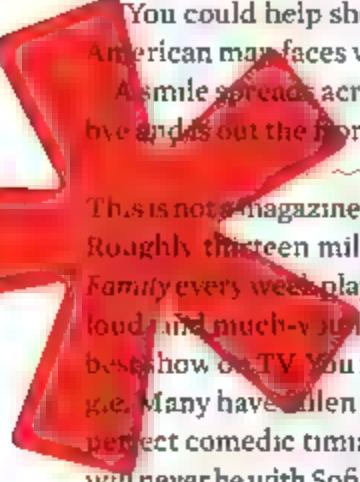
Turns out it's her boyfriend, Nick. He's a very friendly guy, Nick, and he stops to chat. The more you talk to Nick, the more you like him.

After a minute I say, "Why don't you come up and join us for the interview?"

He looks confused.

You could help shed some light on the cultural differences an American man faces when he's with a Latin woman," I tell him.

A smile spreads across Nick's face. He's no fool. He waves goodbye and is out the front door in two seconds flat.


This is not a magazine story. This is a public-service announcement. Roughly thirteen million people watch Sofia Vergara on *Modern Family* every week, playing Gloria, the gorgeous, caring, opinionated, loud and much-too-sugary wife of Jay, played by Ed O'Neill. It's the buzzshow on TV. You figure a lot of the men watching Sofia are single. Many have fallen in love with her—her Colombian curves, her perfect comedic timing, her accent. Unfortunately for them, they will never be with Sofia Vergara. Somehow, Sofia is nearly forty years old. She has a twenty-year-old son, and she has all-American Nick. So it figures that at least some of these single men in love with the Sofia Vergara they see on television will go looking for their own Sofia. And some of them just may find her, in another Latina. They may even marry that other Latina. It's not a stretch to say that children, perhaps many children, will come into this world because so many American men are falling in love with Sofia Vergara.

And so when I enter her apartment, I have a purpose. We greet with a kiss on each cheek, as if we'd met in Colombia. Then she leads me to a couch. It's a white couch—a Latin couch. Large, elegant, and comfortable. A family could inhabit this couch, could lean all the way back and laugh. It makes you feel at home.

I start off by bringing up Sonia Braga, the Latina bombshell from a generation ago. When I was a young man, I saw Sonia in two movies, *Gabriela* and *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*. In each one, the plot was driven by Sonia's ability to cook food that made you want to dive into the screen and make love in ways that wouldn't let you sleep at night. "Sonia Braga was my idea of a Latin woman," I tell Sofia. "That was all I wanted—great food and amazing sex. I even learned a little Portuguese so that I could communicate with her when I found her. I went to Brazil, and I did find my own Sonia Braga."

I tell her that when my wife moved to the United States from Brazil, we ate out for the first three days. On the fourth, she said she'd make soup. I went for a run around Central Park, thinking about all the meals I'd seen Sonia Braga prepare on the big screen. When I returned, I walked through the kitchen and noticed a blue bubble escape from the soup pot. Then another. I realized at that moment that in all the time I'd known my wife, she had never cooked for me. She had maids in Brazil who cooked for us. My wife was not rich. She was middle class. But everybody has maids in Brazil. Even the maids have maids in Brazil.

I walked to the pot, lifted the lid, and watched thousands of bubbles float toward the ceiling.

"What did you put in the soup?" I called out—in Portuguese.

"Look in the top cabinet," she called back.

I opened the cabinet and saw a small box of dishwasher detergent.

"My point is," I tell Sofia, "that all these American men who are falling in love with Latinas because of you may have no idea what they're getting into. It's only fair that you give them a heads-up."

The conversation that follows is the heads-up.

Is patience the most important quality that an American man needs if he wants to be with a Latina?

Yeah. There's always a lot going on. Nick wonders how I can get really mad and scream, then turn around, do something, come back, and forget that I was mad.

That's my wife. And I'll bet he thinks you're still mad ten minutes later.

Of course! The first time it happened, he thought, *This woman is insane*. One time I was screaming with my sister. Then the next day, I told him I was having lunch with her. He said, "How? You were just fighting with her!"

So we must understand the mercurial.

I'm, like, bipolar.

Is that something a Latin man would take for granted?

I didn't even realize it was weird or insane until I came here. It's not out of the ordinary where I come from. Everybody's like that. It's better that way. You forget about what's bothering you. It's not like you're holding it inside, you know? You get it out—and it's over with.

What about dealing with her family? Family is so central to a Latina.

Sometimes it can be bad to have too much family. Everybody gets involved in your problems, giving their opinion, gossiping, and making drama. But when bad things happen, they will be there to support you. Nick had a big accident a year and a half ago. He was in the hospital for a month. More people came to take care of me taking care of him than came to see him. He said, "Wow, this is amazing."

When an American guy goes to meet them for the first time, what should he know?

First, he must accept that they're always going to be there. You have no options.

And her father?

He's going to be superprotective. And the brothers will be even worse. They will spy for him.

What about mothers? There's a joke American men have about mothers-in-law. The definition of bittersweet is when your mother-in-law drives off a cliff in your new Cadillac.

[Gasp.] The mother is the one who is going to help you in the long run! You must make her your friend. It matters what she thinks. If her mother has something bad to say about you, she'll say it all the time. It will never end. "Yeah, I told you! You knew he was like that! We *allll* knew." It will create a bad energy. So if the guy is intelligent, he'll make sure her mother is saying good things about him. That will become the energy all over the house.

I have to ask you about the decibel level around Latinas.

Oh, yeah. We're very loud. Ed O'Neill tells a funny story: When we were shooting one of the first episodes of *Modern Family*, our trailers were connected. So if I'm in my trailer screaming on the phone, he can hear me perfectly. I was having one of those "Oh, my God!" conversations with one of my cousins for twenty minutes. As soon as it ended, there's a knock on the door. It's Ed. "Sofia, are you okay?" I'm like, "What do you mean?"

"I thought maybe you were crying or having a heart attack or something."

"Oh, no. I was just on the phone with my cousin. We were talking about someone else."

Explain this: Latinas love to dress sexy. How is the guy she's with supposed to react when other guys look at her?

That's where it's up to the Latina to be intelligent and choose a guy who can handle that. If a Latina falls in love with someone who is insecure, it can be a nightmare. I've had girlfriends who've been with really jealous guys, and it's like they're never enjoying you. You're at a party and they're just watching your every move. Then they'll come over and say, "Why were you talking so closely to that guy?"



And she's funny. Vergara stars in the Farrelly brothers' *The Three Stooges*, opening April 13.



THINGS MANY PEOPLE DON'T KNOW ABOUT SOFIA VERGARA

> She was discovered in 1989, at age 17, by a modeling scout on a beach in her native Colombia.

> She was hesitant to take her first commercial, for Pepsi, because of what her Catholic school nuns might think.

> At 19, she had her only child, Manolo, while married to her high school sweetheart. (Her son's name on *Modern Family*: Manny.)

> After her divorce, she briefly studied dentistry.

> Her first regular TV job was cohosting the Univision travel show *Fuera de Serie* ("Out of This World") from 1995 to 1998. She frequently wore a bikini. Check YouTube.

> Her brother, Rafael, was murdered during a kidnap-

ping attempt in Colombia in 1998. She soon moved her whole family to Miami.

> In 2005, she appeared in *John Singleton's Four Brothers*, alongside former rumored boyfriend Mark Wahlberg.

> *Modern Family* was the third try in Vergara's holding deal with ABC, after *Hot Properties* and *The Knights of Prosperity*.

> In 2006, she played a male-to-female transsexual in the direct-to-video *Grilled*, starring Ray Romano and Kevin James.

Romano and Kevin James as meat salesmen Vergara told *The Advocate*, "I look like a transsexual, anyway."

> She has referred to her breasts as "ridiculously huge."

—STEVE CICCARELLI

I've heard that in Brazil there are places where there are seven women for every man. Is that why Latinas are fiercely territorial?

We don't want to share. In the past, Latin men were known to keep mistresses. As long as the wife didn't hear any gossip about it, or there wasn't any less money for her that month, I guess she put up with it. But that was years ago. Things have changed. Women now work. Women feel like they don't have to take that shit anymore. **Let's move to a more festive topic. Let's talk about dancing.**

It'll be much easier if the American guy likes to dance. Because that's how we grew up. You go to a Latin party or a birthday and there's always dancing. In America, you go to a party and people just stand around with drinks. We had a birthday party here for my manager. By three in the morning, only the Latin people were left—and we all ended up dancing as if it were a nightclub. An American man who marries a Latina should understand that's the way it's going to be.

What if he's not that comfortable as a dancer?

I don't really care if my boyfriend is a good dancer as long as he's got a great personality. But he's

got to be willing to dance. He doesn't have to flip me around or anything. I'll do the dancing. All he has to do is get out there and move a little. He just can't be afraid to go out on the floor. If the guy doesn't really like to dance, he should think twice before he gets involved with a Latin woman. He shouldn't be out there forcing himself to please her. That might work at the beginning, but you can't do that over twenty years. When my family celebrates Thanksgiving, we have a DJ.

Who cooks the turkey on Thanksgiving?

My son, Manolo, cooks huge turkeys. We have something like sixty people.

Did you teach Manolo how to cook the turkeys?

No, I don't know how to cook.

You neither? What's going on? Every time I meet a Latina . Listen, I didn't know how to make coffee when I came to the United States. Because in Colombia the maids do it. A mother tells the maids what to cook. The mothers are like conductors of the household. But they're not really doing it.

That was my biggest—

Turnoff?

No, not turnoff. Mistake.

What? When you brought your wife here, you thought you were getting a maid?

No, I just didn't understand how central maids are to a

South American household.

It's so different over there. You have the maid that cooks. The maid that irons the clothes. It's a hard adjustment. When I came to the United States and started working, my priority was not to buy a handbag but to spend my money on the maid and a nanny. Always. **If I were doing it over, that's exactly what I'd do**

I always tell my guy friends who are complaining that their Latina girlfriends want a maid: "Listen, this is for your own good. You don't want a woman who is tired all day long, taking care of the kids, cooking, doing everything. She'll never be any fun. She'll never want to go out with you because she'll be exhausted. She'll never want to sleep with you. So this is an investment you're making for your love life. Think of it that way."

I read a survey that said Latin men and women never talk about sex

What do you mean?

It said it just doesn't come up in conversation—although to tell you the truth, I don't talk about sex with my wife.

What is there to talk about unless there's a problem?

Is there something an American man should know about a Latina as he approaches her sexually?

I guess at the end of the day, all women like to be appreciated and treated with respect and kindness. We all want to have sex in a romantic way. But with a Latina, you're going to have more fun. [Vergara winks. *She winks in a way that no woman from Stockholm or Tokyo or Minneapolis can wink. She winks in a way that only a Latina can wink.*] **What about the cultural difference in bathing suits? The first time my wife saw an American bathing suit, she laughed.**

Oh, me too! I was like, *What is that?* It's like a diaper. It's terrible. Who can look good in that? When I moved to the United States, I used to have bathing suits brought up from Colombia.

Where's the line for a Latin woman between being beautiful and being slutty?

There's nothing slutty about a dental-floss bikini. You don't even think about it. The first bathing suit your mother buys you is in the shape of a triangle.

Is body taste here confusing for Latinas? Here, there's an emphasis on being skinny

Well, in Colombia everybody's very voluptuous and you're supposed to be. You don't want to be skinny when all of your cousins are mermaids. You grow up thinking that's how beauty is.

I once read that you felt like you were born with lipstick on **Do you not feel natural unless you're wearing makeup?**

Yeah. I love putting makeup on. I grew up watching my mother. Before my mother took us to school in the morning, she was taking her rollers out and putting on lipstick. Now I think, *Where was she going?* But in the moment it was normal.

Bottom line: A Latina is supposed to look as beautiful as possible at every moment?

Yes.

Are Latinas superstitious?

Don't ever put a Latina's purse on the floor. The money will go away.

Also, never make a toast with only water in the glass. Something horrible will happen.

What about making plans? My wife can't see beyond the moment she's living in.

Oh, yeah. Nick will say something like, "What are we doing for Christmas?" I'm like, "Nick, that's months away. You can't ask me that! How can I answer that when I don't even know what I'm doing next month?"

Nonstop impulsive spontaneity can be difficult for some American men

Just accept the Latin woman for how she is and enjoy her. Embrace the mystery.

Here's something I've always wondered about: Why is it that Latinas go crazy when their men look at another woman, yet when they have boys, they want their sons to go out with as many women as possible?

[She smiles.] There's no analyzing that. That's just how it is. **My wife always tries to baby my son. Do you do that to your son?**

Oh, yeah. I'm messaging him all day. Texting is perfect, because he doesn't want to pick up the phone in front of his friends. "How cold is it in Boston? Don't forget to take the vitamin C!" You know, that kind of stuff. "Remember to clean. And you have to get a haircut—"

Hold on. You're telling your twenty-year-old son who's three thousand miles away to get a haircut?

You sound like my boyfriend. When he watches me react to my son, he sees it differently than how it actually is. He says, "You're too controlling." And I say, "What are you talking about?" When I tell him that he has to comb his hair and not to wear that sweater, the color is horrible, it's not controlling at all. It's for his own good. When I tell him, "Change those shorts, they look horrible with that outfit," it's not that I want to control him. I want him to go out and look his best. I don't know why you would think that is controlling.

Because it is controlling!

No, it means I care! I want to tell him what is right.

But that would suggest that a Latina always knows what's right.

Well, we do.

The words made me laugh, just as if they'd come off my wife's lips. Which, I guess, is the ultimate point. If a full-blooded American male chooses the right Latina, he may slap his forehead at the never-ending series of misunderstandings, and deep, patient breaths will become his best friend. But! The days will never be boring, and they'll generally end in laughter.

My twentieth wedding anniversary is coming up, and I couldn't love my wife more. And yet as I left Sofia, I realized that as well as I know my Latin wife, I will never truly understand her. Even after twenty years, and even after spending an entire afternoon grillng another smart Latina with questions I already knew the answers to, there is still, and there always will be, mystery.

But I'm pretty sure that's why the love endures. ■

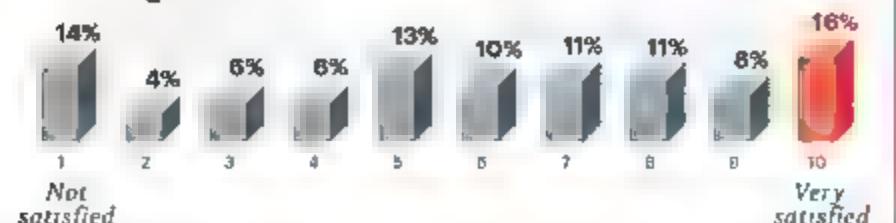


6% OF AMERICAN MEN
WANT A LITTLE MORE
ROUGH PLAY IN BED.
IN RELATED NEWS:
43% WOULD LIKE
A LITTLE MORE
FELLATIO.

SEX AND THE AMERICAN MAN



1. On a scale of 1 to 10 with 1 being "not satisfied" and 10 being "very satisfied," how would you rate your satisfaction with your sex life right now?



CLOSER LOOK:

- 66% of married men are satisfied with their sex life—compared with just 47% of single men.
- Asian-Americans are the most satisfied with their sex life,

followed by African-Americans and Caucasians.

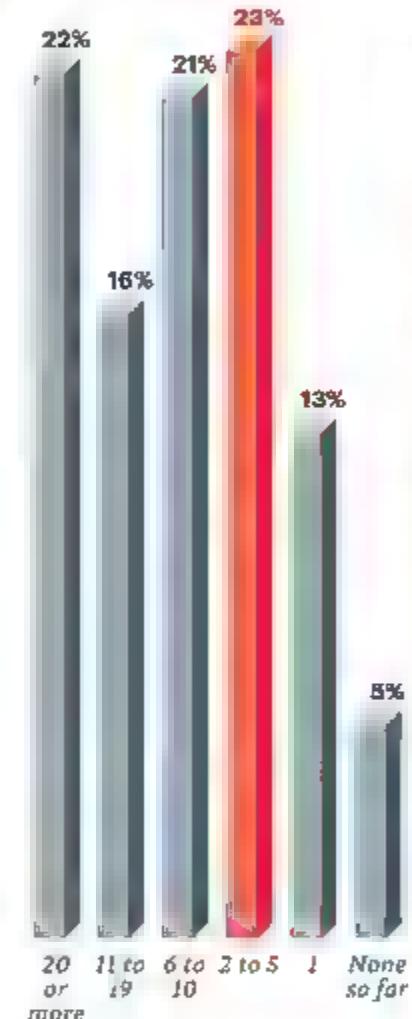
→ Men in their 30s are the happiest with their sex life (with a mean answer of 6.5), followed by men in their 20s (6.4), 40s (5.5), and 50s (5.4).

METHODOLOGY: This survey was conducted exclusively for Esquire by Beta Research Corporation, an independent firm located in Syosset, New York. The 522 respondents were randomly selected from a pool of Internet connected U.S. men aged 21 to 59, balanced to represent the U.S. population of men within this age group. They completed the online survey between January 23, 2012, and January 25, 2012. Because of rounding, some percentages may not add up to 100.

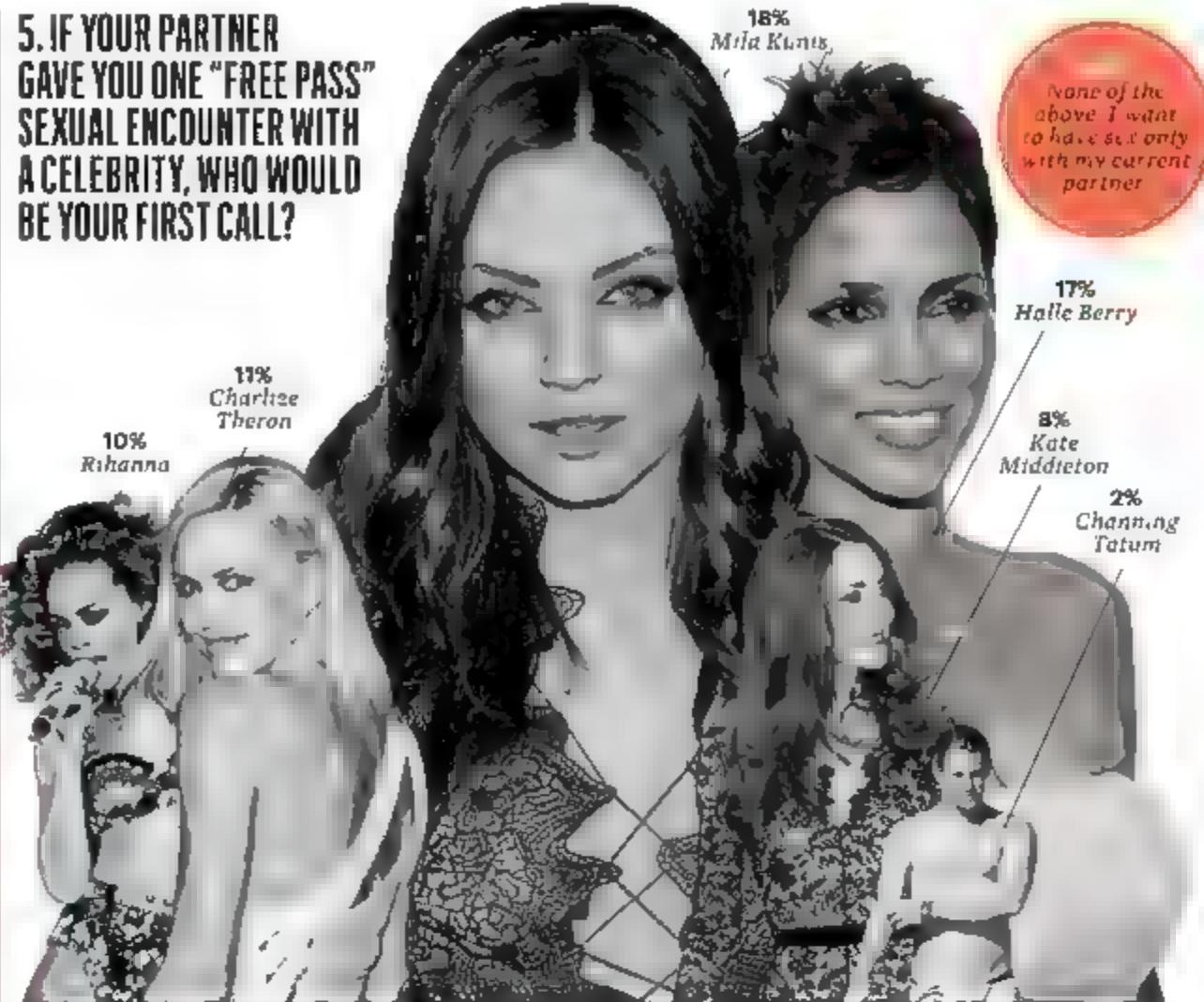
2. How would you characterize your sexual orientation?
Heterosexual 88%
Homosexual 6%
Bisexual 3%
I don't believe in labels, 3%

CLOSER LOOK:
→ Men in their 20s are six times as likely to say they don't believe in labels as men in their 40s (6% to 1%).
→ Asian-Americans are more than five times as likely to say they're homosexual as African-Americans (11% to 2%).

3. HOW MANY SEX PARTNERS HAVE YOU HAD IN YOUR LIFETIME?

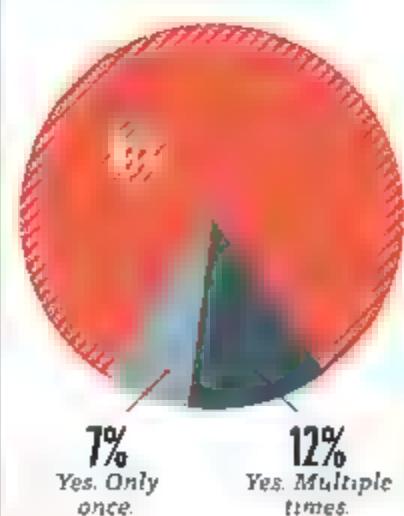


5. IF YOUR PARTNER GAVE YOU ONE "FREE PASS" SEXUAL ENCOUNTER WITH A CELEBRITY, WHO WOULD BE YOUR FIRST CALL?



CLOSER LOOK:
→ Among African-Americans, Rihanna (34%) followed by Halle Berry (31%). (No responses for Kate Middleton.)
→ Among Asians: The overwhelming answer is "None of the above. I want to have sex only with my current partner" followed by 17% each for Rihanna and Mila Kunis.
→ Among Caucasians: The overwhelming answer is "None of the above. I want to have sex only with my current partner" followed by Mila Kunis (20%) and Halle Berry (16%).

6. HAVE YOU EVER HAD A SEXUAL ENCOUNTER WITH ANOTHER MAN?



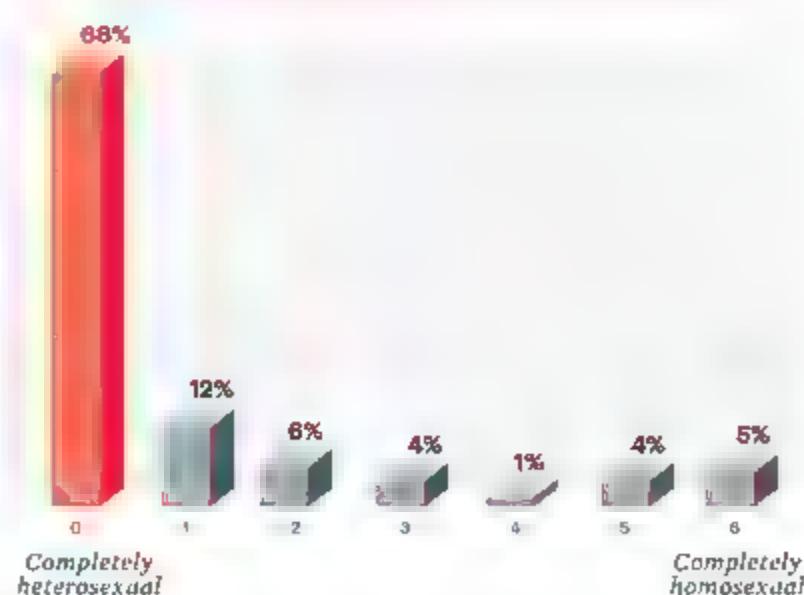
CLOSER LOOK:
→ Average number of lifetime partners of African Americans: 13.2
→ Average number of lifetime partners of Caucasians: 10.1
→ Average number of lifetime partners of Asian-Americans: 8.3
→ Gay men are twice as likely to have 20 or more lifetime partners as straight men.

7. WHAT'S THE LONGEST YOU'VE GONE WITHOUT SEX IN THE PAST YEAR?

One day 4%
One to three weeks 34%
One to three months 22%
Four to six months 18%
I have not had sex in more than six months 22%

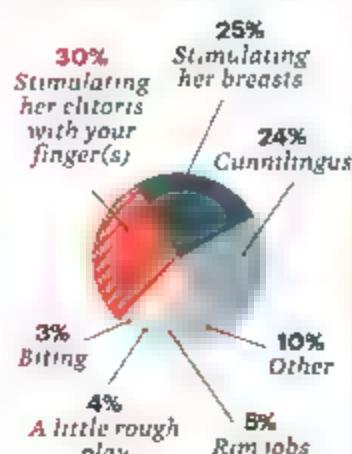
CLOSER LOOK:
→ Single men are twice as likely to go one to three months without sex as married men

7. SEXUAL RESEARCHER ALFRED KINSEY ONCE THEORIZED THAT SEXUAL ORIENTATION IS BEST UNDERSTOOD ON A SCALE OF 0 TO 6, WITH 0 BEING COMPLETELY HETEROSEXUAL AND 6 BEING COMPLETELY HOMOSEXUAL. HOW DO YOU DESCRIBE YOUR SEXUAL ORIENTATION ON THAT SCALE?



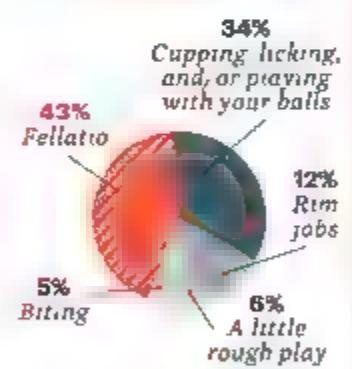
CLOSER LOOK:
→ 20% of self-described heterosexual men in their 30s and 40s indicate some level of sexual attraction to other men (i.e., answering 1 or 2), compared with 18% of men in their 20s and 13% of men in their 50s.
→ 28% of Asian-Americans say they are kind of, or completely, gay (i.e., answering 5 or 6), compared with just 7% of African Americans and 9% of Caucasians. Similarly, 50% of Asians consider themselves completely heterosexual, compared with 67% of Caucasians and 77% of African-Americans.

8. DURING FOREPLAY, WHAT'S THE ONE THING YOU LIKE TO DO MORE OF TO YOUR CURRENT PARTNER?



CLOSER LOOK:
→ White guys are the most into giving head (26% wishing they could do more of it, versus just 6% of Asians and 17% of African-Americans).
→ Guys in their 20s are nearly twice as likely to want to spend more time with their partners' breasts as men in their 40s. Older men, meanwhile, are more into cunnilingus (29%) than guys in their 20s (18%).

9. DURING FOREPLAY, WHAT'S THE ONE THING THAT YOU WANT MORE OF FROM YOUR CURRENT PARTNER?



CLOSER LOOK:
→ Among the age groups sampled (20-, 30-, 40-, and 50-year-olds) men in their 30s are the only ones to prefer ball play to fellatio.
→ African-Americans are the most receptive to rim jobs (20% want more, compared with just 11% across the other ethnicities).

10. HAVE YOU EVER RECEIVED ORAL SEX WHILE DRIVING?

No, need to concentrate and/or nobody's ever gone for it 49%

Yes, And it was great 51%

CLOSER LOOK:
→ 56% of married men have received oral sex while driving, compared with just 46% of single men

THE OBSERVATION

THE DEMISE OF THE BLOWJOB

AMERICA'S BLOWJOBS

BY GEOFF DYER

The blowjob has fallen on hard times. Or, to put it in the form of a crude question, who can really get it up for fellatio these days? Back in the 1960s and '70s, fellatio was all the rage. Its curative powers are powerfully conveyed by the moment in John Updike's *Bech* when the protagonist's mistress tries "to bring his weakling member to strength by wrapping it in the velvet bandages of her hips." Abandoning the protective modesty of fiction in the poem "Fellatio," Updike celebrated the way "that each of these clean secretaries / at night, to please her lover, takes / a fountain into her mouth."

When I first came across these lines, in 1972, aged fourteen, they seemed excitingly rude—if a little yucky. Now, a harmless poem can't be expected to support a zeitgeist theory, but something, evidently, was in the air: 1972 was the year of *Deep Throat*, about a woman with a clitoris in her throat, so that she achieves orgasm by performing oral sex.

In retrospect, this seems like a premise dreamed up by feminists as a way of showing, in ludicrously exaggerated fashion, the underlying misogyny of male fantasies. Or maybe not so exaggerated after all. At roughly the same time, a joke made the rounds about the ideal woman being three feet tall with a flat head—so you'd have someplace to rest your beer while she gave you head. One way or another, the early '70s were a time when the culture was bigging up the blowjob. Tellingly, *Bech's* mistress was "following less her own instincts than the exemplary drift of certain contemporary novels."

Some of this enthusiasm lived on into the late twentieth century. In 1995's *To Die For*, Nicole Kidman reacts with disingenuous astonishment to the story of how a famous broadcaster got her big break because a self-penned reference commended her ability to "suck your cock till your eyes pop out!" (Shouldn't that read "cave in" or "implode"?). In the same year, there's a fun exchange in Martin Amis's *The Information* in which a male character proposes to a lady friend that they "do 68." What's that? she asks. "You do me and I owe you 1," he shoots back. Later in the novel, the humiliation of failed writer Richard Tull is complete when his wife fellates his rival, the successful Gwyn Barry.

If this all seems rather quaint, then Susan Minot's 2002 novel, *Rapture*—about a single blowjob—was perhaps a last, jaw-aching hurrah. A genuinely twenty-first-century spokesman can be found in Jonathan Franzen's *Freedom*, in the form of young Joey Berglund, whose sexual maturity—compared with the guys he's at college with—is conveyed simply and vehemently. Their yearnings center on the blowjob, which Joey considers "little more than a glorified jerkoff."

I recently undertook a small survey of some more mature male friends, and the results, while not unanimous, were overwhelming. To speak plainly, given the choice, eight of the ten men surveyed preferred eating pussy to having their dicks sucked. Or, to put it in entirely numerical terms, 80 percent of males would opt for a 70 rather than a 68. And what about the other two men? Yes, you guessed it: They're gay! To be strictly accurate, the heterosexual respondents were partial to this kind of thing—but only in the mathematically blissful reciprocity of 70 minus 1. The blowjob continues to thrive in hetero pornography, of course, for the simple, literally obvious reason that it lends itself to being filmed in a way that cunnilingus cannot.

I'm not claiming that the latter did not exist back in the 1970s, but it was regarded in much the same way as paying for a round at the bar: You had to do it, but if you could avoid it, you did. It would be a mistake, though, to see this change as meaning that men have gone from being selfish recipients to selfless givers of pleasure; it's just that what constitutes pleasure has shifted. As the Michael Fassbender character in *Shame* says to a woman he's seducing in a bar by telling her how badly he wants to go down on her (before getting beaten up by her boyfriend): "That's what I like to do."

The scale of the sea change can be observed at the Great Canadian Beaver-Eating Contest, at Burning Man, an event so popular that participants line up as if for a half-off sale. In the more discreet context of my survey, this enthusiasm was endorsed by the respondent who claimed that the only time he experienced "absolute contentment" was when his face was between his wife's legs. He wished to make clear that he was not talking just about sex; he meant in life generally.

EIGHT OF TEN MEN PREFERRED PERFORMING CUNNILINGUS TO GETTING HEAD.



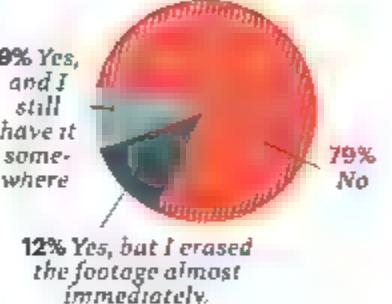
11. How often do you watch pornography?
More than once a day 8%
Once a day 16%
Once a week 27%
Once a month 11%
Almost never 20%
Never 17%

CLOSER LOOK:
→ 20-year-olds are nearly three times as likely as 50-year-olds to watch porn every day (37% to 13%).

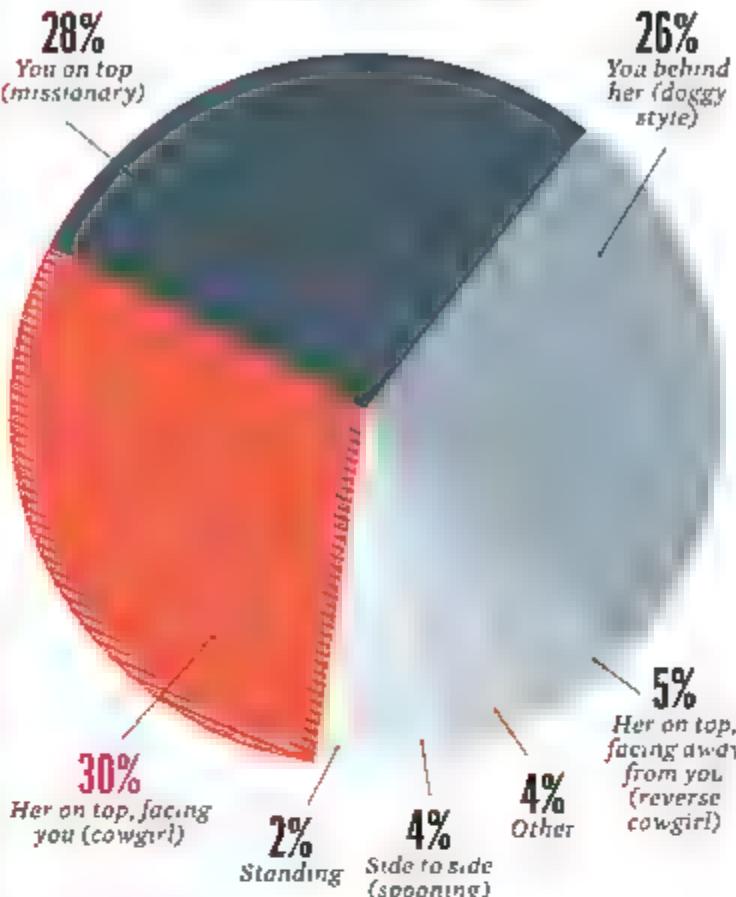
12. What is your preferred scenario in pornography?
Woman alone 11%
Man alone 2%
Man on woman 48%
Woman on woman 13%
Man on man 7%
Threesome (two women and a man) 13%
Orgy 6%

13. Have you ever texted or e-mailed sexually suggestive images of your sex partner to someone?
Yes 11%
No 89%

14. HAVE YOU EVER SHOT VIDEO FOOTAGE OF YOURSELF HAVING SEX?



15. WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE SEXUAL POSITION?



CLOSER LOOK:
→ Among ethnicities: African Americans are twice as likely to say doggy style as any other position, Asians overwhelmingly prefer missionary, while Caucasians like missionary, cowgirl, and doggy style all kind of the same.
→ Among ages: Guys in their 50s prefer the missionary position to any other, men in their 20s and 40s prefer cowgirl; men in their 30s like doggy style the most.

16. Have you ever texted or e-mailed sexually suggestive images of yourself to someone?
Yes 28%
No 74%

CLOSER LOOK:
→ 20 YEAR OLDS ARE THREE TIMES AS LIKELY AS 50 YEAR OLDS TO HAVE SENT SUGGESTIVE IMAGES OF THEMSELVES (36% TO 12%).

17. Have you ever used a social network or Web forum (Craigslist "Casual Encounters," Facebook, or "singles site") to initiate a one-time sexual encounter?
Yes 16%
No 84%

CLOSER LOOK:
→ 39% of gay men answered yes compared with 14% of straight men.
→ African-Americans are nearly twice as likely to say yes as Caucasians (27% to 15%).

18. HAVE YOU EVER USED VIAGRA OR ANOTHER ERECTILE-DYSFUNCTION MEDICATION?



CLOSER LOOK:
→ Men in their 50s are more than three times as likely to have used Viagra as guys in their 20s (29% to 9%).

THE MISSIONARY POSITION

BY TOM CHIARELLA

like the missionary position. I like the face, the chin, the neck. The honest breaths, drawn one breath from another breath. Words. What you can say, whatever the volume. Words. Words unattached. And you know, the things that sometimes get in the way—some projection of hair, some flop of mane with every movement, the fistful of it gathered behind her back, the tiny harleks of the eyebrows, barely perceived no matter what the light does—none of that stuff really gets in your way in the missionary position.

It lands you in the most muscular seat—and let's just call it a seat. Not the seat of love, not the seat of desire, not the seat of dreams,

though these things it may be. Just the seat, offered up, climbed into, onto, rocked, wrecked, and respected.

The Kama Sutra leaves me as dead-eyed as those jokers in the Indian paintings. I don't care if my ankle bone connects to her neck bone. It's not the X Games. But don't fool yourself. There is nothing unathletic about the seat. Under the implication of weight, falling ends in rising, then becomes falling again with the desire for gravity. Listen up, all of you—fat boy, thin boy, big girl, little—weight is called for in the missionary position. Mass. Wish for it. Shout for it. In the missionary position, you can even whisper it, and there will be no doubt about volume at all.

CONCLUSIONS, CONJECTURES AND BROAD SUPPOSITIONS

If you're married, don't be jealous of your single buddy's sex life. Compared with him, you're half as likely to go long stretches without sex; you're 33% more likely to say you're very satisfied with your sex life right now, and you're a whole lot more adventurous (toys in bed, road-based sex, anal sex—the works) than him.

The best decade of a man's sex life is his 30s. The worst

is his 50s. Among the age groups sampled, men in their 50s are the most likely to say it's been more than six months since they've last had sex; they're twice as likely as any other age group to say

they can't remember the last time they had sex outside of a bed, and they're the most likely to turn down sex if they're sick or tired.

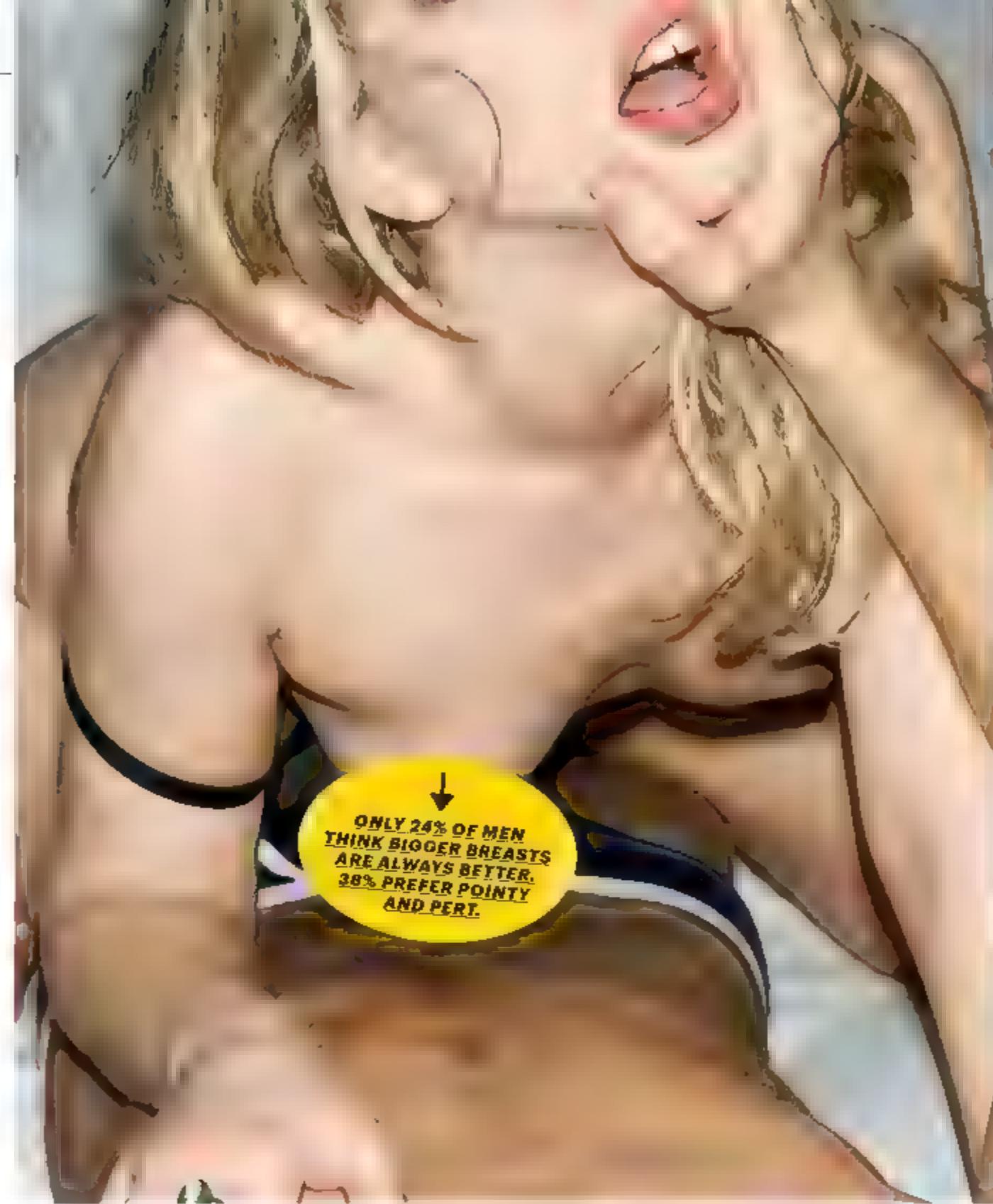
Update on the female ass as a sexual object. Nearly one in three men in their 30s have had anal sex with a woman in the past week compared with one in four 20-somethings, one in five 40-somethings,

and one in ten 50-somethings.

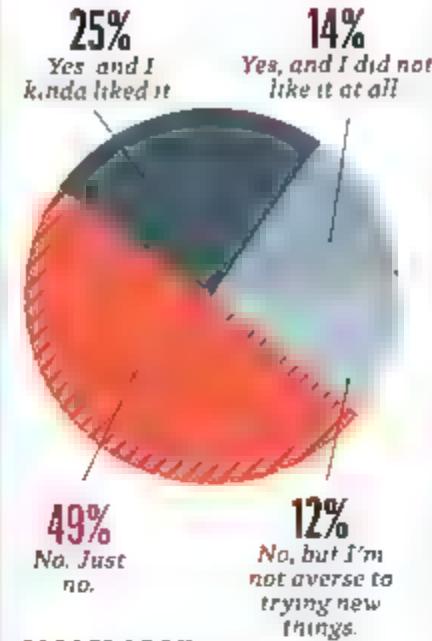
Update on your ass as a sexual object. The older a man gets, the more receptive he becomes to enjoying a finger where the sun don't

shine (16% of 20-somethings enjoy it, and that number climbs through the decades until 34% of men in their 50s say they like it.)

Among the ethnicities sampled, African-American men are enjoying the most active sex lives. They've had the most lifetime partners; they tend to last longer in the sack, and they're ready to go again quicker than their Caucasian or Asian friends.



23. HAS A SEXUAL PARTNER EVER INSERTED A FINGER INTO YOUR ANUS?



CLOSER LOOK:
→ 27% of whites have tried and enjoyed this, compared with 22% of African-Americans and 11% of Asians.

→ Men in their 50s are more than twice as likely as men in their 20s to have tried and enjoyed it.

CLOSER LOOK:
→ MEN WHO HAVE HAD A FINGER UP THE RECTUM ARE MORE LIKELY NOT TO BELIEVE IN LIFELONG MONOGAMY THAN TO BELIEVE IN IT.

24. WHAT IS YOUR PARTNER'S MOST IMPORTANT EROGENOUS ZONE TO YOU?



CLOSER LOOK:
→ 30% of African-American men prefer the ass, compared with 22% of Asians and 17% of whites.



THE ARGUMENT

LADIES: YOU'RE NOT AS GOOD AS YOU THINK

BY CHRIS JONES

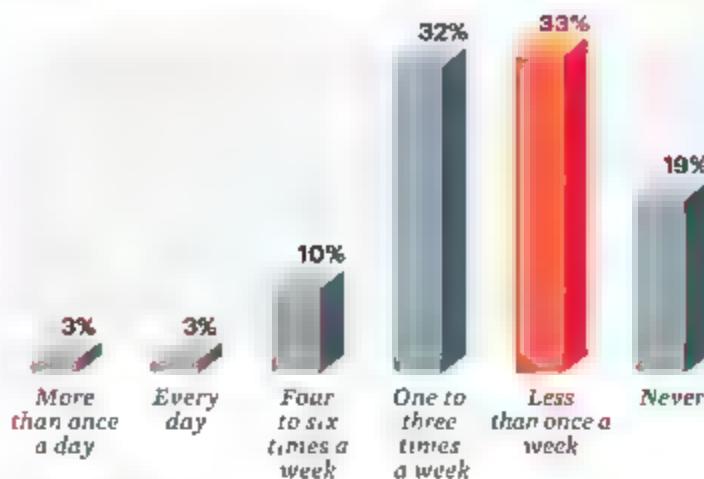
On the spectrum of male lovers, I believe I would fall somewhere between "not totally unpleasant, but not totally pleasant, either" and "adequate." I have a lothario friend, well endowed and blessed with an almost sociopathic stamina, and I know the women who crowd around his door like cats leave more satisfied than I've left women even in my dreams. I know that because I've literally heard the words "Let's get this over with."

And yet I can still say with confidence that there are women who are worse in the sack than me. I've slept with you: unenthusiastic, uncomfortable, and uncommunicative, the human equivalent of the space between the couch cushions, only without the bonus possibility of my finding loose change in there. That's only natural, of course. There is a spectrum of female lovers just as there is of men. The trouble is, most women act as though they're sexual Olympians, as though they're doing the men in their lives the greatest of favors merely by presenting themselves like a downed deer strapped to the hood of a car. Some of you are deluding yourselves. Sex is not like pizza. Only blowjobs are.

Pro tip: The crush-grind is not the new up and down. Also: If your man goes down on you, the terror clamp is an inappropriate physical response. (Just relax. Yes, we make our stupid jokes, but contrary to popular belief, most guys enjoy cunnilingus, and most vaginas don't smell like a fresh bag of Funyuns.) I knew one poor girl who wouldn't have sex from behind because she thought that meant anal. Like, maybe grab a mirror and spend some time learning how your own body works. It's nice, too, when you don't treat our semen like it's battery acid.

The bottom line is that if your sex life is bad, you bear at least some of the blame—maybe even an entire half of it. Do you want better, more satisfying sex? Tell your eager man what you'd like him to do to you. And don't be afraid to let it all out. You're not a slut if you like sex. The freaks are the frigid ones who confuse their vaginas with their anuses.

25. HOW MANY TIMES A WEEK DO YOU HAVE SEX?



CLOSER LOOK:

- 23% of Asian Americans say they have sex at least once a day, compared with 10% of African Americans and 4% of whites.
- Gay men are three times as likely as straight men to have sex every day (9% to 3%).

26. Where was the last place you had sex other than a bed?

In the shower 25%
The kitchen counter/table 3%
The living room couch 37%
The backseat of my car 6%
In a public place 3%
On a beach 2%
Other 8%
I can't remember the last time I had sex outside of a bed 17%

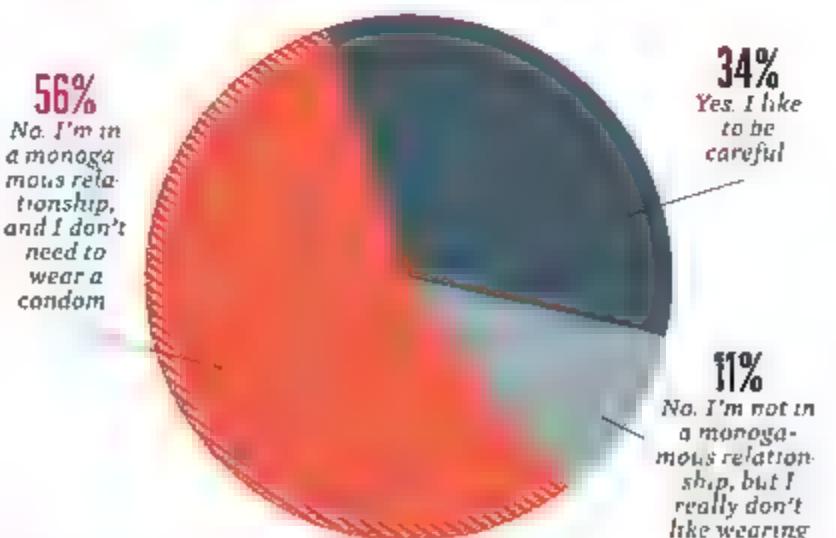
CLOSER LOOK:

- Asians overwhelmingly have more sex in the shower with 58% of them doing it in the bathroom compared with 23% of Caucasians and 28% of African-Americans.

27. How long had you known your most recent sexual partner before you actually had intercourse?

A few hours 10%
A few days 14%
A few weeks 27%

30. DO YOU USUALLY WEAR A CONDOM?



CLOSER LOOK:

- 20% of married men say they usually wear a condom.
- Homosexual men are twice as likely as heterosexual men to say that they don't usually wear a condom even though they're sleeping around (21% to 10%).

THE INDEFENSIBLE POSITION

THE JOY OF SCHEDULED SEX

BY BENJAMIN PERCY

Every month my wife and I sit down to compare schedules. Our son has soccer on this day, our daughter has music on that day. I'm on a flight to D.C. and she's hosting her film club. In between we have free time. That's when we schedule sex.

You might think this makes an instinctual act into something controlled, deliberate. But premeditated sex has its own kind of excitement. When I look at my calendar and see that at 10:00 P.M. on Thursday I will fall into bed with my wife, I begin thinking about the moment, chewing on my hand, sweating through my shirt so that when the hour finally arrives, a detonation will have sized its way down to dynamite.

Every time I leave town, at the preappointed time, my wife grinds all the desire out of me. There is an unspoken contract here. This is what you're leaving—be thinking about me. And it works. I recall our meeting the night before as the plane gathers speed and finally takes to the air.

Before I got married, I believed the rich inner fantasy life in which I seduced and bed every woman who shedding past me in a skirt would play across my retinal screen forever without finding an outlet. But I have one, actually many—like on May 12 at 1:45 P.M. And the Tuesday after at 8:00 P.M. In fact, I'm booked solid.

31. Which of the following have you ever used in bed?

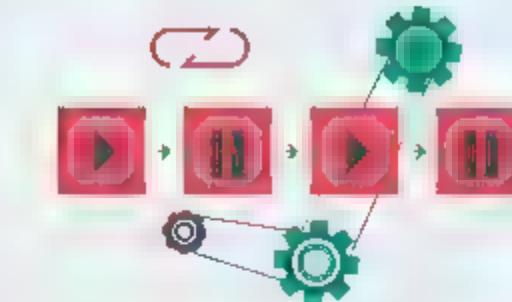
Vibrator 42%
Lubricant 65%
Food 27%
Restraints or handcuffs 28%
Blindfold 18%
Gag 7%
Costumes and/or role-playing outfits 17%
None of these 21%

32. Should prostitution be illegal?

Yes, it's immoral and dangerous for everyone involved 27%
No, it should be regulated by the government, like in that awesome country in Europe 36%
No, the government has no business getting involved in sex between consenting adults 37%

THE EXTRA 10 PERCENT (SPECIAL SEX EDITION)

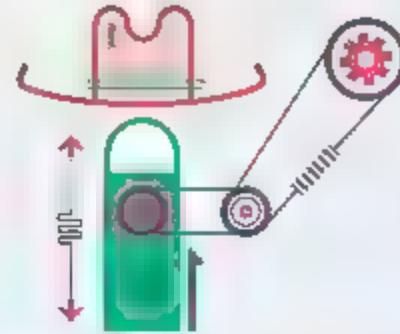
THE POSITIONS AND TECHNIQUES YOU KNOW AND LOVE—BUT WITH A TWIST, COMPLIMENTS OF SEX THERAPISTS, COUPLES COUNSELORS, AND A PORN STAR NAMED SUNSET



FOREPLAY, UPGRADED:

Don't just go straight for her vagina. Make her think you're going to go down on her, but then don't. Blow on her vagina for a second. Then kiss and tickle between her thighs, and move back to the vagina but don't touch it. Look up at her. Make her want it. Now it's time to stick in your tongue. Penetrate her and eventually move up to the clitoris. The teasing is key.

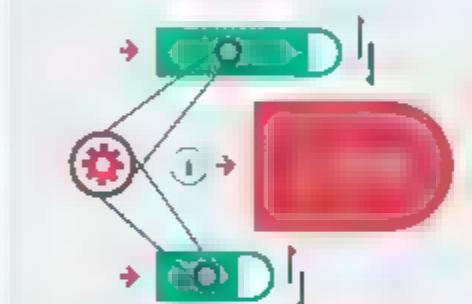
Sunset Thomas, porn star and former prostitute at Moonlite BunnyRanch in Carson City, Nevada



THE COWGIRL, UPGRADED:

When she's straddling your hips, make a fist with one of your hands, place it where your pelvises meet, and let her lean forward to put her clitoris on your index finger's knuckle. Let her dance on it. Occasionally interrupt by coaxing her to sit on your face for a minute, and then coax her back to the cowgirl position.

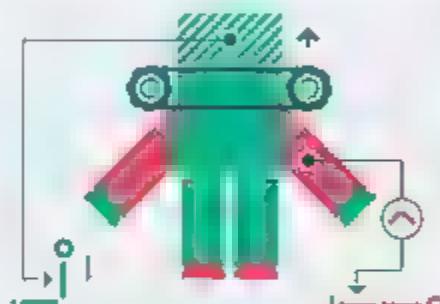
—Michael Castleman, author of *Great Sex: A Man's Guide to the Secret Principles of Total Body Sex*



CUNNILINGUS, UPGRADED:

Hold your head perpendicular to her clitoris, so your tongue goes side to side across the clitoral hood. This is called the Tahitian method. Take your thumb and rub her perineum, that ridge between her vagina and anus, and on every third rub, put your thumb inside her vagina. You can also use your index finger to simultaneously massage the exterior of her anus. Her perineum, vagina, and anus will be contracting and convulsing all at once. Tongue, thumb, and index finger—in that order.

—Patti Britton, sex coach



THE MISSIONARY, UPGRADED (PART 1):

Research has proven that the co-tail-a-gement technique increases the chances of her having an orgasm during sex, instead of the standard missionary technique, in which your penis moves in and out of the vagina while roughly parallel to the ground. Shift your body forward so your penis is going up and down into her. Your pelvic bone will press against her clitoris, and she'll likely climax from all the friction.

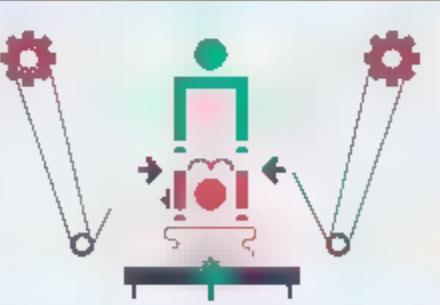
—M.C.



THE MISSIONARY, UPGRADED (PART 2):

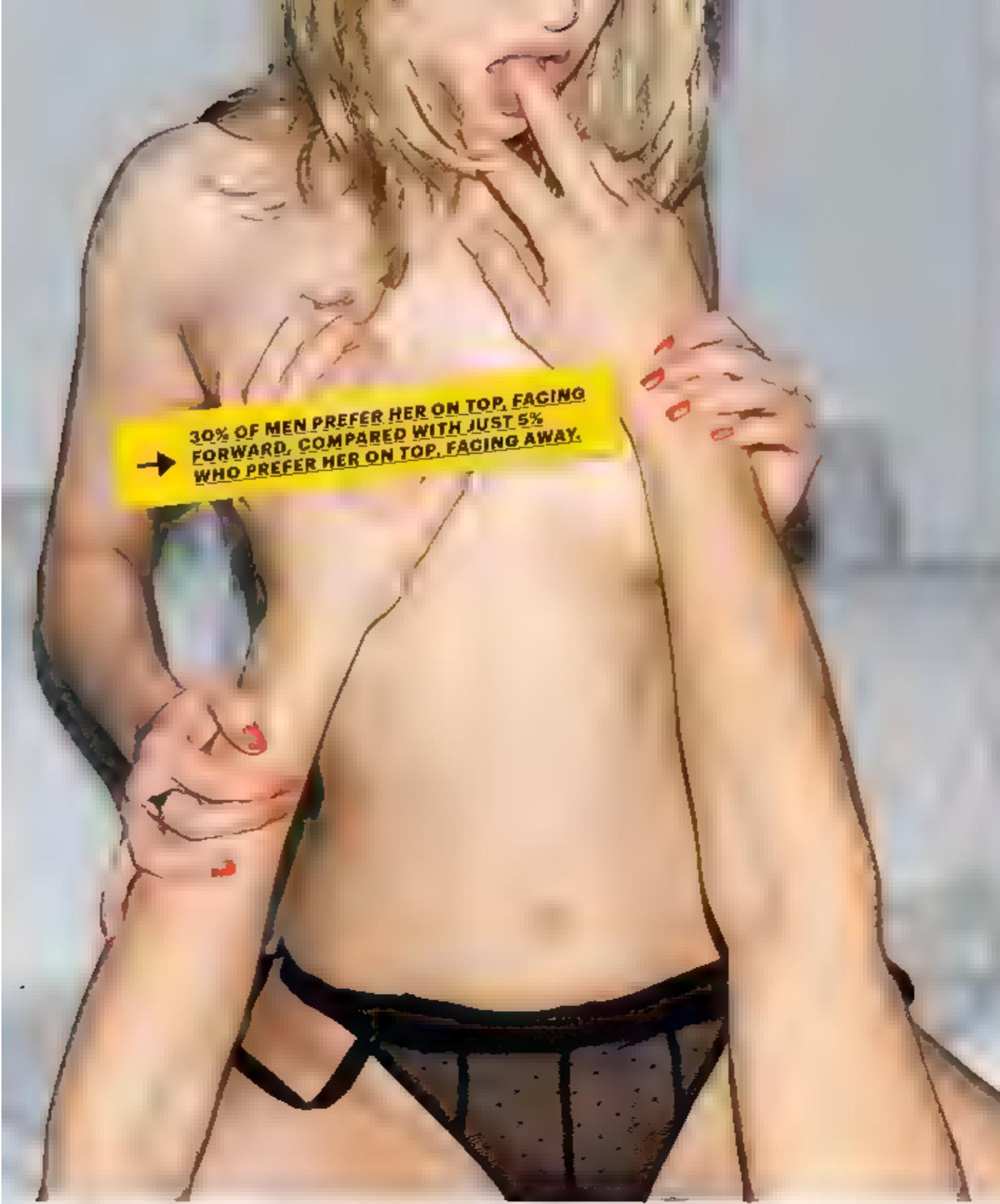
Ask her to lie on her back. Get on your knees in front of her, toss her legs to the side, and enter her head-on, as you would in the missionary position. Instead of the traditional "spread 'em" mentality, this keeps her legs closed and her vagina tight. You'll both feel great.

Debby Herbenick, associate director, Center for Sexual Health Promotion at Indiana University



DOGGY STYLE, UPGRADED:

Once you've entered her from behind, have her lie down with her head on the pillows. Lie down on top of her and keep her legs close together. It will feel great for you because her vagina will be tighter, and it'll be great for her because your penis will be fucking her front wall while the bed puts pressure on her mons, intensifying G-spot stimulation.



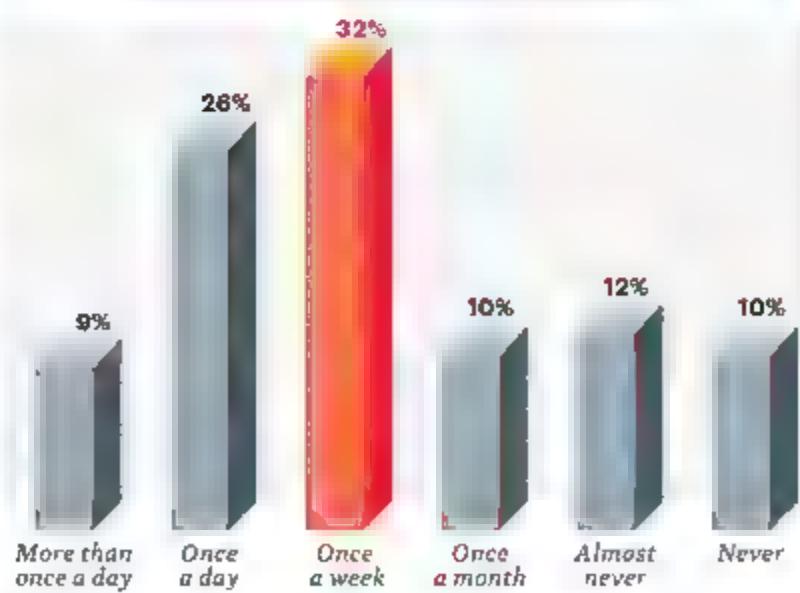
33. What is your biggest complaint in your current sexual relationship?

We don't have sex often enough 44%
The sex has become boring and predictable 18%
I'm just not as attracted to my partner as I used to be. 8%
My partner's hygiene and/or weight 6%
I am not currently in a sexual relationship 25%

34. Your partner says she would like to try "something new." Which of the following would you be most willing to try?

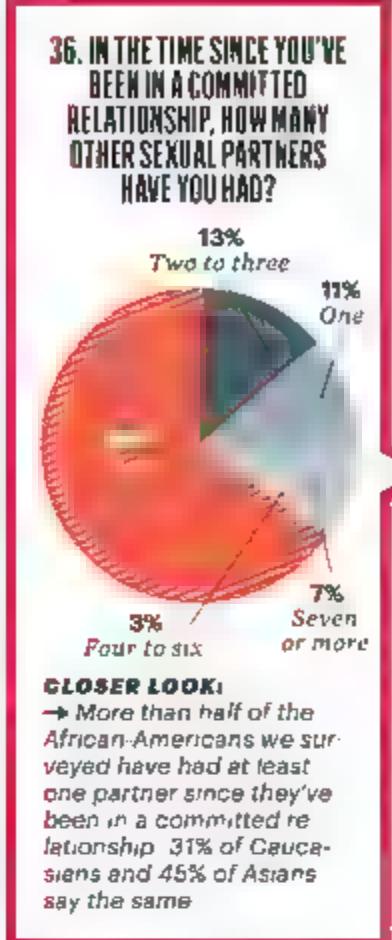
Sex in public 14%
Spanking and light bondage 10%
Bring ing another woman into your bedroom 32%
Bring ing another man into your bedroom 4%
Watching porn together 13%
Sex toys 18%
I would be willing to try a of the above 9%

35. HOW OFTEN DO YOU MASTURBATE?



CLOSER LOOK:

→ 74% of single men masturbate at least once a week, compared with 59% of married men. Conversely, married men are twice as likely as single men to say they almost never or never masturbate.
→ Nearly half of all African Americans have masturbated in the past day, compared with 33% of Asians and 34% of whites.



37. Would you think any less of a friend if you found out he was cheating on his wife?

Yes. A man who betrays his wife and/or family is the lowest of the low. 31%
It depends. Am I friends with his wife? Is he unhappy? Marriage is complicated. 45%
No. It's none of my business and real men don't judge. 24%

38. If you haven't already, do you think it's conceivable that you would ever cheat on your partner?

No. I believe strongly in lifelong monogamy 58%
Yes, it's conceivable, though I'm satisfied being monogamous with my current partner. 33%
Yes. It's conceivable. I don't believe that one man can be with one person for the rest of his life. 9%

CLOSER LOOK:

→ 67% of Asians and 59% of whites cannot conceive of cheating on their partners. Only 45% of African-Americans say the same.

39. How far could you go with a woman other than your wife or girlfriend without engaging in something that you would define as "sex"?

Fighting 28%
Kissing 17%
Licking her breasts 5%
Cunnilingus 1%
Getting a hand job 2%
Getting a blow job 10%
Anal intercourse 1%
Vaginal intercourse 4%
Does not apply 31%

CLOSER LOOK:

→ 10% of all men do not consider oral sex to be sex.



WHY WE CHEAT

ANNUAL AFFAIRS

BY LISA TADDEO

don't think my late parents cheated on one another, but I can't ask them anymore, can't say. But come tell me now this time for real, now that I'm old enough.

As far as I know, they didn't cheat. As far as I know, my mother never cried in a car on the way to her favorite restaurant, like a friend of a friend's mother, who I call the Lorax.

The Lorax's husband told her to get dressed up and pick out the place she wanted to go to, when he had not done so in months, and she spent her fifty-six-year-old day preparing her face, cleaning her body, hooking a bra, and doing that thing that women do, touching a part of ourselves we imagine being touched later by a man

In the car on the way to the favorite restaurant, the Tom Waits song "Shiver Me Timbers" came on

"I'm leavin' my family / I'm leavin' all my friends / My body's at home / But my heart's in the wind."

Her husband said, Turn it off. Turn it off now.

She said Why, even though she already knew, it was up in her throat like a horse vitamin. She said, If you are about to say something that's going to crush me, then don't take me to my favorite restaurant and do it to me over wine. Pull over, be a man, and do it now

This story always upsets me. Not because I imagine my parents in these roles. But because I wonder what they'd think if they knew I've been the other woman.

Lisa Taddeo is a regular contributor to *Esquire* and is embroiled in reporting for a book on modern sex culture in the vein of *Thy Neighbor's Wife*. Names have been changed for privacy.

I sat down to write this eighteen different ways. I thought, What does someone want to read about affairs? You've had one and you want to relate to something. You haven't had one but you fantasize about the girl with the keyhole shirt and the shoes your wife would call cheap. Her name starts with a C or a G. You know you and your partner will never have one, but you remember the time your wife, your husband, did not answer the phone for five car-accident hours.

The Lorax has reddish-brown hair and lives in Queens. She's solid and talks a lot.

Every time I meet a married woman, I think about the things she does that likely annoy her husband. I think a great deal about the evanescence of sexuality. The marrow missing from the bone. That's what I want to know. If you're going to wreck some other person's world, what's the good thing you're going to get?

My friend Cobb is from Kentucky. Now he lives in New York, but before he was married to a woman I'll call Blondie. She was hot and perfect-familied, drank a lot, like a college girl. She had a sister, Meg, with dark hair, younger but more mature and sleek. Cobb was happy but not complacent. His wife was both.

After a year or so, Cobb started thinking of dark hair. The swish and wealth of it. On wide southern avenues brunettes jerked his head around. At first not Meg. It was just damn near every blonde. It was forty-five-year-old brunettes at Lancôme counters. It was twenty-seven-year-old cashiers and the dark-skinned Jewish brunettes who perform sure-footed blowjobs on porn sites. Then it was Meg. Then it was the cashier. Then it was both, in his head in the bathroom in the bedroom on a reel billowing like horse manes.

One night at a wine bar, the sisters looked beautiful and disparate. Everybody drank too much and they all went back to Cobb and Blondie's home, and Blondie made it to the bathroom and passed out there, her blond tresses cascading murderously across the tile like southern blood.

As a nation we are obsessed with the moment it happens. When alcohol is involved, the moment is a glance of breath. It's the smell of cologne and lacrosse sweat. Meg is on the bed. Her brother-in-law walks halfway across the room and Meg has this look on her face like pre-sin. A white bra strap is showing.

He kneeled on the bed and she kneeled up to meet him and they kissed and skipped foreplay, pants off, dress hiked up, and they had drilling sex, fast and half-smiling, half look of holy fuck, my sister your wife. The depraved lunacy of gotta have it anyway.

This story doesn't shock me. I see the logic. More than I believe in the sanctity of union and promise, I believe that everybody cheats. If you have not cheated yet, it's because you are still too grateful to be secure, or you have not yet had the opportunity, or the right color of red hair has not come along and sat down at the bar on a Tuesday when the jukebox was playing Leonard Cohen and your manhattan tasted like the future.

Or maybe I'm simply rationalizing and making excuses. Because I relate more to the Lorax's husband than to the Lorax. Because I'd rather be getting fucked in bed than passed out on the bathroom floor.

It's this past summer at a country club in New Jersey where the pool twinkles like 1985. I am reading aloud to a friend from a David Foster Wallace essay in which he talks about how a man who puts his hand at a woman's abdomen while his mouth is between her legs is selfish. Because he wants to know if she comes. He's in it for his ego. Then we talk about cheaters, because I'm telling my friend about a man who was great at that, while he was married. And we talk about the fact that I've been with married men, which I feel taught me to be careful not to get hurt, to know that one day it could happen to me. And she feels it is because I'm worried about losing people, like I lost my parents, so I don't ever put myself in a position to lose. She says I'm just a catalyst for more loss.

We stare across the pool at the families. Dark-haired fathers and blond wives and rows of blond-fur children in Vilebrequin swimsuits.

You shouldn't ever see him again, she says. You're ruining your marriage karma. I say, I'm not sure I believe in it. It's weird you're this fucked-up about marriage, she says. You grew up in a perfect home.

I argue in the general but also in the specific. The fucking moment. The married guy I'm talking about put a cashmere jacket across my shoulders in a downtown bar when the door was open in early spring. I'm happily married, he said in conversation. He had an odd bit of an accent, salt-lick after it's been run through by ten thousand yellow cabs.

Four days later I e-mailed and said I wanted to interview him for a story. I trembled and smiled as I sent it. Six days later we met in a bar far from where he worked and where I lived, but cool and appropriate, and I walked in thinking I was crazy for what I had been thinking, that he was just another married guy, just another finance guy, just another moment in time and scene in a room.

I saw him and I had three beers and I had to run into the bathroom and scream, shriek for fuck's sake. I looked at my face in the mirror and I thought, I have never felt this before. I may never feel this again. Something chemical and explosive. I'll never forget the



smell of beer on my breath, that particular evening's smell of beer.

Another bar a few hours later, beer into gin and tonics, side by side on stools, my thigh against his. He says if he weren't married, this would be the best first date he had ever had. He is eighty years older. He has a six-month-old baby.

I have to go, he says. I have to go.

He hails me a cab and opens the door for me and I am about to get in, about to be innocent only because he is leading the way, and he puts his hand on my shoulder.

May I kiss you on the mouth? He says it like an apology.

When we saw each other again, he said he didn't want to walk away, that he knew he should but he couldn't.

This time we were in the bar where we'd met, where he knew everyone and he likened me to a jar of cherries beside his glass of Scotch and he kissed me there at the bar and it was the kind that doesn't stop until a full stop. We left together and outside in the street he lifted me into his arms with my legs around his waist and he threw me up against a brick wall. On the way to my apartment a taxi almost hit us and we laughed. He carried me inside and the bottles in my bar stand shook. He threw me on my bed and it was the ideal mix of laughing and panicked desire and he took half my clothes off and his phone rang. We were doing midnight things but across the rest of the city it was 8:00 p.m. and with one hand on my waist, he picked up the phone and said, Yeah honey, don't worry, having a drink with Brian, I'll bring home a pizza.

More than the illicitness of the sexuality, there's a sexuality to the selfishness. To doing precisely what you want to do. Being crudely, smilingly, on the side of the winners. I'm arguing for Wild Moments, because you never know what your last one will be.

She says, I hate myself. She says, This is thrilling. Call her the Enigma, she works in an office in the center of the city. She's tall and redhead and thin and in the past she drank a lot and even though she still drinks now, it's different. She's together. She's gotten engaged, it was years in the making. He has a career, the kind that makes the Enigma's mother forgive the Enigma's past transgressions. The ring is a holy laurel.

The first morning it's not an affair but a glowing warmth, nobody gets hurt. It begins with an instant message. There's a man in the

office who's wildly good-looking, he has great jeans and a hot smile and the other girls and women in the office talk about what he's wearing and how he smells and they trade information like they're handling a rookie card. The Enigma doesn't have the time to, because she is the one he chooses. You look great today, is how it starts.

The Enigma's wearing a white button-down shirt and a dark pencil skirt and her long legs are bare bones in winter and her shoes are popping snake green. Her hair has just been highlighted so it is brighter than yesterday. Everything the Enigma does is done in the extreme—it's part of her maddening charm, especially for a man who is in love with her.

In an office, that's how it works, instant messages on the company server. Soon it's eight hours a day, and soon it goes into night. E-mails, because they're quieter than texts. 3:00 a.m. The idea of someone thinking of you, then, who shouldn't be. In bed with his wife. In bed with your fiancé. Nothing has happened, except everything in your head.

I'm losing it, she writes, at 11:00 a.m. on a Tuesday. I'm so scared. I have so much to lose, I'm floored. I'm so scared. I mean, I won't lose it. I'm just addicted

I say it's like a drug, and the aftermath of a drug is shit. She says, I know I know. But. He's amazing. Though. Like. Every moment is erotic. The way he lifts a pen. We are sexy together. You know?

I speak to dozens more people about cheating, so that I can understand the why. So I can understand me.

More than answering the why, women are always asking why. I'm always answering for the men who aren't present. Yes there's the physical, I just want to put it inside her right this second because she's new and her smell is new and her hair isn't blond.

A guidance counselor tells me he cheats because he wants to feel like his old self, the football player who could get it any time. Lana, the woman in the guidance office, won't fuck him until he is no longer married. But he went down on her once, over the covers on a bed that was neither of theirs with her skirt pulled up to her thighs and her panties slid to the right, and then to the left.

I can think of nothing else, he tells me. I have never wanted anybody more. I have wet dreams. Listen to me. I am a cliché.

Dorian, a forty-two-year-old lawyer, says, I don't feel bad because everything had been building toward dissolution at home. And the girl, nineteen, was wearing Express jeans, a blue tank top, her skin was tan and warm, and she was insanely sexual. Her small hands in the creases of his pants. It went from nothing to a lot more than kissing in the back of the black car. The windows steamed up.

What were you thinking, Dorian?

Dorian was thinking, This is so fucking exciting. All of the negative feelings that come with cheating weren't there at the time, he says. The first time there's a strange hand on your pants, Dorian says, I don't know that there's a better feeling on the planet, I don't care who you are or who you're married to.

Dorian got into bed beside his wife that night. He didn't feel badly. He felt justified. You know, he says, the old saying, "Well, if you were taking care of things at home..."

More than guilt, there is fear. You don't want to be found out, he says. Guys who tell you they feel bad, I think it's bullshit. For the most part, you don't want to rock the boat. You've got a house and a kid and a new home-entertainment center and you don't want to saw that world in half.

Cobb fucked his wife's sister, then left both of them, moved to New York. I want the whole thing, you know? he says. Dorian left his wife, too.

Days after she'd been told by her husband that he's leaving not for anyone in particular but only because he doesn't love her anymore, the Lorax was looking at the family computer. She found an e-mail from her husband to a French Vietnamese woman, the Temptress. It was in French and it said:

I cannot believe I came 23 times in one day. I will never have prostate cancer.

The Lorax's husband came to her from another woman. He left the first Lorax for the second Lorax, and then left the second Lorax for the Temptress, who was two decades younger.

When I see a woman on the subway in her thirties, I hate her, says the Lorax. Every woman in her mid-thirties, I hate them all. I've never felt that way before. But as anyone who has been cheated upon will tell you: Once a cheater, always a cheater. When the Lorax is finally able to get through a full day without crying, it's this thought that buoys her, that he'll do it to the Temptress, too.

Don't you feel bad for the woman alone in the kitchen? says a friend of mine.

Yes, I say. But not as afraid as I am of being her.

I tell a man I meet at a bar about what I'm writing because I'm looking for approval from someone I don't know. He listens and says, Why don't you just argue against monogamy? I'm quiet, I drink my elderflower drink. It's daytime in a great hotel bar on a Saturday and the first few sips of alcohol on an empty stomach always make me feel like I'm happier being on the side that I'm on. His question is smart and important. The answer, the one in my head I'm not sure I want to say out loud, makes me sick, even through the filter of liquor.

I'm more comfortable talking about sex than about love. Or I'm more comfortable saying I want the former than I am admitting I need the latter. Why I don't argue against monogamy is that I'm not evolved enough, maybe, for an open relationship. Most of us aren't. We're marriage animals. But I'm also not trusting enough—or naive enough—to believe in giving up the illicit. Why I don't argue against monogamy is that part of having great moments, I fear, is having both. The monogamy and the illicit thing, and the passion and the guilt that bridges those two foreign countries, are what deepens our layers, even if some of those layers end up morphing into the slick crusted scales of a snake.

On a Saturday the Enigma calls me. Oh my God, she says. I did it.

Where?

A hotel. Oh my God.

Tell me about it.

Driving there, I felt like a virgin. I got there and he opened the door and he was wearing these great jeans and no shirt and I was like, Really? We had some wine and at first he just laid on top of me on the bed, like it just felt great to have his body on top of mine. Up till now it's just been him brushing his hand against my ass in the elevator, and I have almost been able to come from that.

What about the taxi? I say.

Oh, right, and the taxi, she says, because affairs are full of half-truths, varying truths. You tell one friend [continued on page 150]



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Now a new generation of doctors is using synthetic hormones for what they are: a way to stay strong, to defy aging, to cheat death. A miracle.

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Growth hormone is produced by our pituitary gland mostly during adolescence after which output slows. Once harvested from cadavers, it's now made synthetically; the amino acid sequence distilled using recombinant-DNA technology.

Dear Dad,

Can we talk about that scab?

It's the one on the back of your palm, at the nexus where the bones of your hand—the lunate and capitate and scaphoid—are knit by a mesh-work of ligatures. All vertebrates share a similar set of bones, and all bones grow out of the same tissue: a seagull's wing, a whale's flipper, a tortoise's foot, your own hand. I've been learning a lot about those animals lately, Dad. They age differently than we do. More about that later.

You've caught me staring at that scab—sorry about that. I look at it and, to be honest, a pinworm of dread threads into my chest.

Fathers and sons hold different memories. I suppose you remember holding me in your arms, my infant heart beating a tattoo against your skin. And I remember you, too, in the strangest moments. Like when you approached our backyard chain-link fence with your tube socks yanked up to your knees, gripped the crossbar, and vaulted over cleanly. Or the day you ripped a frozen rope to right field, hammering the ball so hard it's a wonder it didn't shriek. In those days you'd scrape yourself and a scab would form overnight: a crusty bastard that looked like a squashed June bug. Almost instantly, you'd be healed.

But the one on your hand looks like a dark red oil slick. And it's been there for weeks.

It's natural. You've hit your mid-sixties. Hell, I'm in my mid-thirties and I see it. Nets of wrinkles have appeared, unbidden, under my eyes. My cheeks have a sandblasted look, pins of shadow occupying the opened pores. The same breakdown is manifesting inside every man on earth. Termites in the walls of our cathedrals.

It's not that I can't accept that you're aging. It's just that—and this'll sound childish—it's difficult to imagine a world without you in it. The odd morning, this thought will flit through my reptile cortex before I'm properly awake:

Dad's gone.

I know it's morbid, Dad. Sorry. But what if you could fight it? Not death, not even age, but the decrepitude and loss of function that portend them. There are doctors out there now who think you can. At first I was dubious—aren't we men supposed to shut up about getting old? Aren't we cynical about age-defying medical advancements? But I've spent some time with them, Dad, and I've seen what they've accomplished. And my skepticism trickled away by degrees.

Hey, I only want what almost every son wants: for his father to be healthy for as long as possible. So please, let me lay it out for you.

The waiting room at the Masters Men's Clinic (tagline: Vitality for Life) looks like a pro shop: charcoal etchings of golfers in silhouette, glass-encased displays of duffer paraphernalia. The day I go, the fairway-green leather sofas are occupied by a burly bald fellow in a rugby shirt, a lanky nebbish in his thirties, a rail-thin oldster with flyaway gray hair, and a shaggily bearded man who looks as though he's descended from the mountains following a protracted cougar hunt.

They're here to see Dr. Lawrence Komar, medical director of one of the few clinics in North America (it's in a medical office building in Burlington, Ontario, near Toronto) dedicated to andropause—the male counterpart to menopause—and an authority on hormone-replacement therapy. He specializes in testosterone-replacement ther-

apy, testosterone being the hormone in men that usually needs replacing. A man's testosterone is in definite decline by the time he hits thirty, and he'll surrender about 1 percent of his total production yearly from that point on.

Ask yourself: When was the last time you had a truly good night's sleep? Do you struggle to find the mental acuity that once came pretty effort-

lessly? When's the last time you woke up with an antic erection fluttering against your thigh? Some doctors might immediately turn to drugs that would treat these problems symptom by symptom—sleep medication, depression medication, psychostimulants, impotence drugs. But to Komar and other doctors who advocate hormone therapy, these problems can be signs of a simple hormone deficiency. And so that, quite logically, is the symptom they treat.

The word *hormone* is of Greek origin, it means "stir up." Hormones stimulate growth, metabolism, and sexual function—they dictate body temperature and weight, and orchestrate the body's response during moments of stress. Hormones influence every cell, tissue, organ, and function in our bodies. They're products of our endocrine system—in men, this means the hypothalamus, pituitary, thyroid, parathyroids, adrenals, testes, and pancreas. You will produce many hormones over your lifetime. They're present from birth, but some, including testosterone, become more apparent later in your development.

Hormones are your body's messengers. Say you've just finished a short, intense burst of exercise—a four-hundred-meter dash. Your hypothalamus signals to your pituitary gland—the body's control center—that help is needed. Your pituitary gland sends out that help, in the form of human growth hormone. Human growth hormone, the messenger, travels through your veins to the delivery site, where it encounters receptors on individual cells. Every hormone is the equivalent of a key. Without a companion lock, it won't work. Once the hormone key opens the corresponding cellular lock, it triggers a response—in the case of HGH this can be muscle or bone growth, or cellular repair.

But once men get to an age when our key stages of growth and fertility are behind us, we simply don't produce as many hormones, and they get dispatched with reduced frequency. Receptors also become less sensitive as we age, so even if the hormones are sent, sometimes their keys no longer work. When this occurs on a wide-spread scale—hormone keys failing to unlatch trillions of cellular locks—the portents of disease start cropping up.

Hormone replacement—simply replenishing the hormones we lose with age—has intrigued scientists for centuries. One of the first investigators was a French doctor, Charles Edouard Brown-Séquard, who wrote an article for the July 1889 issue of *The Lancet* entitled "The Effects Produced on Man by Subcutaneous Injections of a Liquid Obtained from the Testicles of Animals." His thesis held that since young men were virile and older men less so, the only natural solution was to inject older specimens with semen. The physician, seventy-two at the time, went full lab rat, pumping himself full of "Brown-Séquard Elixir"—"water mixed with the three following parts: first, blood of the testicular veins; secondly, semen, and thirdly, juice extracted from a testicle, crushed immediately after it has been taken from a dog or a guinea pig." Despite his claims of increased strength and vigor, the scientific community failed to endorse Brown-Séquard's semen-doping concept.

But he was on to something. A key hormone in semen, testosterone, does dwindle as we age. But man-seed injections would be like shooting up with orange juice to reap the benefits of vitamin C. Nor do we need to harvest testosterone from other creatures; today it is commonly derived from plants such as yams and soy. The resultant

The most commonly prescribed therapeutic hormone, it comes in injections, creams, subdermal pellets, and gels like this one. Most American men who suffer from low T don't even know it—and not all doctors agree on what "low" means.

medicine is the epitome of individualized care. "What's brought you here?" Tonnelly asks. Low energy, the fellow says. And no persistent interest in sex, full stop.

"Do you get erections in the morning?" The fellow swallows. His Adam's apple resembles a fat kid bouncing on a pogo stick. "Uh . . . rarely."

"What I wouldn't give for a morning erection! But nature purposefully reduces testosterone as a man ages in an attempt to eliminate older specimens like me from the breeding pool." Tonnelly shakes his fist heavenward. "So we must contest nature! Why is your energy low when the energy of your peers is higher? Hormones. Why do hormones exist?" he asks rhetorically. "To keep an organism robust."

Tonnelly will repeat this word, hammering on it like a pianist reciting scales. It will gain emphasis, ultimately sounding like a chainsaw revving up *rrrrrobust!*

"All things have hormones, whether a pine tree or a mouse," Tonnelly says, "and all things forfeit hormones as they age. Even on the laziest, most do-nothing day of your life, you're damaging yourself. Young bodies fix themselves quickly, but as time goes by, it gets harder. You surrender your zest, your twinkle, your pep, your, your . . . robustness."

Tonnelly taps a key on his computer. A graphic illuminates the screen, the human brain and gonads, with dotted lines connecting them. "When your testosterone dips, your body sends a message to your pituitary to have your testes produce more. But sometimes those signals are insufficient to han-



hormones are known as bioidenticals, so named because it seems our bodies cannot distinguish them from the real thing. In addition to these "natural" products (which aren't FDA-approved), pharmaceutical versions of replacement hormones are being prescribed by doctors who believe in their benefits. What do these doctors think the various compounds can accomplish?

Very simply, a life that is good to the end.

Before

seeing Dr. Komar at the clinic, clients are ushered into an eggshell-white room for a consultation with the clinic's director, Gord Tonnelly. At sixty-five, Tonnelly is a dynamo. Short, with a florid face and a precision dyed racing stripe down the center of his white Vandyke beard. He has an undefatigable air: a genial, testosterone-reppin' Energizer Bunny.

His first consult is the nebbishy fellow from the waiting room. Tonnelly scans the client's test results—everyone must submit to a battery of them to determine his levels of total testosterone, bioavailable testosterone, estradiol, prolactin, luteinizing hormone, PSA, thyroid stimulating hormone, DHEA, liver enzymes, and cortisol, all of which Komar requires to formulate his treatment plan. One of the ways hormone therapy gets a bad name is the prescribing of indiscriminate, boilerplate doses by lazy doctors who don't learn much about the patient's needs. But done properly, this kind of med-

icine is the epitome of individualized care

"What's brought you here?" Tonnelly asks. Low energy, the fellow says. And no persistent interest in sex, full stop.

"Do you get erections in the morning?" The fellow swallows. His Adam's apple resembles a fat kid bouncing on a pogo stick. "Uh . . . rarely."

"What I wouldn't give for a morning erection! But nature purposefully reduces testosterone as a man ages in an attempt to eliminate older specimens like me from the breeding pool." Tonnelly shakes his fist heavenward. "So we must contest nature! Why is your energy low when the energy of your peers is higher? Hormones. Why do hormones exist?" he asks rhetorically. "To keep an organism robust."

Tonnelly will repeat this word, hammering on it like a pianist reciting scales. It will gain emphasis, ultimately sounding like a chainsaw revving up *rrrrrobust!*

"All things have hormones, whether a pine tree or a mouse," Tonnelly says, "and all things forfeit hormones as they age. Even on the laziest, most do-nothing day of your life, you're damaging yourself. Young bodies fix themselves quickly, but as time goes by, it gets harder. You surrender your zest, your twinkle, your pep, your, your . . . robustness."

Tonnelly taps a key on his computer. A graphic illuminates the screen, the human brain and gonads, with dotted lines connecting them. "When your testosterone dips, your body sends a message to your pituitary to have your testes produce more. But sometimes those signals are insufficient to han-

dle your body's needs," he says.

Next, cartoon bubbles dapple the screen. The word *testosterone* swells inside them. Each bubble is encircled by a shaded ring marked SHBG.

"And when your pituitary does get the signal, well, you've got another issue. Most of the testosterone bonds to a protein molecule called sex-hormone-binding globulin, or SHBG. Bound testosterone is no longer bioavailable. The important measurement is free testosterone: the unbonded, footloose hormone that can accomplish wondrous things for our brains, muscles, and sex lives—results men place premium value on. Now I guess you'd like to know how you'll get it inside you, huh?"

The guy nods, looking vaguely discombobulated, like a man being led through a maze.

"You've got skin patches, injections, creams, or gels. I myself use a cream."

Tonnelly produces a thick syringe from his desk. He positions the plastic tip against his skin and zips a strip of white cream down his inner forearm, massaging it in with a brisk circular motion.

"All there is to it. You must be careful to wash your fingers afterward—in the early days dads would rub it on their hands, then play with their kids. The testosterone would make contact with their children's skin and . . . we know better now."

He sends the client on to Dr. Komar with a suggestion for HCG.

human chorionic gonadotropin, a compound derived from the urine of pregnant women. HCG stimulates the testicles to up their testosterone production. "Riders often use it at the end of their cycle to "wake up" their testicles so that they start producing natural testosterone again."

The client is shuttled into Dr. Komor's office. A gynecologist by training, Komor is tall and thickset—the look of an ex-linebacker gone to seed. A wall of the waiting room is festooned with photos of Komor in surgical scrubs, smiling at the bedtimes of new moms in delivery rooms. He carries himself like a veteran contractor: "I've seen this a thousand times, son, and I know how to fix it—but it'll cost you." When the client sits, Komor asks whether he's taken his health concerns to his physician. When the client acknowledges that he's done so only to be given nonspecific treatment options—join a gym, try a complex multivitamin—Komor shoots me a knowing look.

"I bet you were told your symptoms were natural, right?" he says. "Something along the lines of, 'Hey, you're just getting older. Nothing to be done for it.'"

Andropause is characterized by a marked decline in testosterone production, the way estrogen bottoms out when women hit meno-

pause. But whereas menopause is a recognized condition, some doctors refuse to admit andropause exists. Komor says that if a man requests a hormone screen and his testosterone level turns out to be between 200 and 300 nanograms per deciliter, his doctor may tell him it's normal. What the doctor won't say is that it's in the bottom range of what Komor considers normal, and that in his younger days the patient's levels would likely have been in the optimal range of 800 to 1,000.

A brisk consultation ends with Komor sending the client off with the HCG prescription. The man halfheartedly lobbies for testosterone: "there's a plaintive, wheedling timbre to his voice: a cash-strapped addict trying to coax a free fix from his dealer. Komor says no, says they'll check his values again in six weeks. This ain't Pez—he's dispensing here."

The lingering stigma attached to hormone therapy, of course, is its perceived alignment with steroid abuse in pro sports. The fact that our athletic heroes may have set records with a witches' brew of illicit substances torquing through their veins has never sat well with the public. If Barry Bonds and Roger Clemens ever make it to Cooperstown, figurative asterisks will forever sit beside their names.

For good reason: Using performance-enhancing drugs is undeniably cheating, for the simple reason that it's against the rules. Whether it's "the cream," "the clear," or hopped-up flaxseed oil, juicing is juicing, with all its inherent side effects: shrunk-en nuts, Neanderthal brows, swollen prostates, and the occasional contract for \$27.2 mil over three years. But most of that comes from abuse. And much of it comes from the use of a synthetic form of the most natural hormone of all, human growth hormone.

Most regular men who undergo hormone-replacement therapy take testosterone, HCG, or a combination of the two. Few are given the discretionary license—and possess the discretionary income—to take the black sheep of hormones, HGH, the mythical ambrosia that allegedly helped Bonds sock record-setting dingers in the twilight of his career and caused his head to balloon by a hat size.

HGH is produced by our pituitary gland, predominantly during adolescence. It promotes tissue and bone growth, protein deposition, and the breakdown of subcutaneous fat. After that integral phase of our development, its production dwindles significantly.

Therapeutic HGH was once harvested from cadavers: crack a stiff's skull, extract the pituitary gland, suck out the HGH, and inject it. But this led to incidents of Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease—basically, a rogue protein chews holes in your brain—from impure HGH. It's now manufactured synthetically.

And it's really no mystery why a man pushing middle age, whose physical strength is his livelihood, would swear by it.



I know this guy Jack who's a fighter. He has trained his body to do things—lift things, smash things, withstand things—that other bodies cannot. But it's like having a pitch-perfect tenor or an arm that can hurl hundred-mule-an-hour fastballs. They're birthrights that are easily stripped away. You get a vocal-cord polyp or you need Tommy John surgery and suddenly your body's not so special.

Jack is the son of an Alabama farmer. He took up powerlifting as a teenager. He won a few contests, set a record in the dead lift, tried his hand at strongman competitions, then trucked his rugged body over to the pro-wrestling circuit, touring the country under the name Death Eater. He eventually found work as a Hollywood stunt double, working alongside big stars and gorging at the craft-services table while other fellas he could name—fellas who'd followed his same route—are sitting on stools outside skeevy clubs scrutinizing teenyboppers' fake IDs. But his body—Jesus, it's coming apart. His joints grind and pop, a sound like lug nuts rolling around in a cement mixer.

"I took HGH for the first time when I was thirty-two," he says. "I'd competed as a lifetime drug-free athlete during my entire strength-sports career, but at that time I was trying to break into wrestling. The behemoths I'd be squatting up against—it's just say it didn't present an ethical issue for me anymore."

He has never bought it legally. He asked this one doctor but was told he wasn't therapeutically low. Top-shelf HGH is made by big pharma—Eli Lilly and Pfizer are the growth-hormone titans. Today a prescription might run \$1,000 a month, and it's only for clients who undergo specialized tests—a pituitary stimulation and often an IGF-1 blood test, too—and the results indicate a dire need. The only other way to legally lay your hands on HGH is if you've got a child with pituitary dwarfism or a doctor who's willing to prescribe it for you whether your levels are low or not.

HGH must be refrigerated, and it must never be shaken. And in addition to the aforementioned beach balling of Barry Bonds's head—a condition known as acromegaly, or thickening of the bones of the jaw and forehead—HGH abuse can enlarge the heart and kidneys. Hypoglycemia and diabetes are risks, too. Considering the hazards, the expense, and the number of injections, why bother?

"With steroids you feel something," Jack says. "An increase in sex drive, changes in your musculature. But with HGH it's more about

what you don't feel. Aches and pains disappear. Energy levels come up. It speeds healing time. I sleep so deeply. As my career progresses further into my forties... I need it, man."

And if human growth hormone were administered by doctors who thoroughly understood its side effects and tested the hell out of every patient before writing a single prescription—instead of by meathead "trainers" in the dark corners of locker rooms in disreputable gyms—the hazards associated with its use might not even exist.

Jeffry

At first glance he doesn't appear an ideal advocate. The man looks like a hardcore geriatric juicer. His publicity photo captures him shirtless and slab-chested with vein-riven Popeye arms, lats flared in a cobra's hood, and a fence-post neck, all topped by a wizened face that resembles the guy on the Quaker Oats can. Your eyes rebel. The image is somehow wrong. Like seeing an absurdly muscled child. Human beings on either end of the age spectrum simply shouldn't look that way.

"Sure, people think it's fake," says Jeffry, who was seventy-two when the photo was taken. "Until they meet me."

About fifteen years ago, Jeffry was overweight, perpetually fatigued, prediabetic. He embarked on a health-improvement odyssey that eventually brought him into contact with Cenegenics, a company administering a comprehensive age-management program, the foundation of which was hormone therapy. Not the kind that floods you with excess testosterone, the kind that simply restores your levels to where they were during the healthiest days of your life.

"People continually mistake this for steroids," he says—not wholly surprising when the treatment mints specimens such as Jeffry: a septuagenarian chunk of granite who looks like he's "swallowed the air hose," in bodybuilder parlance. "Yes, hormone therapy uses the same substances that some steroid abusers use, such as testosterone cypionate and enanthate. The difference is that steroid abusers aren't likely testosterone deficient to start off. Plus, they take massive quantities—ten or twenty times what a body could naturally produce."

Frequently Asked Questions

What are some signs of a hormone deficiency?
Significant decreases in the condition of one or more of the five Ms: muscle mass, mojo, mood, memory, and morning wood.

What questions should you ask your regular doctor?
Ask what he knows about treating low T and andropause. If he an-

swers, "Andro-what?" ask for a referral to a doctor who specializes in hormone-replacement therapy.

How is it administered?
Testosterone: gel, injection, patch, subdermal pellet, buccal tablet, creams. (Creams are not FDA-approved but are created in compound pharmacies and can be prescribed by a doctor.) HGH: injection.

And how much can I expect to take—do I start at a high level and then taper off?

Usually, you start with a low dose to see how your body responds and whether your hormone levels change. After further testing, the

dose might go up or down.

When does a man get testosterone and when does the doctor give him growth hormone?

It all has to do with your hormone levels. If your blood work shows low T, you might get a prescription for testosterone alone or in combination with HGH, which stimulates testosterone production by the testicles. If tests show low levels of growth hormone, you might get a prescription for HGH.

Does one ever get a cocktail of various hormones?
Each hormone deficiency is usually treated separately, which means that

you could end up requiring more than one hormone replacement drug.

How much does it cost? Will insurance cover it?

Some clinics offer pricey all-inclusive packages, others do typical fee-for-service. Insurance coverage requires proof that it's a medical necessity. Prices can vary widely but here are some general ranges, based primarily on phone calls to pharmacies and legitimate Internet retailers: Injectable testosterone can run \$35 to \$60 a month. Creams are usually \$50 to \$60 a month while branded gels can be \$300 to \$400.

A comprehensive package might run a few hundred dollars for the

initial exam, another couple hundred for lab work, then \$600 to \$1,500 a month or more for the hormones.

HGH therapy can cost from \$400 to more than \$1,000 monthly.

How do I know if hormone therapy is working?

Many patients report seeing significant changes within the first few months, but some see changes within weeks. Doses should be adjusted based on how you feel and your lab results. If you're feeling functioning, and functioning better than before and your doctor doesn't see any negative effects, then yes, it's probably right for you.

—C.D.

Life uses controlled amounts because of what it can confer: improved strength, a faster metabolism, improved focus, and quicker recovery time. If you don't make your living swatting home runs, there are no moral indiscretions or illegalities involved with its use. But as Dr. Life points out, it isn't a quick fix. He had to make drastic changes to his diet and exercise regimen to get results—hitting the gym like a hellion, necking a rainbow of daily vitamins, axing trans fats from his diet. And even Life isn't exempt from the hardships of aging: His skin has the telltale creases and pouches where gravity has left its imprint—but the underlying muscle is still ridiculously firm. The possibility exists that Jeffry Life is a freak. A modern-day Dorian Gray with a gnarled, hollow-eyed portrait of himself stashed in an attic. But odds are he's one of us, fantastical as he may appear. And it's that possibility—that probability—that makes you want to keep listening.

Komer,

the doctor at the Masters Men's Clinic, was a gynecologist before he got into andropause treatment.

"I've worked with female hormones for more than thirty years," he says. "Male hormones are similar. It's nothing but a mental step sideways."

Toward the end of the twentieth century, postmenopausal women were given hormone-replacement therapy because it apparently helped them deal with some of the side effects. It also apparently increased the risk of breast cancer. That's partly why there is so much scrutiny on—and wariness about—hormone-replacement therapy for men. But too often estrogen was given out with little attention paid to the individual patient. With the right information and the right dose, hormone therapy is not only safe but can also approach miraculous.

Komer is a proponent of what might be called interventionary medicine. Too often men wait for health issues to crop up before seeking treatment. Under his care, patients either receive therapy before issues present themselves or are given therapies that forestall them. Hormone replacement forms the crux, so he's always finding himself defending it, elucidating its virtues, correcting misperceptions. Like, people ask about the possibility that it causes prostate cancer.

"That's an outdated idea based on the fact that men with prostate cancer are put on testosterone inhibitors."

What about heart disease?

"It can occasionally lead to an elevated red blood-cell count, which in extreme cases leads to thickened blood. So we monitor it."

Sometimes the opposition to hormone therapy from within the medical fraternity—and I've heard a lot of it—can sound like fearmongering. Part of the problem is there's no such thing as a hormone-ologist. Practitioners hail from diverse backgrounds: endocrinologists and gynecologists and general practitioners. But that's exactly what makes its utility so obvious—doctors of all specialties are interested because hormone therapy treats the entire human body using chemicals that already exist *inside* the human body. "Silence is the order of the day," Komer says. "Doctors only see things from the point of their specialization—patients are a bowel, a heart, a brain. There's little sense of the linkages between them. Hormones are that link. Too often the only cure is pharmaceutical intervention: Give the patient a pill. If all you've got is a hammer, everything starts looking like a nail, right?"

Hello,

Indiana, and welcome to *The Dr. Andry Show* here on News Talk FM 95.9. "

J. Matthew Andry, who runs a family medical practice on the east side of Bloomington, has the on-air demeanor of a country doctor: well-informed and wisecracking—What's

the difference between a quack and a genius? About eight years. But he believes, man. His faith in hormone therapy is pure. This can make him come off like a prophet in the wilderness: a trifle wild-eyed, bewildered that not everyone sees a truth that's so evident to him.

"The modern medical model holds that you get sick, then a doctor tries to fix you." Andry laughs incredulously, with polite disgust—he laughs a lot, in a way that compels you to laugh along. "Here's a crazy idea: Why don't we avoid letting you get sick in the first place?"

At forty, Andry is roundish with a ginger goatee. He's extremely friendly, and a smile is his default facial expression. But the smile morphs from cheerful to frustrated while he strains to make points that strike him as shockingly obvious.

"Menopause, diabetes, thyroid disease, contraception"—you can hear the bafflement creep into his voice—"these conditions require the regulation of hormones. Why should testosterone be different? Instead of taking Wellbutrin for your mood, Lipitor for cholesterol, Cialis to give your poor penis a lift, and Lunesta to fall asleep, why not try something that helps with all of that?"

Homeostasis is Andry's buzzword. Webster's definition: the tendency toward a stable equilibrium between interdependent elements. Andry's first lesson in med school. Physicians should seek to achieve bodily harmony in patients.

"Humans don't age symmetrically," he says. "Parts of us survive longer than other parts. We live longer than our glands do. We die in pieces."

Andry's goal is that equilibrium. Every tooth in every gear meshing, the engine ticking along smoothly for as long as possible. He concedes that hormone therapy isn't the whole answer, but it can play a vital role. It's tough, though—guys like Andry get bushwhacked by their own medical fraternity, which is notoriously slow to embrace new treatments. It probably took twenty years and fifty double-blind studies before the American Medical Association okayed cough drops. Still, that's the most prudent tack. What if, ten years after getting laser eye surgery, people's eyes had begun to deflate like old party balloons? In a way, Andry understands the wall he's up against. Yet in another, more profound way, it righteously passes him off.

"Thirty years ago, doctors dealt with depression by saying, Be happier, dammit! Get a better house, a better job. Then Prozac came along and those same doctors went, Oh."

One of those dubious doctors when it comes to hormone therapy is David Handelsman, professor of reproductive endocrinology and andrology at the University of Sydney and director of the ANZAC Research Institute in Sydney, which is dedicated to the study of human aging. Its stated goal is "preventing the preventable and delaying the inevitable." Handelsman knows testosterone. He was the principal investigator in the Healthy Man Study, which recruited 325 healthy men over age forty and monitored their blood-testosterone levels and the effects of age on reproductive hormones over a number of years. "Our most striking result was that the levels of men in good health did not decline with age," says Handelsman. "In other words, age itself is not a reason for testosterone deficiency. Age is not a diagnosis; age is simply a condition."

When I ask whether he believes testosterone replacement can improve a man's life, he says no, but then adds, "If that man has an organic disease [of the testes or pituitary gland], testosterone-replacement therapy is a natural and reasonable replacement." As for the common belief that testosterone and sexual function are always linked, he says many doctors make too much of this connection because that's what patients want to hear.

It's not as if Handelsman has no argument at all. Testosterone and sexual function have been entwined in public perception—despite the fact that a decline is often vascular in nature, the result of poor circulation or cardiovascular disease. Testosterone deficiency has come to be identified with male sexual function and virility, making testosterone replacement the easiest sell possible. Sex sells.

One can certainly see how Cenegenics, touted by the photogenic Dr. Life, might seem an uneasy merger between the medical sphere and what critics call the "lifestyle enhancement" industry: plastic surgery, Botox, hair transplants. For one thing, like cosmetic enhancements, the treatments offered by it and other clinics aren't cheap. Cenegenics charges \$4,000 for a mere consultation. And the buyer beware. Just as a plastic surgeon can turn a woman's lips into fat tubes of kielbasa, the doctor who doesn't take the time and care to address an individual patient's specific needs isn't one you'd want fiddling with your hormones. But it's not as if the doctors doing the prescribing aren't licensed professionals, just like any other doctor who can order medications.

Thickened blood and blood clots, spikes and dips in cholesterol, hypertension, sleep apnea, irritability, aggression, suicidal thoughts, hypersexuality, infertility, testicular atrophy, acne, greasy skin, excessive sweating, and body odor. That's the list of testosterone's side effects, best read in the auctioneer's monotone you hear on Celebrex commercials. They should occur only if a patient tinkers with his dosage or blows off his follow-up appointments—or if a doctor flubs the prescription in the first place—but testosterone, like any self-administered substance, carries the potential for abuse.

Here's another thing the naysayers say: They say hormone doctors set farcical limits as to what constitutes low testosterone, chalking up an arbitrary range and claiming that anyone below is deficient. Most men would fall below it, suggesting most men need therapy. One researcher referred to these as "ad hoc, self-serving, and transparently phony definitions." But testosterone levels in any man ebb and crest even over the course of a day, and the "correct" range is difficult to pinpoint. Still, it appears that few men are refused treatment. Dr. Life will treat just about anyone who wants to live a better life as he ages. Dr. Komer's diagnosis is based on the lab tests, which carry roughly 20 percent of the diagnostic weight—his clinical impression after consultation carries the remaining 80 percent. And Matt Andry is spreading the gospel on Indiana radio.

Yes, they're eager. They think every man should be on this stuff if there's even a slight indication that it would help him. That's how it goes in medicine: The J. Matthew Andrys of this world stride forward, confident in their youth and know-how and capacity to do good—indeed, the desire to help others radiates from Andry in waves, only to be questioned by old hands like Handelsman, who say, *Whoa there, young blood, where are you off to with your ass on fire? What say we assay this here situation critically?*

Medical jurisprudence is crucial, sure, but consider who's leading the hormone-replacement therapy vanguard: doctors and athletes. While their enthusiasm doesn't necessarily legitimize hormone usage, it shows that many athletes (and their team doctors) willingly entrust their million-dollar bodies to it. And plenty of doctors I spoke to use hormone therapy themselves. Critics might

claim that's only natural: Doesn't the mad scientist inevitably inject himself with the syringe of glowing green goo—or testicle juice? Except hormone therapy is well past the lab phase. It's been vetted and peer reviewed, and is offered by reputable practitioners (and, it must be noted, by disreputable frauds).

Just as the law has its shysters, medicine has its quacks. Andry decries the proliferation of fly-by-night hormone clinics, and others tell of testosterone and HGH being dispensed from shop fronts dressed up to look like licensed clinics—a waiting room, a receptionist, a potted ficus—by men with no medical credentials. They're essentially street dealers with stethoscopes draped around their necks and phony degrees on their walls. The question to ask yourself is: Do I believe in the medicine, and more important, do I believe in the person administering it? Look around. Do your due diligence. Find a doctor you can trust. Follow his plan. Andry, for one, predicts the results will be inarguable.

"They'll come around," he says of the doubters. "They'll see all the good that's happening and have no choice."

The

radiated tortoise has a grandfatherly languor: a sense that it's carrying a large burden, if not with ease, then with eternal patience. It moves in a palsied shuffle, stubby legs oaring its awkward body forward. Evolution built it to persevere: the oldest captive tortoise lived to be 188.

I'm watching as one approaches a dish of succulent cactus. Its head telescopes from the leathery folds of its neck—somewhat unsettlingly, this looks like the head of a penis unsheathing from its foreskin. It chews thoughtfully, as if ranking this morsel against all the cacti it has eaten in its long, long life.

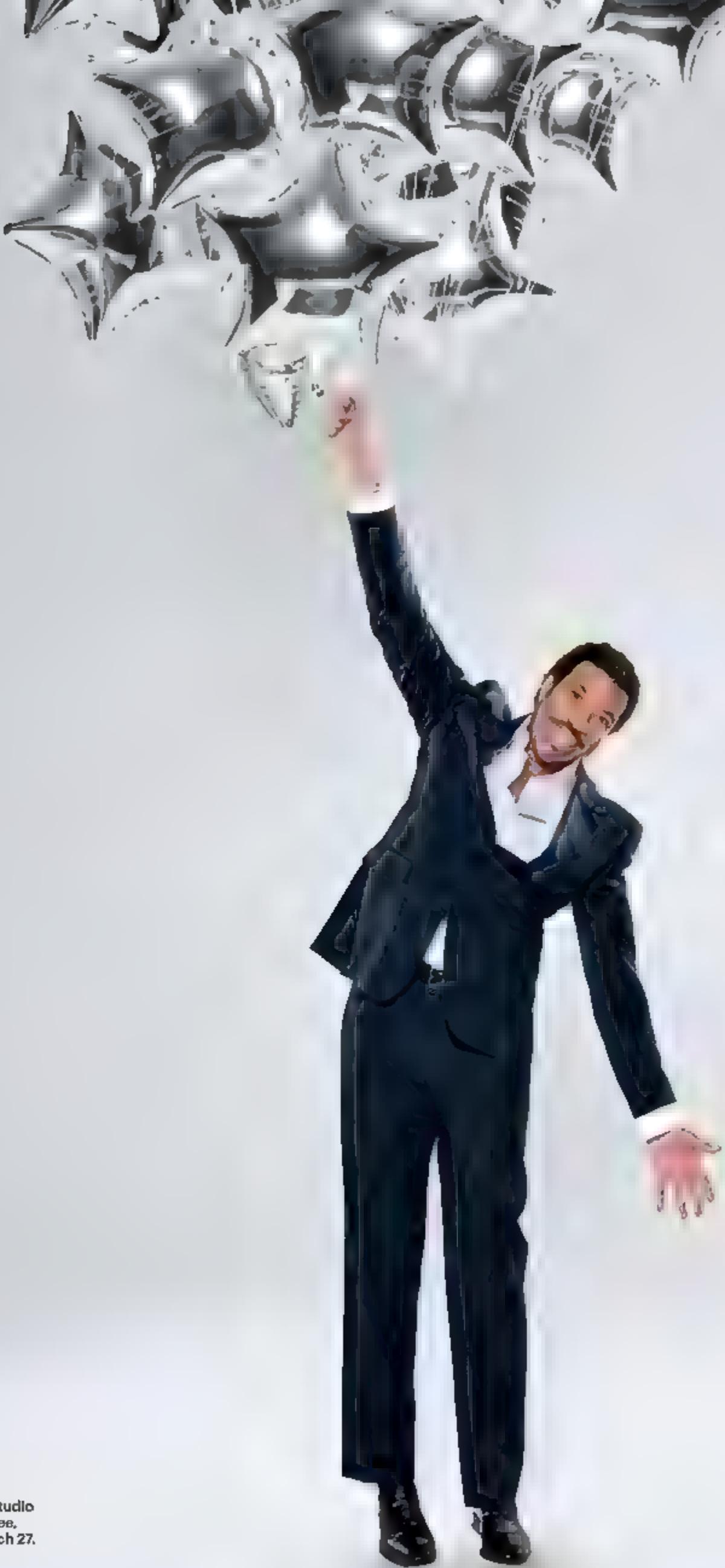
"Tortoises age so gracefully," says Bob Johnson, curator of amphibians and reptiles at the Toronto Zoo. I'm here to talk with him about the front edge of hormone-replacement therapy—the far-out zone occupied by dreamers, visionaries, and pariahs. Specifically, I'm here to talk about negligible senescence.

Human life spans follow a predictable arc: We grow up, grow stronger, grow smarter, and hit our apex, after which our bodies and minds begin to erode. This erosion process is known as senescence, which may be one of the loveliest words in our language.

Why do our cells have to age? Some say it's an accumulation of rogue molecules called free radicals, releasing toxins in our body and corrupting our immunity response. Others believe our genes have a built-in kill switch: Our body's a giant auditorium in which a huge party's raging, then at the preappointed hour our internal janitor says "Party's over!" and starts shutting the lights down. Revelers file out. The auditorium dims. That's senescence. Cellular twilight.

For the remarkable tortoise, this doesn't exist. If you graphed its life span, it would be a gradual upward climb without our corresponding decline. Its party just keeps on a-rockin', except it's not a party so much as a sedate gathering that goes on at a modest pitch until all at once it just . ends.

"A tortoise continues to grow incrementally throughout its life," Johnson says. "Their health, so far as we can [continued on page 148]



Richie's tenth studio record, *Tuskegee*, comes out March 27.

Lionel Richie



SINGER 62
LOS ANGELES

INTERVIEWED BY
CAL FUSSMAN
DECEMBER 7 2011

PHOTOGRAPH BY
JEFF MINTON

> **I was thinking** I might be a priest. To make a long story short, I joined the Commodores, and one girl screamed from the front row, "Sing it, baby!" Afterward, I called up the ministers and said, "I don't think I'm going to be priest material."

> **But you've got to understand.** Look all the way through. After "We Are the World," I got a letter from one of the ministers that said, "Congratulations. Your ministry is doing quite well."

> **Who's got the words?** That's the key. If "You Are the Sunshine of My Life" weren't the words, that song just ain't the same.

> **I wrote real-life stuff.** I didn't write around some fantasy. I wrote stuff like "Easy Like Sunday Morning." What year? Any year "All Night Long" is all night long.

> **If what's happening** now in America had happened in the sixties, we would have protests like you've never seen before. But in 2011, people can name every player on the football team, but they can't tell you how badly they're being taken advantage of and by whom. They know what Gaga's doing, but they don't know what the government's doing. Everyone's on Facebook and Myspace and Yourspace and Theirspace and Twitter and Tweeter. Great, fantastic! But anybody paying attention?

> **After "We Are the World,"** those three or four jets filled with food looked really huge when they were taking off. And then you get down on the ground and see what malnutrition looks like. When you can't swallow anymore because you're dehydrated. I'm standing there with the food and we can't feed you because you've lost the ability to swallow. You're going to die looking at me with a plate full of food.

> **I was born and raised** in a community where if somebody can't eat, the whole town goes to feed him. Therefore the community survives. You know when cancer is serious? When it strikes someone in your family. You know when hunger is serious? When it strikes someone in your family. You know when homelessness is serious? When it strikes someone in your family.

> **I don't care** if I just left the king's palace. I don't care if I'm the poorest guy in the world. I want to come home, sit on my couch, and like my couch. I want to like my refrigerator. Follow me? I want the thrill of waking up in the morning and walking from the bedroom all the way to the kitchen and back to the bedroom. *Ah! I forgot to get dressed.* That's happiness. It's not how many people are calling you "Mr. Richie." Do you like your kids? Yes. More importantly, do they like you?

> **When I was a boy**, about to leave my dad with my friends, my dad would go, "Hey boy, where you goin'? You forgot something." *Oh, Jesus Christ, Dad. I've got to kiss you in front of my guys?* Yeah, you do. Then one day, a guy says to me, "You kiss your dad?" And I say, "Yeah, Yeah, I kiss my dad." And the guy said, "I'm not allowed to kiss my dad. My dad only wants me to shake hands." And that's when I realized how lucky I was.

> **I was raised by the whole village.** The Tuskegee Airmen were on the campus. I was raised by the Tuskegee Airmen. The entire mantra to my life was "Failure is not an option." They'd look you straight in the face. "Failure is not an option, young man."

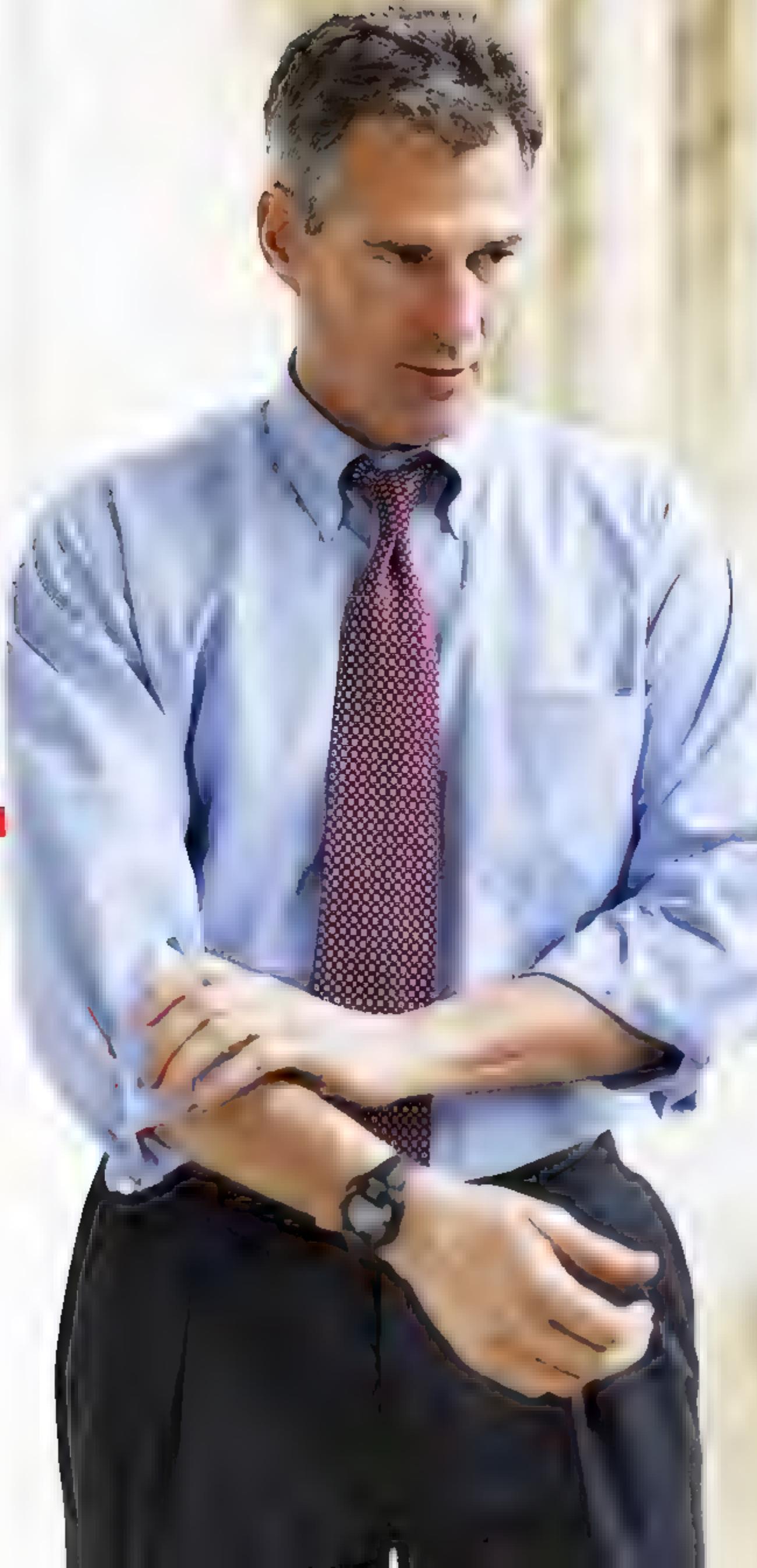
> **Growing up in Tuskegee, Alabama,** was the bubble. In the bubble, I learned no limitations. My grandmother's a classical pianist. Country music is outside the community. R&B is in the community and the gospel choir is on the campus. Jazz. It was all just music to me. And once they explained the rules, I said, *Well, I'm not going anywhere near that.* It's the same when your mother says you can play in every room in the house except *that* one. Well, *that's* where I'm going.

> **A guy wants to be able to** take his kid fishing. A guy wants to be able to play a little softball. He wants his kid to love him. Everybody else wants the same thing, in every different language possible, around the world.

> **Someone said,** "Mr. Richie, the show's at eight. We've got a plane waiting." And my dad says, "Son, I want to see you upstairs before you leave." *All right, Dad.* I walk upstairs and he says, "I'm worried about you. Everybody loves you. Every time you go out the door, there's babes." He says, "If you lost it all tomorrow, would you still be the guy you are today?" He says, "You haven't been tested, son. And I'm worried about that." I had no idea what he was talking about. What test? Now, segue. I just lost my dad. I just lost my marriage. And the most important asset I have, which is my voice, the doctors can't guarantee. When you're vocally silent for four weeks—after the surgery, you can't talk to anybody—you have time to think and listen to yourself. *When I open my mouth, who am I going to be?* I could wake up and make rasping noises, which means I'm not a singer anymore. And that's when the strength of that moment with my dad came to me. *I'm going to find out who I am.*

> **I don't write records** for L.A. and New York. I write for between them. That's where it is. Especially when you listen to those country songs. All of a sudden the guy on the radio says, "The number-one record this week is 'I Love My Truck.' I'm sitting there telling myself, I'm thinking too deep. 'Me and my red pickup—' God, man. *Just want to drink some beer.* I love it. That's real

> **I'm never on time,** but always in time. *It*



TWO YEARS AGO, PROPELLED BY TEA PARTY RAGE, SCOTT BROWN WON TED KENNEDY'S SENATE SEAT. TODAY, HE PROUDLY PROCLAIMS HE IS THE "SECOND-MOST BIPARTISAN MEMBER OF THE U. S. SENATE." BUT AS HE TRIES TO SURVIVE A CHALLENGE IN THE MOST IMPORTANT SENATE RACE OF THE YEAR, WILL THAT BE ENOUGH TO SAVE HIM FROM ELIZABETH WARREN? BY JOHN H. RICHARDSON

THE AGONY

OF THE MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICAN



Scott Brown's game face is a thing of beauty. It actually is. Impressive and unyielding as a figure on Easter Island, formed from the hard years when he raised himself and his hard years as a basketball star and many more hard years in the ROTC and National Guard, Brown's game face is all the more impressive in person. Add his perfectly gray hair and his cowboy eyes pinched against the noonday glare and he looks at fifty-two like a United States senator exemplified. His many years of hard work and service to his community add a certain moral authority, too—it's not like he's some schmuck.

And yet Scott Brown is defensive today, and the trait makes him somewhat smaller as the minutes in his presence tick by. For instance, every time he mentions his opponent in the Massachusetts Senate race, he makes a populist dig against her education. "It doesn't take a Harvard degree to understand" his offer to ban false and misleading advertising from the race, he says. Why won't "Professor War-

ren" agree? This would sound right in the mouth of Newt Gingrich, perhaps, but it seems a bit strange from a Massachusetts moderate who himself holds fancy degrees from Tufts and Boston College.

"With all due respect," Brown responds in a voice that is almost aggressively calm and cool, "everyone calls her professor. It's like saying Captain So-and-So or Doctor So-and-So. I don't think it's weird at all."

And every time he mentions Elizabeth Warren, he also says that she is a "self-proclaimed rock thrower" who has said she wants to leave "blood and teeth on the floor." This strategy comes from a preposterous ad put out by the Massachusetts GOP that shows ominous darkened shots of Warren's schoolmarm face fading into Occupy Wall Street protesters screaming for revolution. "Marxism is the way to go! Capitalism is killing this country!"

So despite the awesome imperturbability of that game face, despite the touch of ice that seeps into his calm perfection, Brown is a man uncomfortable behind his eyes as he grimly sticks to a message he thinks might win him reelection as a Republican in the most Democratic state in the country, in the most important election of the year, save for the presidential ballot line. To argue with Brown for a moment, it is actually very clear that Warren was speaking metaphorically when she said that there would be "blood and teeth on the floor" if her brainchild, the Consumer Financial Protection Bureau, wasn't authorized by Congress. Isn't it a touch false and misleading—especially for someone who constantly denounces false and misleading political advertising—to suggest that a law-abiding middle-aged mom who teaches law at Harvard is actually calling for a violent revolution in the streets?

To be successful in politics at this level, you must debase yourself and say some things that you don't believe. There are too many competing interests in America and in Washington to be exempt from playing this game. And to be truly successful, you must make your debasement seem born of true conviction. If you are Barack Obama, you must say that you oppose gay marriage and that your position on the issue is "evolving," when that simply isn't true. If you are Brown's fellow Bay State Republican Mitt Romney, you say that the one thing most people know about you is that you are a man of "constancy," and you say it without shame or discomfort, even as your audience erupts with laughter at the lie. And when you are Senator Scott Brown—the self-made man who decided after Ted Kennedy died that his next step along life's path would be to seize the Kennedy family Senate seat for himself—you say things about your opponent that make her sound like Che Guevara. "She's made it very publicly known those are her quotes," he insists, "directly from her. She said that she created the intellectual foundation for Occupy Wall Street, and she supports it."

Yes, but what does she support about them?

"She supports the entire movement. The entire movement—"

But what specifically? The right to camp on public property?

"Whatever they stand for," he throws out impatiently. "What do they stand for? They don't like borders. They want to forgive all debt."

The thing is, as he sits here in his campaign office, located in the Mass Victory headquarters of the Massachusetts state Republican party in a warehouse district in Boston, Brown is essentially a man without a party. In late 2009, as his campaign against a moribund career Democrat caught fire, Brown became the beneficiary of all the anti-Obama feeling in the country, as there was only one election going on anywhere in January 2010, only one way to rage against the White House, and it was in Massachusetts. As such, Brown be-



came the first and most potent demonstration of the power of the so-called Tea Party, which to that point had been only theoretical. Brown crisscrossed the state, boasting that his would be the vote that would prevent the president from passing his "government takeover of the health-care industry," and it was the Tea Party rage that swept him to victory. "The first time I ever picked up a political sign was to support Scott Brown," says North Shore Tea Party chairman Carlos Hernandez. The next morning Brown woke up, a Republican in Massachusetts.

Senator Brown is a smart man, and he knew he wouldn't be able to sashay around like some Tea Party yo-yo and survive. Brown had also promised to be bipartisan and independent, a "Scott Brown Republican" who always put the interests of the people of Massachusetts first and never blindly followed the Republican party line. Yes, the first thing he did in Washington was vote against Obama's health-care reform, which sent the Tea Partiers into ecstasy and Ted Kennedy spinning in his grave. Then he consulted reality and his chances of reelection and immediately tacked left, backing Wall Street reform and the jobs bill and Obama's recess appointments and the START treaty and many other things that true conservatives claimed to despise. At the State of the Union, he was seen on television grabbing President Obama's hand and holding on to it for a long time. Now Carlos Hernandez has another name for Brown:

"I call him Benedict Arnold."

So now Brown's an apostate to the conservatives who are currently driving the politics, and the Democrats have produced a rock star as their nominee, and the perfect moment that produced his election all the way back in 2010 seems like an irreproducible aberration, a tear in the fabric of time that is all the way across the universe by now. And Senator Brown is left to convince the voters of his state that of the candidates in the race, he is the reasonable one, the one who would better be able to work with President Obama than a senator from the president's own party. And that means that

on this day, in the empty Mass Victory GOP headquarters, he is left to play small ball, quibbling about who was more responsible for Elizabeth Warren's signature creation, her or him.

Warren became famous in the first place—and established a national following—for creating the Consumer Financial Protection Bureau in the wake of the financial collapse of 2008 to, among other things, stop big banks and payday lenders from using the fine print of contracts to screw their customers. Once in the Senate, Brown voted to authorize the agency's creation. So why the heck is he now talking about blood in the streets?

Brown doesn't blink an eye. "She didn't do the Consumer Protection Bureau. If not for my vote, she never would have had that opportunity to participate in the Consumer Protection Bureau."

A pivotal question in this campaign is how much of a stomach does he have for the contortions required in 2012 for someone like him to survive in a place like this. When he says that thing he just said about the Consumer Financial Protection Bureau, his tone is so confident, so serene, it's almost impossible to resist. You could follow this man into battle and feel safe in the halo of his strength. You know that just listening to him, and it's impressive until you recover and return to the objective fact that Warren conceived of the consumer agency and lobbied relentlessly for its passage through Congress, so with respect to the one actual real-world thing she has done

"We agree," he says.

He capitulates so quickly and so offhandedly, it almost seems like he didn't say it. You agree?

The expression on his face is pure basketball, a dead-eye stare-down. "So we agree on something. We are going to agree on things, absolutely."

So the rhetoric of racks—

"It's not rhetoric," he snaps. "These are things she actually said. She's very famously known for wanting to leave blood and teeth on the streets. These are the things that she said."

Poignancy and politics almost never meet.

Scott Brown's dilemma might actually be poignant.



town is a good man. Everyone agrees on this. People come out of the woodwork to tell you he's loyal, decent, honest, hardworking, a great father with an excellent singing voice and an amazing jump shot. "He's a deeply sincere, sensitive friend," says Jim Vallee, a Democratic state representative from Massachusetts. Everyone says he'd never compromise himself and never campaign ugly. "You will not see him engage in that type of politics," says Richard Edlin, a friend from his college days. "That's not who Scott Brown is."

Brown never plotted a political career, never even showed much interest in politics. He was just a regular sports-loving all-American guy raising a family in a small town an hour outside Boston when the local real estate assessor got his tires slashed by homeowners upset about their new tax assessments. Asked by town elders to help out, Brown took over the assessments and ended up spending hour after thankless hour on snow removal and trash collection and all the unglamorous tasks of grassroots democracy. He believed in service. He joined the National Guard after watching the Guard help people out after a blizzard. Growing up, his kids used to sit and color pictures in the back of the town hall as he worked, a Norman Rockwell painting come to life.

Then Ted Kennedy died and Brown decided to run for his seat, a move so audacious the entire state was startled. Republicans are rare as cacti in the commonwealth, which has put a high value on industrious civic improvement since building America's first shining city on the hill. Thirty-one years had passed since the last Repub-

lican senator, and by any measure Edward Brooke was essentially a liberal Democrat anyway. Even Brown's wife thought he was crazy—"This is Massachusetts," she told him. "Let's get real." But Brown put on that game face and started driving every square inch of the state in his corny green pickup truck, telling everyone who would listen that it wasn't the Kennedy seat, it was the people's seat.

But all of his audacity would have gotten him exactly nowhere if he hadn't spent years learning how to survive as a Republican in Massachusetts, and he had a long track record of centrist or even liberal positions—increasing funding for a program to send inner-city kids to good suburban schools, writing a bill to allow umbilical-cord blood to be used for stem-cell research. Over and over again, before and during the campaign, he promised never to follow the Republican party line. "I've always been an independent voter," he insisted. "I don't usually care what my party says."

But even though he stepped out on his party in several high-profile defections, when numbers were crunched, Brown turned out to be quite conservative. He opposed cap and trade, didn't want the EPA to regulate greenhouse gases, wanted to extend the Bush tax cuts and cut the estate tax, signed the Grover Norquist no-taxes pledge, opposed bilingual programs and supported an English-only amendment, supported a bigger military and "enhanced interrogation" as well as refusing constitutional rights to suspected terrorists, strongly favors a death penalty, wants to strengthen drug laws, likes the three-strikes law, wanted to make prisoners pay for prison, supported a balanced-budget amendment and wanted to cut taxes 15 percent across the board. He did and still does support legal abortion, a condition of survival in Massachusetts politics, but he supported an amendment that would let religious people refuse to give emergency contraception to rape victims in hospitals, opposed "partial birth" abortions, and wanted to enforce a twenty-four-hour waiting period, and he supports the constitutional amendment that says marriage is only for one man and one woman at a time. He took money from hard-right sources like the Koch brothers and the Sheldon Adelson family, mocked local Democrats with nicknames like "Second Stimulus" Khazei and "Public Option" Pagliacci, attacked the Justice Department for reading Miranda rights to the underwear bomber and joined the hard right's fight to keep Khalid Sheik Mohammed from being tried in a civilian court. He said the president should rely on the judgment of "generals on the ground," a particularly dishonest right-wing dog whistle. All of this got him high marks from groups like Citizens for Limited Taxation and low marks from the National Organization for Women and the Massachusetts Teachers Association. The bipartisan voter-education group On the Issues pronounced him a "hardcore conservative."

On paper, all this spelled doom. Nobody thought Brown had a chance. But he hit the campaign trail with the same ferocious discipline he applied to sports and his opponent was a career Democrat who seemed to think the voters owed her the job. And one day, a reporter from *The Boston Globe* asked him if he'd ever been arrested. Choking up, Brown confessed that his mom was "on welfare a little bit" and there was some violence in the home and he was with some older kids when

Yes, the Republican candidate for Senate had been arrested. In fact, the Republican candidate for Ted Kennedy's seat had been quite the little thief back in the day, stealing food and records and even a three-piece suit that revealed a touching love for the working-class poetry of *Saturday Night Fever*—until the day he got caught stuffing Black Sabbath and Grand Funk into his overalls and went to court in his stolen three-piece suit, where a kindly judge found out he loved



THE REPUBLICAN SPECTRUM 2012

A DRAMATICALLY CHANGED PARTY

MASSACHUSETTS

VS.

ELIZABETH WARREN (D) SCOTT BROWN (R)

Obama won the state by 26 percent in 2008 and will win it again handily this year. While Brown will do much better than the Republican nominee, his reelection is all uphill. But he still polls well with Independents against the Harvard Warren. Will be close.

ESQUIRE PREDICTS:
Warren wins

MASSACHUSETTS

VS.

EDWARD BROOKE (Massachusetts, 1957-79)

Organized the "Wednesday Club" of progressive Republicans, which is a thing that used to exist.

FACT: The START treaty, meant to reduce nuclear arms stock held by the U.S. and Russia, was first negotiated by Ronald Reagan in 1982, with near-unanimous support. By the treaty's renewal in 2008, the GOP regarded it as a communist plot.

MASSACHUSETTS

VS.

OLYMPIA SNOWE (Maine, 1995-)

Driven to retirement this year by the lunatic fringe. RIP.

MASSACHUSETTS

VS.

HOWARD BAKER (Tennessee, 1967-85)

The "Great Conciliator"

MASSACHUSETTS

VS.

BOB DOLE (Kansas, 1969-86)

Voted for civil rights, against Medicare. Sterling sense of humor.

MASSACHUSETTS

VS.

ROBERT TAFT (Ohio, 1939-53)

Master of the Senate. Ardent opponent of the New Deal. Mr. Republican. Sane.

MASSACHUSETTS

VS.

TAMMY BROWN (D)

Retired

MASSACHUSETTS

VS.

JOHN THOMPSON (R)

Retired

MASSACHUSETTS

VS.

ALFONSO D'AMATO (New York, 1981-99)

"Senator Pothole." Always good for a laugh. Actually pretty conservative, for New York.

MASSACHUSETTS

VS.

ORIN HATCH (Utah, 1977-)

Was once arguably the most conservative non-southern member of the United States Senate, but then went and said nice things about Ted Kennedy.

MASSACHUSETTS

VS.

TRAVIS LOTT (Mississippi, 1989-2007)

"When Strom Thurmond ran for president, we voted for him. We're proud of it. And if the rest of the country had followed our lead, we wouldn't have had all these problems over the years, either."

MASSACHUSETTS

VS.

RICK SANTORIUM (Pennsylvania, 1995-2007)

Theocrat. Fetishizes "freedom," but really only favors the freedom for people to not have sex.

MASSACHUSETTS

VS.

JOE McCARTHY (Wisconsin, 1947-57)

Drunkenly accused everybody of everything. Has an ism named in his honor.

basketball and sentenced him to write an essay about how his family would feel watching him play basketball in jail. "That was the last time I ever stole, the last time I ever thought about stealing," he told the *Globe* reporter.

The story put him on *60 Minutes* and led to a remarkable book, a campaign biography refashioned as a confessional memoir for the age of reality television, but with flashes of genuine poetry and heart. His mother was "pretty enough to waitress at Caruso's Diplomat, a swank cocktail lounge that considered itself to have a touch of Vegas but was really just another pull-in place along the highway." He was raised by a Dickensian series of cruel stepfathers—a truck driver who threatened to kill him, a freakish bully with sawed-off fingers he used as weapons, a recluse who made it clear he didn't want kids. Once, his mother dropped him off at a relative's house and didn't come back for a year. "Your mother doesn't give us enough to feed you," his uncle would complain. The kids would tease him, "Your mother didn't want you."

Young Scott grew his hair long, papered his walls with posters

of Kiss, started fires, and learned to shoplift. In the book's most striking scene, he stuffs his pants with hamburger at the local A&P and rushes home to cook and devour it—then clean up and spray air freshener so his mother won't notice. Not that she often did. "Once in a while she might ask what I ate, and I would mumble about grabbing something after practice. And that was all. There would be the clink of ice in the glass and the splash of vodka, followed by the scrape of a match on the back of a free book from one of the restaurants, bars, or lounges that lined the highway known as Route 1."

In all this turmoil, Brown took refuge in his grandparents' house, where there was a yard to play in and hot dinners every night and Grandma taught him to make jewelry boxes from Popsicle sticks and Grandpa took him to the Edaville Railroad with its miniature trains and petting zoo. Grandpa was an engineer, an MIT graduate, methodical and thrifty and Republican. There were celebrations at the Hilltop Steak House on the rise on Route 1, where the baked po-

tatoes came out in silver foil, and Grandma made a scrapbook that changed his life: "Record of Achievements! Scott P. Brown."

"I have that scrapbook to this day," he says. "For years, when I've needed to find some balance in my life, I get out the scrapbook and look at Gram's proud, hopeful writing and the careful way she filled the thick pages. The leather cover is separating, some of the cardboard backing is visible underneath, but those pages remain a home for so much of my life. They are my memory chest, even now."

In time, his grandma's list went from childhood awards to long-distance running to basketball stardom to putting himself through college to thirty-two years of service in the National Guard to a rich and loving family life and all his years of service to the community. The Tea Party wave could carry a man only so far in Massachusetts, but Brown's inspiring personal story helped convince the voters. He won the race by 110,000 votes, pulling 22 percent of the state's Democrats. So maybe he was right, maybe it really didn't matter if there was a D or an R after his name. Time would tell.

Time wasted no time. Brown immediately fell into the embrace of the national Republican party. "Almost from day one, Senate minority leader Mitch McConnell called me and kept in close touch," he remembered in his book. "He was welcoming and generous with his counsel." He even got a chance to give a floor speech just a month after arriving in Washington, a rare honor

He also voted against the pro-labor nominee for the NLRB and initially voted against extending unemployment benefits without an offset. He introduced a tax cut. And fulfilled his campaign pledge to vote against Obama's health-care plan, though he wasn't quite able to stop it.

But less than a month passed before Harry Reid called to ask Brown to consider the Democrats' jobs bill. "I felt I owed it to my constituents to read it," Brown says. And upon reading it, he saw that it was actually a tax cut for employers who created jobs. So he broke with his party and voted for it.

That was February 22, 2010. Overnight, he went from hero to traitor. "Some Tea Party members woke up this morning and probably threw up just a little bit in their mouths when they read the news," Glenn Beck said on Fox. "They thought, Ah, wait a minute, wait, wait. What? We took him in. We helped him get a victory. And now he does this?"

Other Republicans called it brilliant politics. "Scott Brown is a Republican from Massachusetts," *The American Spectator* reminded them. "If conservatives want him to be able to stay in Washington so he can vote against Obamacare and other boondoggles, then they shouldn't criticize him for voting like a Republican from Massachusetts. As long as he's voting for small distasteful things so he can stick around to vote against the big ones, that's a win for the movement."

So the critical issue was the same question that dogs Mitt Romney—how much of a Republican is he, really?

Not too much, according to his record in the Senate. Although he managed to kill a \$19 billion tax on big trading companies and a regulation to stop commercial banks from investing in hedge funds, he broke with his party to give the crucial sixty vote to the Dodd-Frank bill to regulate Wall Street. He also voted to stop banks from raising hidden debit-card fees, supported Obama on the START arms-control treaty, took the Democrats' side on gays in the military, and cast that awkward vote for Elizabeth Warren's Consumer Financial Protection Bureau. All this made him wildly popular with the Massachusetts mainstream. By March of 2011, a poll showed his approval rating at 73 percent and his "reelect rating" at 52 percent. As his old allies in the Tea Party watched in disgust—"he supports the Demo-

pered "They know to stay away," he says. "I like to choose my own food," and he says it with this defiant tough-guy satisfaction that seems stubborn and doomed. These days, there are just too many people who want to choose his food.

He sits down with his tray and eats with a couple of old friends, talking about the Patriots and old times. He doesn't seem to want to talk politics at all.

But eventually, the campaign intrudes in the form of a couple of reporters and a TV camera. Brown tells them he's the second-most bipartisan senator in Washington, that he cooperates and compromises and that's the difference between him and Professor Warren, "a self-proclaimed rock thrower who wants to leave blood and teeth on the floor and doesn't want to compromise."

When one of the reporters asks how he makes that work under Mitch McConnell, who seems to have no interest in compromise at all, the game face comes snapping down like a metal storefront. He's already made it clear he doesn't like questions about national politics, that he's running in Massachusetts to represent Massachusetts voters and there's something faintly rude about suggesting otherwise. "I don't owe Mitch McConnell anything," he snaps. "He didn't help me get elected."

He waves an arm around the room. "These are the people I owe."

Brown's dilemma becomes more clear with every stop. His meetings are in small coffee shops with thirty or fifty people. Warren's are in conference rooms and lecture halls that hold hundreds. She's running on a strong simple message of right and wrong. As a Republican in Massachusetts, he must run on nuance. His first line,

She's also a TV reporter and the station where she works is an old-fashioned place that doesn't like reporters to be too political. But with all these dark clouds gathering around the man she loves, she found a quiet place to make a secret phone call. "I feel really, really compelled to talk to you about this," she tells me.

We meet the next day at Brown's office in Washington. She's wearing black leather boots and black tights with a fitted shirt, a sophisticated and modern look that looks natural on her. She gets right to what she wants to say. "I feel that it's really difficult for people to see the whole picture. When I see pieces about him, it's always one little aspect of Scott Brown. And I understand, because Scott is complex—he's not just the regular chocolate, he's the chocolate with all the nougat and the caramel and the nuts."

She was twenty-two the day they met, and he was the handsomest man she'd ever seen. After their first date, she went home and told her sister she had met the man she was going to marry.

Politics? Not once. They loved action movies and running and swimming and laughing about ridiculous things. But one time he said he wrote letters to the president and he'd been doing it since he was a little kid.

"I said, 'Really? What do you say?'"

He said, "Well, I just give suggestions and thoughts, you know, tell him whatever."

She said, "Well, does the president write back?"

He said, "Yeah. I always get letters back."

That's Scott Brown, she says.

No one has ever fixed anything. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't, but he fixes it."

She doesn't think of him in terms of his politics.

"I mean, you know, it's—I don't want to get into that—"

Mhmm.

"I can't." She sighs. "You gotta remember, this is a guy, he's always had to get along with the other side. He's always worked with Democrats, Republicans, independents, anybody. It just doesn't matter, and he really doesn't care."

He doesn't care?

"In the sense of partisanship. He just doesn't care what party they're from."

And her own politics?

"Well, I don't want to characterize any of his politics because then I get in trouble, but we have—I'm just going to say—we have very, very, um, we have a lot of conversations about issues."

She glances at the campaign handler sitting in with us but keeps right on going. "And I have to tell you, his daughters as they've gotten older and they've become women have very strong ideas about things, too, and he's been forced now to listen to them as well. So now it's him against three women!"

Calling Obama a food-stamp president doesn't seem to be in his nature, I say.

"No, it's not," she says quickly.

So is he out of tune with the mood of the national party?

"That I don't know. We never, ever, ever talk about 'Republicans.'

WILL YOU VOTE FOR MITCH MCCONNELL FOR SENATE MAJORITY LEADER? "I'M GONNA CERTAINLY SIT DOWN

crats 73 percent of the time," says Carlos Hernandez. Salon.com marveled. "Brown has skillfully separated himself from his party's national brand and emerged as the most popular politician in Massachusetts."

But he also emerged as one of Wall Street's favorite politicians, pulling in more than \$1 million from marquee names like Bain Capital and Morgan Stanley. As the race began, a liberal Web site called ThinkProgress caught him on videotape sidling up to David Koch at a charity event. "Your support during the election, it meant a ton. It made a difference and I can certainly use it again."

The timing couldn't have been worse, as Elizabeth Warren soon entered the race with an opening flourish that one liberal blog called "the most famous American *cri de coeur* of the new century." "There is nobody in this country who got rich on his own," she said. "Nobody. You built a factory out there? Good for you. But I want to be clear. You moved your goods to market on the roads the rest of us paid for. You hired workers the rest of us paid to educate. You were safe in your factory because of police forces and fire forces that the rest of us paid for."

Overnight, Warren shot ahead of Brown in the polls.

On the first day of Brown's campaign, he stopped in the town where he went to high school. These are his friends and teachers and family and they already know he's honest and fair-minded, so he skips the stump speech and wanders around Brothers Deli in his famous

brown barn jacket, that faint cowboy grin a thin wisp drifting across his mouth as he says, "How's the chow?" and "Hey, buddy," and "What's up, pal?" He shakes hands, poses for pictures, spreads his arms for a bro hug. "We gotta stop meeting like this," he jokes.

He gets on the cafeteria line alone, tapping his plastic tray on the steel runners as his assistants eye him warily from across the room. They know that the senator does not like to be crowded or pam-

pered even at the new Massachusetts Republican headquarters, is always that he's the most bipartisan or second-most bipartisan senator in Washington, that he's willing to compromise and work with President Obama and stop the meaningless partisan obstructionism in Washington. Naturally, there are skeptics on the right. "I think if I lived in a different state," says one young man cautiously, "I would like him to be more conservative, and I think perhaps he would be."

Like on which issues?

"Abortion, for example."

Meanwhile he has to placate the typical Massachusetts voter, like the concerned middle-aged woman who approaches him in Brockton. The town is tired of being dumped on by fossil fuel plants and trash-transfer stations and so many other polluting industries, she tells him. They have the fourth-highest level of pediatric asthma in the commonwealth and something has to be done. He listens politely and tells her his office is very interested in the matter and will definitely look at it.

Afterward, she says that she voted for Brown the last time because he's a person of principle who happens to be a Republican, but she isn't so sure this time. Like 50 percent of Massachusetts voters, she is "unenrolled" and likes to vote for the best person no matter what party, but she thinks that President Obama is "a person of integrity doing the best he can" and disdains the hard-right Republicans on parade in the presidential election. She also worries about all the money Brown is taking from Wall Street.

"I really like Elizabeth Warren," she adds. Then an expression of doubt crosses her face. "But you know she's not from here."

Until this moment, Scott Brown's wife—who goes by her birth name, Gail Huff—has never spoken to the press. Her husband's campaign seems to be afraid she might say something too interesting, like how she's not even a Republican and frequently disagrees with him about politics.

Eight months later, she was heading off to North Carolina for her first TV job and had no intention of getting married at that age, but Scott didn't want to wait and he didn't want to live together either. He was old-fashioned that way. So it came down to the last night and the last minute—and she went down on one knee and proposed to him right there in the middle of the street.

They settled in a small town called Wrentham, where Scott opened a law practice just down the street from the elementary school because she was working crazy hours and he wanted to be there whenever the kids needed him. And he was, people actually called him Mr. Mom. He also sued her TV station because they wouldn't give her enough maternity leave. And he loved her daring feminist spirit—in his book, he fondly remembers the time he was bitching at her for being late getting ready to go somewhere and she came out to the car stark naked. "Is this okay?" Fine, he said, and drove for twenty minutes before stopping to let her dress.

She remembers how he sulked on their honeymoon because she beat him in chess three times in a row. After that he bought an electronic chess set and practiced in secret. "Six months later he comes forward and says, 'You wanna play chess?' I said, 'Okay.' I've never beat him since."

The kids still go to him when they have a problem, she says with a laugh. "It's true! Because he's the problem solver! That's what he loves to do. He'll spend an hour with someone saying, 'What happened? How can we solve this?' They get better service from Dad than from Mom. And when I'm angriest at him, I mean, I always say you can't get angry at somebody who loves and is so dedicated to their children the way he is."

He still does the laundry and cleans the house. "Yesterday, I came home and he was scrubbing the floor. And that was after he had cleaned out the chimney—he was literally up inside the chimney cleaning it. He has that Yankee thing that you can't hire someone to do a job you could do for yourself. No one has ever painted our house.

We just don't. You know, Scott jokes about it and he says that's the reason we stay married. But there may be something to that. Scott and I still love spending time together and going out and doing things, and we just don't talk about it."

Do you think that if you did, you'd be fighting?

"I think it would be heated."

That's hilarious. Maybe the nation should follow your marital advice.

Her voice turns dry. "You can overcommunicate," she says.



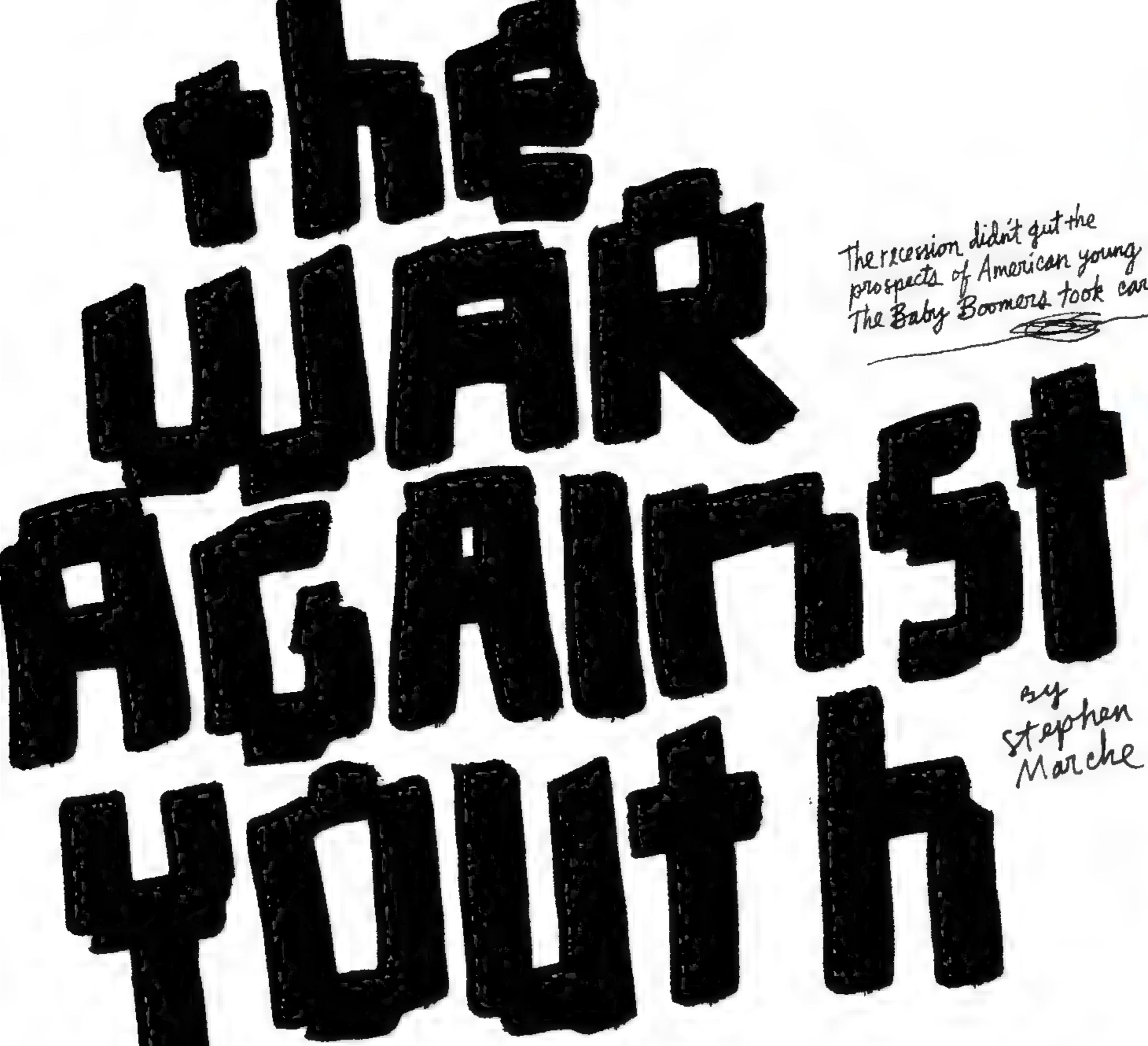
oday Scott Brown is campaigning in Hyannis, the launching point for Jack and Bobby and Teddy and all their salty adventures on Cape Cod. The big news in town is that the central building of the famous Kennedy compound is going to be turned into a museum forever consecrated to the Kennedy

memory. Brown hits the sidewalk with Huff by his side, two tall golden people shaking hands and saying, "Thanks for coming down, good to see you." He's wearing his famous barn jacket over a salty sweater, his hair is perfect, his sleepy cowboy eyes brim with quiet masculine confidence, she looks both stylish and approachable in a lime-green jacket and fancy jeans with jeweled pockets. "Gosh, your hands are freezing," Huff says to one supporter. "Have you been waiting long?"

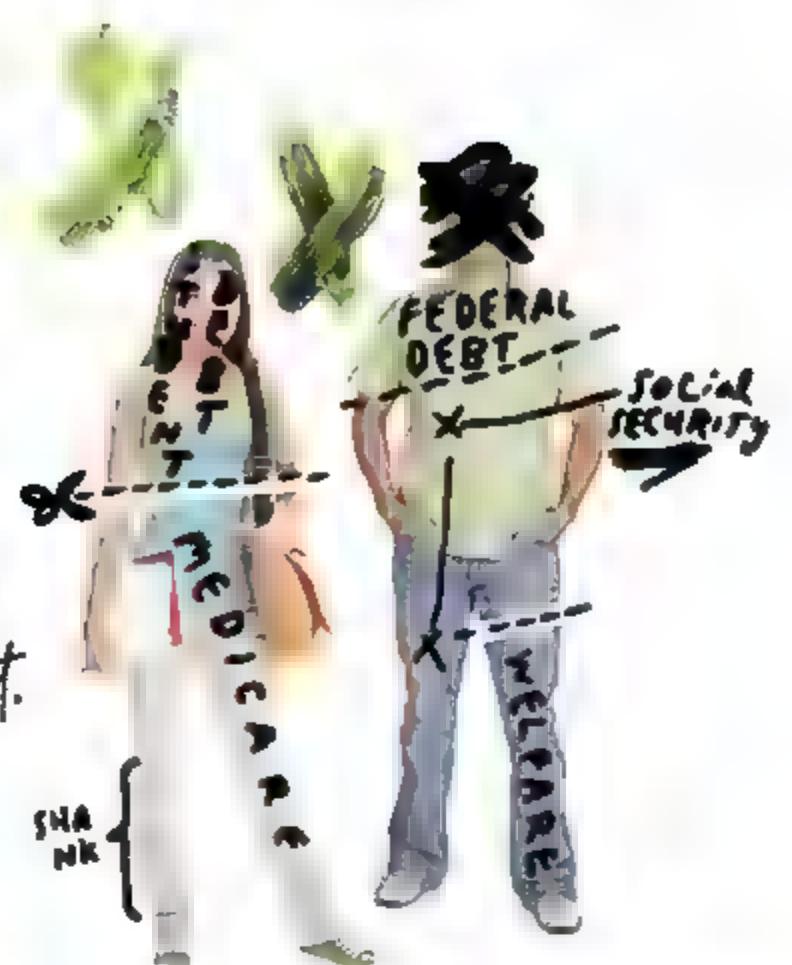
"A little while," the woman says.

Inside the coffee shop, Brown wades between the packed tables. "Good to see a lot of familiar faces. It seems like yesterday that we shut down the street right out there."

He's remembering one of the peaks of the campaign, when the Brown Brigades flooded Main Street and shut down the Camelot of the Coast. So he gets a good strong laugh and there's a warm and collegial feeling in the room, the family bond of outsiders who fought the good fight against impossible odds. Brown and his wife walk from table to table chatting like friends. [continued on page 150]



The recession didn't get the
prospects of American young people.
The Baby Boomers took care of that.



TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO YOUNG AMERICANS HAD A CHANCE.

In 1984, American breadwinners who were sixty-five and over made ten times as much as those under thirty-five. The year Obama took office, older Americans made almost forty-seven times as much as the younger generation.

This bleeding up of the national wealth is no account-ing glitch, no anomalous negative bounce from the recent unemployment and mortgage crises, but rather the predictable outcome of thirty years of economic and social policy that has been rigged to serve the comfort and largesse of the old at the expense of the young.

Since the beginning of the Industrial Revolution, human potential has been consistently growing, generating greater material wealth, more education, wider opportunities—a vast and glorious libera-tion of human potential. In all that time, everyone, even followers of the most corrupt or most evil of ideologies, believed they were working for a better tomorrow. Not now. The angel of progress has suddenly vanished from the scene. Or rather, the angel of progress has been sent away.

NOBODY EVER TALKS ABOUT generational conflict. Who wants to bring up that the old are eating the young at the dinner table? How are you going to mention that to your boss? If you're a politician, how are you going to tell your donors? Even the Occupy Wall Street crowd, while rejecting the modes and rhetoric and institutional support of Boomer progressives, shied away from articulating the fundamental distinction that fills their spaces with crowds: young against old.

The gerontocracy begins at the top. The 111th Congress was the oldest since the end of the Second World War, and the average age of its members has been rising steadily since 1981. The graying of Congress has obvious political ramifications, although generaliza-tions can be deceiving. The Republican representatives tend to be younger than the Democrats, but that doesn't mean they represent the interests of the young. The youngest senators are Tea Party mem-bers, Mike Lee from Utah and Marco Rubio from Florida (both forty). Here's Rubio. "Americans chose a free-enterprise system designed to provide a quality of opportunity, not compel a quality of results. And that is why this is the only place in the world where you can open up a business in the spare bedroom of your home." He is speak-

ing to people who own homes that have empty spare bedrooms. He will not or cannot understand that the spare bedrooms of America are filling up with returning adult children, like the estimated 85 percent of college graduates who returned to their childhood beds in 2010, totalling along \$25,250 of debt.

David Frum, former George W. Bush speechwriter, had the guts to acknowledge that the Tea Party's combination of expensive entitlement programs and tax cuts is something entirely different from a traditional political program: "This isn't conservatism. It's a going-out-of-business sale for the Baby Boom generation." The economic motive is growing ever more naked, and has nothing to do with any principle that could be articulated by Goldwater or Reagan, or indeed with any

SINCE THE RECESSION:

YOUNG AMERICANS HAVE MOVED BACK IN WITH THEIR PARENTS AFTER LIVING SEPARATELY

YOUNG AMERICANS HAVE POSTPONED MARRYING

YOUNG AMERICANS HAVE DELAYED HAVING A BABY

AVERAGE NET WORTH OLD VS. YOUNG AMERICANS

1984

65 AND OVER:
\$120,457

35 AND YOUNGER:
\$11,521

2009

65 AND OVER:
\$170,494

35 AND YOUNGER:
\$3,662

principle at all. The political imperative is to preserve the economic cloak of unreality that the Boomers have wrapped themselves in.

Democrats may not be actively hostile to the interests of young voters, but they are too scared and weak to speak up for them. So when the Boomers and swing voters scream for fiscal discipline and the hard decisions have to be made, youth is collateral damage. Medicare and Social Security were mostly untouched in Obama's 2012 budget. But to show he was really serious about belt tightening, relatively cheap programs that help young people like the Adolescent Family Life Program and the Career Pathways Innovation Fund were killed.

His intentions may be good—he may want to increase support for AmeriCorps—but the program shrunk last year. Three quarters of the applicants were turned away. He resisted Republican efforts to slash Pell grants by \$845 per student, but then made other changes

to the program that will save the government—or cost students, depending on your perspective—a projected \$100 billion over ten years.

The youth vote still supports Obama, but in a chastened, conditional way. In hindsight, Obama's 2008 campaign looks like an indulgent fantasy in which the major conflicts in life simply don't exist. There may be no white America and no black America, no blue-state America and no red-state America, but one thing is clear: There is a young America and there is an old America, and they don't form a community of interest. One takes from the other. The federal government spends \$480 billion on Medicare and \$68 billion on education. Prescription drugs, \$62 billion. Head Start: \$8 billion. Across the board, the money flows not to helping the young grow up, but

helping the old die comfortably. According to a 2009 Brookings Institution study, "The United States spends 2.4 times as much on the elderly as on children, measured on a per capita basis, with the ratio rising to 7 to 1 if looking just at the federal budget."

The biggest boondoggle of all is Social Security. The management of entitlement programs, already weighted heavily in favor of the older population, has a very specific terminal point that coincides neatly with the Boomers' deaths. The 2011 report by the Social Security trustees estimates that, under its current administration, the fund will run out in 2036, so there's just enough to get the oldest Boomers to age ninety.

Only 58 percent of Boomers have more than \$25,000 put aside for retirement, so the rest will either starve or the government will have to pay for them. But the government's future ability to pay is decreasing rapidly precisely because the Boomers splurged so heavily during the Bush and Clinton years. Public debt per person in the United States currently stands at \$33,777. George W. Bush inherited a public-debt-to-GDP ratio of 32.5 percent and brought it up to 54.1 percent during a period of economic growth. (The money borrowed from the future paid for massive tax cuts, with no serious reductions in domestic spending, two expensive wars, and a prescription-drug benefit added to Medicare.) Under Obama, the debt-to-GDP ratio has risen to 67.7 percent and is projected to rise to 74.2 percent this year.

This is no conspiracy; no nefarious backroom deal by political and corporate overlords. The impasse of the moment is, tragically, the result of the best aspects of the Boomers' spirit. The native optimism that emerged out of the explosively creative postwar world led them to believe that growth would go on forever; that peace and prosperity were the natural state of things. Their good intentions seem like willful naivete today, but the intentions were genuine. Clinton actually believed that globalization would export the First World rather than bring the Third World home; it did both. The prescription-drug benefit was the "compassion" in compassionate conservatism. All those tax cuts were intended to liberate opportunities, not destroy them. Cynicism rises to fill the emptied space of exaggerated and failed hope. It's all simple math. If you follow the money rather than the blather, it's clear that the American system is a bipartisan fusion of eco-

nomic models broken down along generational lines: unaffordable Greek-style socialism for the old, virulently purified capitalism for the young. Both political parties have agreed to this arrangement: The Boomers and older will be taken care of. Everybody younger will be on their own. The German philosopher Hermann Lotze wrote in the 1870s: "One of the most remarkable characteristics of human nature is, alongside so much selfishness in specific instances, the freedom from envy which the present displays toward the future." It is exactly that envy toward the future that is new in our own time.

And we will not talk about any of it. We will keep mum. We will hold our tongues lest we seem ageist, lest we seem bitter, lest we seem out of touch, lest we seem pessimistic, lest we seem divisive.

LET'S SAY YOU JUST graduated from high school.

College, right? You have to go to college. That's not just what your career counselor told you. That's in the numbers. If you go to college, you're significantly less likely to lose your job. The pay of college graduates has risen over the past twenty-five years and everybody else's pay has declined. Which curve do you want to be on?

And yet, at the exact moment when an education has never been more necessary, education is increasingly out of reach. From 1980 on, the price of attending a four-year college has risen by 128 percent. While the price has spiked, the quality has tanked. Students at college in 2003 did two thirds the homework that students in 1961 did. In a survey published in 2011, 45 percent of students showed no improvement in "critical thinking, complex reasoning and writing" after two years of college. You did not read that incorrectly. That's no improvement. None. And how could the results be any different? Three decades ago, 43 percent of professors were adjuncts. Now, with colleges bloated by older, tenured professors who take up huge slices of academic budgets while teaching crumbs of courses, the vast majority of classes are taught by adjuncts. On college campuses, the supposed hotbeds of liberalism, the young are instructed primarily in the mechanics of crony capitalism.

Once you're out of college, you'll have to intern. Again, no choice. The practice of not paying young people for their labor has become so ingrained in the everyday practice of American business that

THE RISE IN WEALTH FOR OLDER AMERICANS OVER THE PAST 25 YEARS

THE DROP IN WEALTH FOR YOUNGER AMERICANS OVER THE PAST 25 YEARS

these programs for the most part hidden from scrutiny. The best study of intern life in America found that companies save annually around \$2 billion from pseudo-employment.

But maybe you're an overachiever—instead of interning, you want to get a master's or a professional degree. With entry to the professions comes another opportunity to be taken advantage of, and it's not just the inherently ridiculous price of a creative-writing M.F.A. or journalism school, where on some level, everybody understands the students are being played for suckers. The cost of medical school has spiked over the past three decades. In 1981, average medical-school debt was less than \$20,000. Today it is \$158,000. Law-school tuition rose 317 percent between 1989 and 2009 while American law schools wildly increased the number of lawyers they graduate. Naturally, a glut of lawyers decreases their value. So kids pay more for a worse education that leads to lesser prospects in order for the schools to prosper temporarily. Even for doctors and lawyers, an accrual of property or any rise in net worth happens much later in life than it did twenty years

HOW TO DISENFRANCHISE A GENERATION

Across the country, state races of the Republican party are making a thin, veiled attempt to disenfranchise young through voting reform. The ticks is simple: Republicans are going to make it harder for young people to vote. Before 2012, some 16 to 18-year-olds will be able to vote. The Advancement Project, a civil rights advocacy group, calls the move "the largest regressive effort to scale back voting rights in a decade."

signed this reform into law. So, as Rick Perry in Texas. Signed a few weeks ago, making it the first state to do so. Restricting out-of-state voting is a natural next step. already under way. That way, thousands of college students won't be able to vote. The Advancement Project, a civil rights advocacy group, calls the move "the largest regressive effort to scale back voting rights in a decade."

LIFETIME TAXES PAID © BENEFITS RECEIVED

AMOUNT A RETIRING COUPLE WITH LOW TO AVERAGE WAGES WILL PAY IN TAXES

AMOUNT OF ENTITLEMENT BENEFITS THEY WILL GAIN OVER THEIR LIFETIMES

AMOUNT A COUPLE WITH AVERAGE TO HIGH WAGES WILL PAY IN TAXES

AMOUNT OF ENTITLEMENT BENEFITS THEY WILL GAIN OVER THEIR LIFETIMES



**80 PERCENT OF PARENTS IN 1993
BELIEVED THEIR CHILDREN SHOULD BE
FINANCIALLY
INDEPENDENT** AT 22

**67 PERCENT OF PARENTS
SHARE THAT VIEW TODAY**

ago. The standard debt-repayment plan for physicians is ten years, but twenty-five is a commonly accepted option. For the new professional class today, life begins at forty. That's not just an expression.

And if you didn't take your high school advisor's advice to go to college? Well, you should have listened. What goes for the white-collar young person applies even more ferociously to the blue-collar world, or what's left of it. The nature of the generational setback for unionized labor can be summed up in a single devastating phrase: New workers will earn a "globally competitive wage." Manufacturing jobs, having been exported to the Third World, are now returning to America at Third World rates. Newer workers at unions across the country earn ten to fifteen dollars an hour less than established workers, and the unspoken but widely reported understanding with the AFL-CIO is that the wage of these workers will not increase. In other words, Boomer workers make almost double what their young counterparts do, and will continue to do so regardless of how long a young worker stays in the same job. As one older worker in one of these bifurcated factories told *The New York Times*, by the time the young reach their maximum earning, their elders "won't be here any longer to remind them of what they are missing."

Government, academia, the professions, corporations, unions, and both political parties all continue to mine the vulnerability of youth in service of the needs of their aging power base. Separately, each of these cases would amount to a minor scandal, but taken together they point to a broader and more significant alteration to the way of the world. From every corner of the institutional spectrum, the whole of American society has been rearranged so that the limits of vision coincide exactly with the death of the Boomers.

Nobody wants this. The Boomers did not set out to screw over their kids. The wind just seemed to blow them that way. But no matter what their motivations, a painful truth grows truer with every passing year: Through its refusal to act, the generation in power is

willing to do what other generations before them would not—sell their children's birthright for a mess of their own pottage.

MANY CLAIM THAT THE YOUNG deserve their fate: They're entitled, they have too many choices. They don't know what they want. They're getting themselves into debt. They don't know how good they have it.

These criticisms are convenient, but also demonstrably incorrect. Defining generations by cultural attributes or values, almost always done with unrepentant shallowness, is the stupidest thing that commentators do. However, a recent study from the National Center for Education Statistics comparing high school seniors in 2004 (who are in their mid-twenties today) with high school seniors in 1972 (now in their late fifties) is useful and practical.

The breakdown is rather stark: Two thirds of the Boomers thought "being able to give their children better opportunities" was important; 8 percent wanted to live close to their parents; 18 percent believed that making money mattered, 27 percent cared about social problems. The students in 2004: 83 percent claimed that the opportunities of their children were very important; 25 percent wanted to live close to their parents; 35 percent were serious about making money, and 20 percent cared about social problems.

Compared with their parents, high school kids who graduated from college into the teeth of the recession are a Republican fantasy: They want a good job in order to raise a family, and it's exactly that arrangement that is going to be denied them. The deal they were promised, that if you work hard and make smart choices you will have a good life, is not working out. A Great Disappointment will, no doubt follow.

Everyone currently emerging into the workplace will be economically scarred for life by the misfortune of their timing. The initial wage loss for a worker emerging in a bad economy is 6 to 7 percent for every 1 percentage point increase in the unemployment rate, which means a twenty-one-year-old starting a job today makes about 24 percent less than he or she would have five years ago. After fifteen

years, even during the good times, the wage loss still hovers at around 2.5 percent.

A more profound shift is under way, though. Currently the average American parent spends 10 percent of his or her annual income on their adult children, regardless of income. Meanwhile, one in four young Americans recently moved back home with their parents after living apart. Calling them the Boomerang generation implies that it's the irresponsible, feckless children who don't have it together enough to leave the nest. But many children who live at home have jobs. So we have children living with their parents after they have income, just like they did in the early parts of the twentieth century and before. The idea of youth as a time of freedom and self-discovery will last exactly one generation, it seems.

People who want to join society will do so through an increasingly lengthy period of humiliation and struggle, and only through the help of their parents. Even before the recession, that was more or less true. It's the dirty little secret of every middle-class person in their mid-thirties: Everybody's parents helped them out. Who do you think is paying for all those summer internships? How many new parents do you think actually have enough money for a Bugaboo stroller, let alone a down payment on a first home? And if you don't have a mom or dad who can help with ballet lessons for the kids or family vacations, God help you. America is becoming what it was founded to reject, what it has resisted throughout its history, a patronage society.

The situation is obviously unsustainable: At the exact moment when the United States and all other Western countries are trying to deal with aging populations, they are failing to capture the energy and potential of the people who will have to work to support those aging populations. We have arrived at a moment, just before the

**THE PERCENTAGE
RISE
OF LAW-SCHOOL TUITION
BETWEEN 1989 AND 2009**

**AVERAGE
DEBT
OF A COLLEGE GRADUATE**

**\$100
BILLION**
THE AMOUNT IN THE
2012 BUDGET
THAT OBAMA
PROPOSED
CUTTING
FROM STUDENT-LOAN
PROGRAMS
OVER TEN YEARS

**THE PERCENTAGE OF MILLENNIALS WHO SAID
OBAMA
MADE THEM FEEL
HOPEFUL**

**54%
BETWEEN 18 AND 24
WHO ARE CURRENTLY EMPLOYED**
54% THE LOWEST
**IT HAS BEEN SINCE THE
GOVERNMENT BEGAN KEEPING SCORE**

\$33,777
P U B L I C D E B T P E R
A M E R I C A N

**THE AMOUNT THE
U. S. GOVERNMENT
SPENDS ON THE
ELDERLY
FOR EVERY DOLLAR SPENT ON A
C H I L D**

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN AMERICA IS HAPPENING EVERYWHERE ELSE

A generation now
means a economic
reboot a moment
the cycle of rising and
mostly failing
economies. The
UK has 71.8 percent youth
unemployment. France 22.8
percent. Hungary 26 percent
Italy 28 percent. Spain 47.8
percent. Around the world
young people are beginning to

be defined by the unemployment
rate the middle classes of Spain
those who earn less than a
thousand euros the Netherlands of
England and unemployment
education declining the
united states of Thailand those who
man against the wall. Reynolds
young and old people
have no jobs to owe the
use of masses of young people
underemployed young people

2012 election, in which the hedges, the corner-cuts, the isolated decisions about young people from a host of institutions have accrued to the point of a continuous catastrophe. The question rises from the wreckage: How long can you eat the young?

GET READY FOR THE SUMMER.

It's going to be hot. Youth should be the only issue of the 2012 election, because all the subsidiary issues—inequality, the rising class system in America, the specter of decline, mass unemployment, the growing debt—are all fundamentally about the war against young Americans. But the choice young Americans face is between a party that claims to represent their interests but fails to do so and a party that explicitly opposes their interests and actively works to disenfranchise them.

The protesters, the occupiers, the kids who screamed themselves hoarse in the parks of New York and Oakland last year have spent the winter nestled underground nurturing their strategies. Has there ever been a movement so full of people who don't want to be there, who would rather be working?

Around the world, the response to chronic youth unemployment has been consistently traditional. The Arab world takes to the streets the way it did in the 1950s. Italy returns to its antique paterfamilias. England goes into its standard mode of underclass rioting. And what's happening in the United States would be instantly recognizable to any progressive of the 1930s.

By bus and train and car pool, they will follow the gerontocracy to Tampa and Charlotte, the cities with the utter misfortune of hosting the presidential nominating conventions. Then we'll see if the people inside the convention centers can find the youth anything better to do.

We'll see then how the flowers of rage, planted and nurtured so carelessly for three decades, have sprung up and who will harvest them.



RULES

SUITS

RULE NO. 1: THERE IS NO CRISIS OF SARTORIAL INDECISION SO CONFOUNDING THAT IT CANNOT BE SOLVED BY SIMPLY GOING WITH THE BLUE SUIT.

RULE NO. 2: "BLUE" NEED NOT MEAN DARK NAVY. BRIGHTER AND BOLDER BLUE SUITS CAN WORK WONDERS, PROVIDED YOU GO NEITHER TOO BRIGHT NOR TOO BOLD.

Two button wool mohair-and-silk suit (\$1,250) and cotton shirt (\$225) by Calvin Klein Collection, silk-and-cotton tie (\$205) and leather bag (\$2,240) by Louis Vuitton, leather shoes (\$695) by Santoni, steel Carson automatic watch (\$795) by Tissot, silk pocket square (\$55) by Hugo Boss, leather belt (\$180) by Church's.



BECAUSE ANY MAN CAN THROW ON A TWEED JACKET AND FEEL STUPIDLY SITTY AND ALL AROUND UNCOMFORTABLE. BUT THANKS TO A HANDFUL OF DESIGNERS WHO BELIEVE EVERY SUIT CAN AND SHOULD DO MORE FOR A MAN, IT'S NEVER BEEN EASIER TO FIND A SUIT THAT FITS AND FEELS LIKE YOU NEED IT TO. HERE'S HOW.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY KIM



RULE NO. 3: In descending order of versatility: bird's eye, pinstripe, chalk stripe, herringbone, windowpane, houndstooth, glen plaid, seersucker, madras.

RULE NO. 4: It is impossible to look pulled together when your jacket isn't buttoned. (Three-button jackets: middle button only; two-button jackets: top button only, one-button jacket: that one button.)

RULE NO. 5: Working buttonholes suit jackets: seat warmers, cars. Not wholly necessary, but real easy to get used to.

Two-button wool and-linen suit (\$3,250) by Versace; cotton shirt (\$245) by Luciano Moresco, silk tie (\$225) by Ports 1961, steel Jazzmaster Maestro watch (\$1,745) by Hamilton, silk pocket square (\$100) by Brian.

RULE NO. 6: THE DARKER THE CLOTH AND THE MORE RESTRAINED THE PATTERN OF THE SUIT, THE MORE WHIMSY YOU ARE PERMITTED IN YOUR CHOICE OF SHIRT AND ACCESSORIES.

RULE NO. 7: THAT SAID, EASY ON THE WHIMSY, PAL.

RULE NO. 8: THE COLLAR OF YOUR JACKET SHOULD NEVER STAND AWAY FROM OR CONCEAL YOUR SHIRT COLLAR. A HALF INCH OF SHIRT COLLAR SHOULD BE VISIBLE AT THE BACK.

Two-button wool suit (\$2,100), cotton shirt (\$395), and silk tie (\$175) by Dolce & Gabbana; steel Datron chronograph (\$2,495) by Movado; leather iPad case (\$495) by Tod's.



RULE NO. 9: There is a variety of suit that squeezes a man's torso and legs and tightens his profile. It is called a wet suit, and unless you intend on catching some tasty waves, we recommend a suit with some ease in the legs, arms, and chest.

RULE NO. 10: The wider the lapels on a man's jacket, the better he is at ordering dinner in Italian restaurants.

RULE NO. 11: You'll have what he's having.

Two-button mohair-and-cotton suit (\$3,940) by Gucci; cotton shirt (\$275) by Canali; silk-and-wool tie (\$135) by John Varvatos; crocodile loafers (\$2,650) by Cesare Paciotti; steel Column Wheel chronograph (\$3,300) by Longines; cotton pocket square (\$40) by Paul Stuart; leather bag (\$468) by Coach.



RULE NO. 12: NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE VALUE OF THAT HALF INCH OF SHIRT CUFF JUTTING OUT UNDER YOUR JACKET.

ESQ.



RULE NO. 16: A CUFF ADDS WEIGHT TO THE BOTTOM OF YOUR TROUSERS AND KEEPS THE CREASE RAZOR SHARP.

RULE NO. 13: The jigger, i.e., the single button inside a double-breasted jacket, is the male equivalent of the bra. It should always be fastened in order to hold everything in place.

RULE NO. 14: The six on two, in which only the center and bottom right-hand side buttons are functional (and only the center button used), is the most versatile of all double-breasted suits.

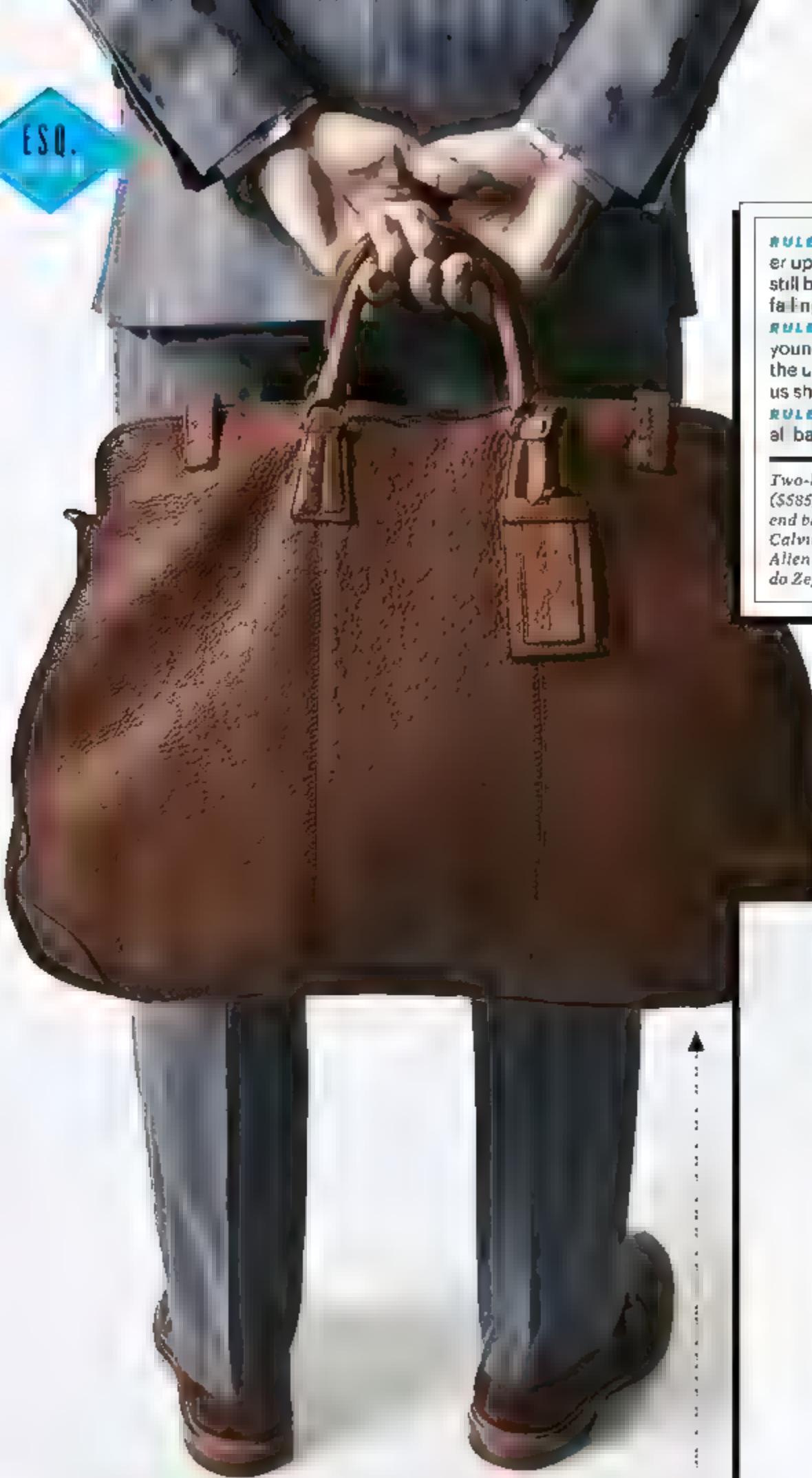
RULE NO. 15: Leave the wearing of look-at-me cuff links to Russian oligarchs and rappers. Let subtlety be your distinction

Double-breasted wool suit (\$4,695) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label, cotton shirt (\$340) by Ascot Chang, silk knit tie (\$300) by Brioni, leather shoes (\$1,620) by John Lobb, steel Star automatic watch (\$2,955) by Montblanc, cotton pocket square (\$10) by Thomas Pink, silver cuff links (\$525) by David Yurman, leather briefcase (\$2,500) by Ralph Lauren



RULE NO. 17: THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A WHITE COTTON POCKET SQUARE TUCKED NEATLY IN THE BREAST POCKET AND A BLUE SILK POCKET SQUARE STUFFED INSOUCIANTLY IN THE BREAST POCKET IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE BEATLES AND THE STONES. ONE'S NOT INTRINSICALLY BETTER THAN THE OTHER. IT'S SIMPLY A MATTER OF TASTE.

Two-button wool suit (\$3,000) and silk tie (\$205) by Louis Vuitton, cotton shirt (\$365) by Hamilton Shirts, steel Sportura Alarm chronograph (\$650) by Seiko, silk pocket square (\$29) by J. Press



RULE NO. 18 Though the tides of fashion lift it ever upward, the bottom hem of your jacket should still be just about level with your knuckles. (Or failing that, just long enough to cover your ass.)

RULE NO. 19: The old and traditional, and the young and trendy, are the best equipped to enjoy the unpredictable pleasures of pleats. The rest of us should stick to flat fronts.

RULE NO. 20: Pinstripe: a) business. Chalk stripe: b) balls.

Two-button wool suit (\$1,927) by Etna, cotton shirt (\$585), leather belt (\$770), and pebbled leather weekend bag (\$3,280) by Brunello Cucinelli, silk tie (\$60) by Calvin Klein Collection, leather monk-straps (\$295) by Allen Edmonds, silk pocket square (\$95) by Ermenegildo Zegna.



RULE NO. 21 THE WEARING OF DRESS BOOTS WITH SUITS IS AS OLD AND AUGUST A SARTORIAL TRADITION AS MEN HAVE, AND PROVIDED THE BOOTS HAVE A SLIM SOLE AND AN ELEGANT SHAPE, THERE ARE FEW INSTANCES IN WHICH ONE CANNOT—NAY SHOULD NOT—BE BOTH SUITED AND BOOTTED.

RULE NO. 22: THAT "SUITED AND BOOT-ED" IS NOT THE NAME OF THE STYLE BLOG OF A WELL-DRESSED TEENAGER IN KANSAS IS A WONDER IN THIS OR ANY AGE.

Double-breasted wool-and silk suit (\$2,750) and cotton shirt (\$460) by Prada, silk tie (\$145) and silk pocket square (\$115) by Burberry London, leather ankle boots (\$750) by Fratelli Rossetti, cotton socks (\$29) by Bresciani, leather tote (\$1,950) by Ralph Lauren

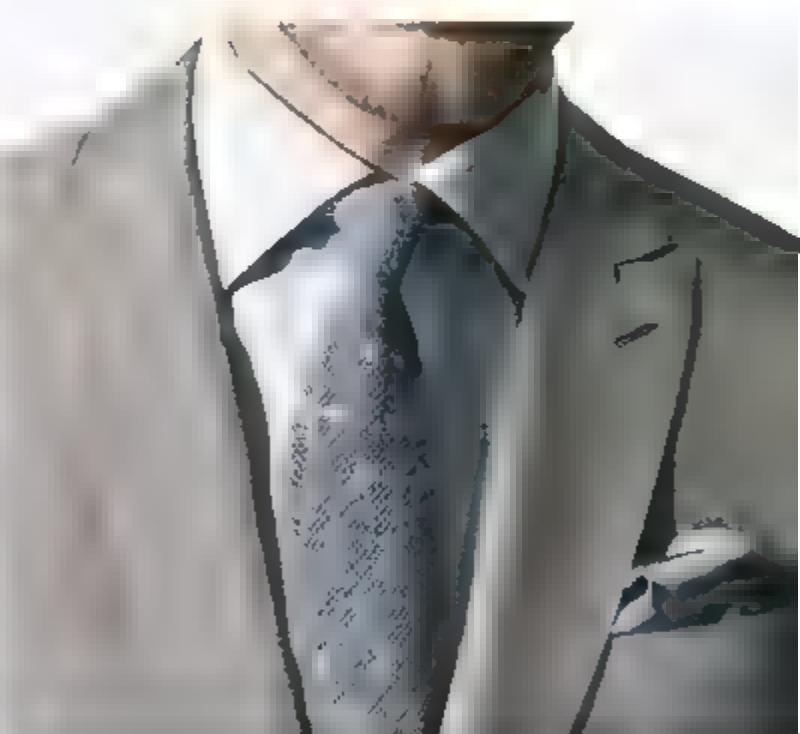


RULE NO. 23 A NATURAL SHOULDER ON A JACKET SHOWS OFF RATHER THAN HIDES THE SHAPE OF YOUR ACTUAL SHOULDER. HENCE THE NAME AND THE APPEAL.

RULE NO. 24 THE ROUGHER THE TEXTURE, THE MORE CASUAL THE SUIT.

RULE NO. 25 A SILK-AND-WOOL-BLEND SUIT IS THE NEW STANDARD OF RELAXED TAILORING. DISCUSS.

Double-breasted wool and silk suit (\$3,390), cotton shirt (\$445), and silk tie (\$180) by Giorgio Armani, steel 123 Beige watch (\$2,800) by Bell & Ross, crocodile portfolio (\$2,140) by Santiago Gonzalez



RULE NO. 26 The ticket pocket (the pocket above the right side pocket of a jacket) should not be used for the actual storing of tickets.

RULE NO. 27 The hem of your pants must cover the laces of your shoes or, in the case of loafers, the upper reaches of the uppers. But only just.

RULE NO. 28 Of the four c's that should guide a man's choice of suit, a flattering cut is the most consequential, followed by good-quality cloth and an attractive color. Then, and only then, should you grapple with cost.

Two-button cotton and-wool suit (\$1,695) and cotton shirt (\$195) by Burberry London, cashmere tie (\$375) by Bruneido Cucinelli, suede loafers (\$625) by Canali, silk pocket square (\$29) by J. Press, leather bag (\$1,280) by Ermenegildo Zegna

FOR STORE INFORMATION SEE PAGE 152
GROOMING BY JODI BOLAND FOR SEE MANAGEMENT PROPERTY STYLING BY MATTHEW BETMALECK FOR DEFACTO ARTISTS.

DISPATCHES FROM THE WORLD OF MEN



THE DUTCH TURN RIGHT

I was heading for an intersection on my bicycle when the traffic light turned red, but I decided to race right through it. Three or four other cyclists did the same thing—even though it was a busy Saturday afternoon and the intersection was hardly a quiet one—but there was one guy who dutifully stopped and waited for the green light. He had gray hair and rode a black bike, and I'd seen him before. Not only on his bike, but on many other occasions. It was Wim Kok, our prime minister

This was ten years ago, when fear had not yet taken root in the Netherlands; when Theo van Gogh, a film director and contributor to Dutch Esquire, had not yet been assassinated by a Dutch Moroccan Muslim; when second- and third-generation immigrants from Morocco had not yet connected their frustration to the cries from bearded men with medieval thoughts; when a cunning politician

with a bleached tuft of blond hair and an anti-Muslim agenda (Geert Wilders) had not yet won 24 seats in a 150-seat parliament. These were, one could say, happier times.

Today we face a hard new reality. There is less tolerance of outside cultures and lifestyles than at any other time in recent history, with opposition to immigrants reaching an all-time high and Wilders comparing the Koran to *Mein Kampf*. Harsh economic conditions are giving way to drastic cuts in our foreign-aid budget, which we have historically used to assert ourselves in the world. Our social safety net, our vigorous government funding of the arts, our acceptance of soft drugs, our approach to environmental protection: Much of what has made the Netherlands the very model of a strong, progressive nation-state is under attack. We even kicked the shit out of the Spanish team in the final of the World Cup in 2010. Shame on us.

But there are signs of hope: Even though the new prime minister is a forty-five-year-old liberal—a “liberal” in the Netherlands might be considered “conservative,” even right wing, in other areas of the world, including the United States—he has an authentic smile and a good heart. He isn’t in a relationship and might be gay—nobody cares—and before entering office, he volunteered as a social-sciences teacher in a racially mixed school in a low-income neighborhood in The Hague every Thursday morning. To this day he still does, euro crisis or not. I like to think he goes there by bike. Arno Kantelberg, editor in chief, Esquire Netherlands



MOJITOS FOR EVERYONE

If you want to drink a cocktail in Bucharest, you might end up in a laboratory—an apothecary’s shop full of chemistry pots, perfume bottles, syringes and test tubes, rosebud infusions and tinctures, where bartenders wear lab coats. It’s called Laborator de Cocktails (Laboratory of Cocktails), and it’s one of the latest additions to a growing number of cocktail bars that are becoming part of Romanians’ lives.

Some background: During the communist regime, we weren’t much exposed to cocktail culture, and we knew little about mixed alcohol. The only liquor preferences we inherited from our fathers and grandfathers were for homemade wines and brandies, and we haven’t been able to build up the sophistication of palates that can distinguish a supposedly delicious concoction from, say, lighter fluid. It’s only been in the past two decades that we’ve started to recognize how far behind we are when it comes to cocktails, and so we’re trying to catch up.

And what are men asking for in these bars and labs? Mojitos, not martinis. Not only because we haven’t got the taste for vermouth yet. I hear that can take decades—but because almost everything, regardless of whether it contains mint, lime, or rum, is usually called some version of a mojito. So, if you’re in town, ask for a smoked paprika mojito, made with dried plums, clove berries, two types of liqueur, anise and orange peel, and pisco, a traditional plum brandy popular among Transylvanians. You’ll fit right in.

Silvia Radu, managing editor for Esquire Romania



THE ARAB TYRANT’S MANUAL

For all the miracles of the Arab Spring, the fight against repressive leaders is far from over. Last year, a Palestinian man living in Dubai started a Twitter campaign (#ArabTyrantManual) to solicit advice on how despots can cling to power. Here, a few tweets. —Jeremy Lawrence, editor in chief, Esquire Middle East

Blame [unrest] on “foreign agendas.”

Have a military parade. Say it’s for the nation, it’s actually to show them what’ll come at them if they revolt.

Have a charming interview with a famous journalist. Amanpour would do.

Get thugs out of jail, give them bludgeon-type weapons, and let them loose upon the people.

Reshuffle the cabinet. Then reshuffle it again.

Make a teary, emotional display about how much you love your country and how you spent your life serving it.

Say that you are planning to peacefully relinquish power at the next election, scheduled twelve years later.

Tell people that if they don’t go home, the country will become the next X (X = Iraq, Afghanistan, Libya, etc.).

Choose a scruffy-looking opposition figure who has no support among the people. Hold “talks” with him about change.

Remember to use delay tactics to liquidate and move decades of stolen assets.

Say that you are a great soldier who never gives up the fight. Book a suite in Jeddah, just in case.

Iyad El-Baghdadi is a Palestinian resident of Dubai. For more tweets from the Arab Tyrant’s Manual, visit www.el-baghdadi.com, or follow him on Twitter (@iyad_elbaghdadi).

THE WORLD OF MEN LIVE! Well, pretaped. For two days this past November, representatives from each international edition of Esquire gathered in New York for the Esquire Global Initiative, a conference in which editors and writers could discuss what unites and divides men around the world. To see the likes of Mary-Louise Parker, Mark Burnett, Bill Keller, and David Lauren moderating panel discussions, go to esquire.com/egi-2012.



THE 4X4 WOMEN

I know what you're thinking: This guy lives in a place where male-female relations are, and will be, ruled with an iron fist by mustachioed men who sing ranchero songs and wear sombreros.

Don't blame you for thinking that way in Mexico, where I live. It's one of many stereotypes that have been around for a long time. Despite being repugnant and simplistic, though, stereotypes tend to hold a grain of truth. In this case, it's that machismo is so deeply rooted in customs and expressions that it has become almost invisible. [But] it's still present in almost all aspects of the daily lives of men and women, as described by Mariana Castaneda in her book *El Machismo Invisible* (Invisible Machismo). Back in 1995, she lived in Mexico.

Even with all this closet machismo, nowadays women are not professing submissives, nor do we men impose our will by firing guns and dressing up as charros. In the last few years, Mexican men have witnessed the birth of a new variation of the female gender: 4x4 women.

A 4x4 woman is equipped to get ahead in different types of terrain at the same time: family, school, work, love and children, as well as in her own spiritual, physical and emotional development. She feels a certain pressure to prove she can cover as much territory as possible, with outstanding results at all times. Her approach is often brusque and lacks delicacy because her objective is ultimately to move forward (or up) tirelessly to eat up the miles without stopping to look back to overcome obstacles. Or to squash them.

To put it tactfully, men are confused. As children, many of us saw how our parents strove to play the traditional roles of marriage and that's what we learned. And now when we want to apply those lessons learned from our parents to the new alter ego 4x4 woman, we risk getting run over.

Manuel Martínez Torres, *editor in chief, Esquire Latin America*



Marisela Moreira, the forty-two-year-old attorney general of Mexico.

THE FIVE ESSENTIALS

istanbul's Grand Bazaar celebrated its 550th anniversary last year, and even after a half millennium, it attracts hundreds of thousands of people daily and shows how deeply ingrained shopping is in our culture. We Turks like to shop online and off, and here are five things you're likely to find on a typical Turkish man's wish list.

Burcin Uraldi, style contributor, Esquire Turkey



AWFULLY FUNNY: A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO BRITISH HUMO(U)R

Back in September, a man called Benedict Le Gauche made news across the United Kingdom and caused a polite eruption of national mirth that lasted for, oh, all of a minute or two.

He was 28 years old and from Manchester, and his real name was not Benedict Le Gauche, the tabloid press pointed out unnecessarily; no one called Benedict Le Gauche could reasonably expect to come from a place like Manchester. Deep background. Manchester was once the crucible of the Industrial Revolution, the workshop of the world. It's now a middle-ranking European city with little to distinguish it from other middle-ranking European cities other than a particularly miserable climate and two very good football (as in soccer) teams. Manchester's best-known sons in recent years—very good footballers apart—are the lads who formed that cheery party band Joy Division. And that other cheery party band, the Smiths. The city is dour, austere. The people, reacting against their surroundings, are natural comedians, possessed of a famously dry wit, an umbrella of funny to shelter them from all that rain.

Back to the mysterious Le Gauche, who briefly captured the British press's attention, and the public's imagination, with his CV (as in résumé). Le Gauche, a philosophy graduate ("pointless," he noted), apparently had recently attended a government course for the long-term unemployed that he considered to be "patronizing," and his leaked CV became an online meme. A masterpiece of despairing, deadpan, almost psychedelic absurdism, the CV was both a *cri de cœur* from the perennially jobless and a Swiftian satire on the idiocy of formal employment applications. In no way did either of these facts prove a bar to its also being very, very funny.

It begins, the CV, with a list of its author's accomplishments and suitability for employment: "I can lift more than it looks like I can lift"; "I can also stand the company of people I hold in contempt"; "As of the eleventh of January 2011, I am free from all venereal disease."

Next, Le Gauche gives a refreshingly honest summary of his work history: As a cleaner/caretaker at a women's organization, he spent time "composing lewd/crass e-mails to Alison" and "pride swallowing." As a "host" at an arts centre (as in center), he stole ginger biscuits (as in cookies) and excelled at "moving chairs from one place to another." As a barista, he perfected the art of "pretending I was cooler than I am." As a shop assistant (as in store clerk) at a clothing store, he learned to resist "the desire to yawn." His chief skill (actually one that might stand him in good stead)? Peddling "disastrous horseshit."

Why is this an example of British humour—sorry, I'm going to stick with the olde-world spelling; it's how we roll—rather than humour that just happened to happen in Britain? Well, it might not seem like it from his wisecracky way with words, but Benedict Le Gauche is an angry little man. Let me tell you something about the cuddly British comedians you know and love. They're all angry little men, too. Monty Python was angry. Peter Cook and Dudley Moore were fuming. Ricky Gervais is beside himself with rage. Mr. Bean is incandescent. They're angry at the inequities in British society. Angry at the stupidity and rigidity of the class system. Angry at the petty and the hidebound, the bureaucratic and the small minded, the by-the-book and the more-than-my-job's-worth and the computer-says-no.

There is laughter in the dark, with the lights off and a pillow over its head. It's laughter as a howl of frustration. And that laughter is as central to contemporary British culture and identity as booze and birds and ball games, the loss of the empire, the resultant reduction in national status, the faltering economy, the shitty weather, and the never-ending humiliation provided by the national football teams.

Is being funny a British man's highest goal—higher, often, than being stylish or successful—because being serious is futile? Yes, maybe. But Benedict Le Gauche is seriously funny.

—Alex Bilmes, *editor in chief, Esquire United Kingdom*



NASI GORENG

A so known as fried rice, the national dish of Indonesia, it was part of the dinner menu for Barack Obama's state visit in 2010, and as more and more men are taking up cooking here—where like much of the world, boys are raised to stay out of the kitchen—everyone has that one simple dish that they can whip up easily. More often than not, this is it.

INGREDIENTS

- 1 tbsp cooking oil
- 1 garlic clove mashed up
- 2 onions mashed up
- 1 medium-sized mild red chili pepper, mashed up
- 1 egg beater
- 2 cups well-cooked medium-grain white rice
- ½ tsp salt
- ½ tsp pepper
- 3 or 4 tsp sweet soy sauce (You can find it in Asian food stores.)
- 1 medium-sized tomato, sliced thin
- 4 slices cucumber

INSTRUCTIONS

- In a saucepan over medium heat sauté garlic, onion, and chili pepper in oil until fragrant.
- Slowly add in the egg, and stir until scrambled.
- Add rice, stir until blended. No clumping.
- Add salt, pepper, and sweet soy sauce and stir again until well blended.
- Your fried rice is ready. Place the tomato and cucumber slices on the side of the rice.
- Optional: Add fried egg.
- Serve warm and toast with Selamat makan, Indonesian for "Bon appetit."

—Dwi Sutarjantoro, *editor in chief, Esquire Indonesia*



TAIWAN'S INVINCIBLE WEEKEND WARRIOR

In Taiwan, many people lack free time during the workweek to exercise, so they try to stay in shape and keep their handsome appearance by playing sports on their days off. They are called "weekend warriors."

They may seem fierce, but in fact they're more susceptible to injuries, and a warrior who gets wounded as soon as he steps onto the field isn't very handsome at all. Here are three ways to prevent injury.

1. Don't Go a Day Without Fighting:

Staying active every day helps prevent injury on the weekends. Even running in place in your living room is good enough. When you start to feel slightly out of breath, rest for one to two minutes before slowly increasing your pace back to a jog. Repeat for fifteen to twenty minutes. Then move on to strength training, spending five minutes a day on push-ups, squats, and lunges. Adding it all up, you need to spend only about thirty to forty minutes a day to maintain your fundamentals.

2. Warm Up Before Battle: Imagine the motions that will most commonly arise in the exercise or sport you're about to perform, and then imitate those actions to allow your body to become accustomed to the muscles that will be involved. If it's a great basketball battle, practice quick steps and fast side-to-side movements. If it's golf, rotate your waist to prevent sprains when you take your swing.

3. Cooling Down After the War: After finishing your exercise, stretch and enjoy a slow jog to let your body recover.

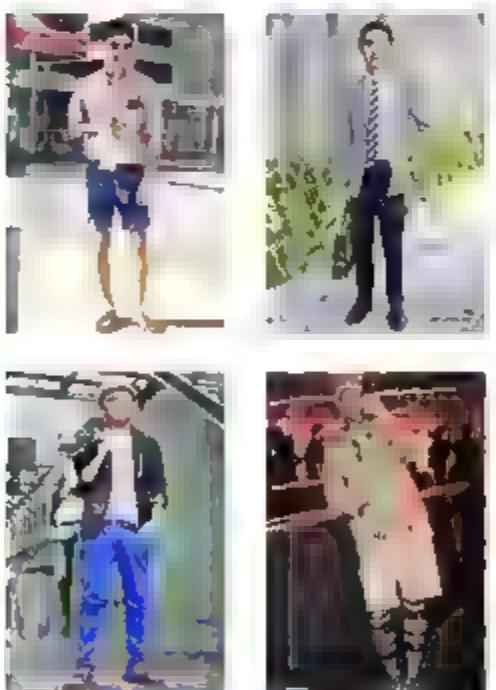
The warriors who remember these tricks—and put them to use—are guaranteed to return victorious from every campaign! —Janet Fang, *features editor, Esquire Taiwan*

MAD MEN AND PREPPY MANIA

Nostalgia knows no boundaries. Men from California to Kuala Lumpur instinctively revisit the past to create new looks. But over the last few years we've seen a new internet-energized class of men place a greater emphasis on the past, channeling their creativity through clothing. *Mad Men* and the way it showcases the trim suits of the 1960s has played a big part in the nostalgic kick, but it's more than that. There's a Duke of Windsor adoration going on, with many a Malaysian carrying a torch for England in the thirties and forties. And there is a fascination with the preppy style that was a staple of the U.S. in the 1970s and '80s. Ralph Lauren and Tommy Hilfiger created empires by celebrating preppy style and you need only look around Kuala Lumpur to see their clothes on many a well-dressed man. We all have our eyes on the future, even as we take a walk down memory lane. —Sam Coleman, editor in chief, *Esquire Malaysia*

STREET STYLE IN KUALA LUMPUR

Photographs by Nicholas Ng, street style photographer and blogger (garbagelapsap.com)



GREECE THE ECONOMY

FEAR AND LOATHING IN ATHENS

A disaster movie. That's exactly what the people of Greece have been living through. A huge big-budget blockbuster that shows how a whole country can go down in flames. We are dealing with per-

DIVORCE, CZECHSTYLE

→ The Czech Republic is not a particularly friendly place to live if you want to see your kids after splitting with their mother. On paper everything looks almost perfect—your kid is entitled to spend time with both parents—but in a staggering 90 percent of cases, mothers get sole custody of their children. Five percent of the time, sole custody is awarded to the father (which, frankly, really happens only if the mother involved is a junkie, a prostitute, or dead), and the remaining 5 percent is joint custody. So when my wife left me and took our daughter with her, I chose to fight for joint custody, even though I knew that suckers in cases have better odds than me.

Lower court, first trial. The judge sits opposite me. Her face is still and her hair looks like a gray helmet. She wants me to describe the meals that I would cook for my daughter if she were to live alone with me—breakfast, lunch, and dinner—for three days. My ex-wife jumps up and runs from her chair to the window, pretending to throw up. Her lawyer is staring at me, moving her lips slowly so I can easily read the word *asshole*.

The judge announces the verdict: "The child is confided to the custody of her mother. Her father is permitted to see her every second weekend and every second Wednesday for a period of three hours." Then she sets the alimony so that it accounts for half of my salary. I am broke and I've lost my child, and when I decide to appeal the verdict, I know that my only chance to get joint custody is a miracle. My ex-wife does not attend the appeal hearing. It is only me, my lawyer, and hers. The presiding judge delivers a shocking and unusual verdict. Anna is entitled to spend time with both parents. Shared custody. My miracle has arrived. But the ink on that verdict hasn't dried before I receive a letter in my mailbox: "Anna suffers from a rash of psychosomatic origin due to shared custody. We request a retrial." I raise objections, stating that my daughter does not have a rash and that shared custody has not even begun. But the case goes back to trial, and the court reverses the decision. Now, five years later, I see my daughter only when my ex-wife permits me to.

Today, I have a child with my new wife, and when she speaks about our son, she speaks in the plural "we." She knows very well what a strong weapon a child can be in Czech marriages (and divorces), and I live my life knowing how easily everything can be taken away.

Anonymous contributor to *Esquire Czech Republic*

capita income evaporating, entire sectors of the economy (automotive, manufacturing, construction) cratering, political incapability, widespread corruption, a dysfunctional public sector w/ widespread tax evasion, poor educational and health systems, not in the center of Athens, a financially weak middle class that has lost most of its purchasing power, and a permanent fear that Greece will not maintain its place in the euro zone. Every day, everything and everyone sinks deeper into a depression that seems to have no bottom.

But on the bright side, mentalities are changing. We've remembered the value of money. With less of it to spend, we focus on integrity and quality. We've remembered the value of innovation. Alternative sources of income and revenue are constantly being explored. And generally speaking, we don't buy into bullshit anymore. After decades of fraud, corruption, lies, and counterfeiting that never really existed, we are now able to recognize the bad actors when we see them. —Kostas N. Tsitsas, editor in chief, *Esquire Greece*



MALE, TWENTY-EIGHT, JOBLESS

Between the ongoing world economic crisis and the recent trouble in southern Europe, Korea is experiencing one of the world's worst unemployment rates for college graduates. I recently received a letter from one of them. It was not the sort of letter that I would usually respond to, but this one stuck with me. I could not concentrate well after reading it. It was because of how he identified himself:

Gender: Male
Age: Twenty-eight
Occupation: Jobless

The unemployed author wanted to read success stories of people who had come up from nothing and succeeded on their own terms. He knew the obvious: That the older generation already controls and enjoys the benefits of vested rights in this society and is not yet ready to let go.

That it was building a fortress that the next generation could not breach. He also realized that he was faced with the smallest chance of finding a decent job. And so he was determined to make it on his own instead of relying on prospective employers to give him a break. He wanted to build something for himself, but in the meantime, he declared that he wasn't ashamed of being unemployed. This young man feared nothing.

—Min Heesik, editor in chief, *Esquire Korea*



LA LIGA FOR THE MASSES

AN INSIDE LOOK AT THE TEAMS THAT MAKE SPANISH SOCCER FANS THE MOST DEVOTED, DEMENTED, AND EXALTED IN THE WORLD

REAL MADRID. Proclaimed the best club of the twentieth century by the International Federation of Football History and Statistics, Real Madrid has the most titles of any team in the league. In recent years, the club has been living in the shadow of its eternal rival, FC Barcelona. This year, the second with Jose Mourinho as manager is shaping up to be the one that might break the cycle.

FC BARCELONA. The current holder of the Champions League and La Liga titles, this team nonetheless plays a secondary role to its all-powerful rival, Real Madrid. Over the last twenty years, especially after the arrival of Johan Cruyff (one of Barca's best former players) as manager, Barca (as the club is popularly known) has become one of the best clubs in Europe.

VALENCIA. Over the last twelve years, Valencia has managed to win the La Liga trophy twice and to play two European Champions League finals (losing one against Real Madrid and the other against Bayern Munich). In terms of technical skills, the team is a constant third to Madrid and Barca.

MALAGA. Purchased in 2010 by a Qatari sheik who has injected a large amount of money into the club to sign up big-name players, Malaga has gotten a few high-level players in the Liga Espanola (Cazorla, Joaquin, etc.). In addition to some already well-known names, such as Van Nistelrooy, Baptista, and Teulalan. Nonetheless, this club is a disappointment this year.

For an extended look at the annotated La Liga standings, go to esquire.com/egy 2012

SEVILLA. A team with one of the best fan bases in La Liga, Sevilla has finished behind Real Madrid and Barcelona in recent seasons.

REAL BETIS. Sevilla's eternal rivals and the rivalry between the two teams (and their fans) is almost greater than that between Madrid and Barca.

ATHLETIC CLUB BILBAO. The oldest club in La Liga (founded in 1901), its stadium, San Mamés, is known as the Cathedral, as it's one of the oldest in La Liga. The squad consists solely of players born in the Basque Country.

REAL SOCIEDAD. A great part of this club's prestige came in the 1980s when it won two consecutive La Liga championships and created the legend of a great team. Its eternal rivals Athletico Club Bilbao, and the marathon matches between the two are epic.

ATLETICO MADRID. A team that aspires to be the best every year but always achieves less than its fans expect. Thus, El Atleti (as the club is known) is the representative of suffering, lost causes, the working class, and antiheroes. Many singers, actors, and writers have sung or written about this club's woes.

RAYO VALLECANO. This club belongs to the Madrid neighborhood of Vallecas, a hard-working, humble working-class area. Because of this, Rayo Vallecano is one of those likable teams with character, always alternating between the first and second divisions. Its fans are among the noisiest.

—José María Álvarez, articles editor, *Esquire Spain*



AND NOW A WORD FROM USHER

Back in November, R&B star Usher Raymond spoke to a global contingent of *Esquire* editors about how he created and built Usher's New Look Foundation, a youth-mentoring organization. Here he tells you what he told them



Last November, addressed a group of journalists and editors at *Esquire* and following my speech heard the question, "What can do to help?" People tend to walk away from these engagements feeling altruistic but not knowing how to take action. My answer to everyone, meet was and now is: Adopt one child. Not in the traditional sense but rather take that child under your wing, guide them through the roads ahead, and watch them explore endless possibilities of greatness. That's the simple connection we are missing as a society.

I was fortunate to have been raised in a neighborhood with the resources that would guide me and then spark my own determination to make a difference. The Boys & Girls Club provided a place for me to mature and my dad, who with his many food and clothing drives, taught me the gifts of service. It was these acts of community that served as the blueprint for my own charity, Usher's New Look Foundation. UNL provides young people with a new look on life through education and real-world experience. We teach the importance of being empowered by discovering hidden interests. We guide them to build these into talents and skills, and they take what they've learned and teach others.

Now in our thirteenth year, we are rapidly growing, with chapters in U.S. cities and footprints in four international communities. This summer we will host our annual UNL World Leadership Conference, and I'm asking anyone who shares our beliefs to join us in building tomorrow's leaders. These kids are impacting change. Continuing to plan, those seeds and support the growth of my heart work. To find out more about Usher's New Look Foundation, go to ushersnewlook.org. Usher's new album comes out in late May.

Hormones

[continued from page 113] see, remains stable. Their reproduction actually increases. Old tortoises lay more eggs than young ones."

Johnson can only theorize as to how they came to have this capacity.

"Ectothermic, or cold-blooded, creatures tend to live in greater harmony with their natural energy resources than warm-blooded creatures. But it may also be a factor of the tortoise's evolutionary progress. Most tortoises never reach old age. But once their shell is strong enough to survive predator attacks, they are as durable as any creature on earth. Evolution dictated that those precious tortoises should live and breed as long as possible. That's not the way with mammals. We mature fast, hit our sexual peak, mate, then our species-specific biology kicks in and eases us out of the breeding pool. In terms of species propagation, we've fulfilled our obligations. We can die."

The short, unhappy life of a mammal: Enter this world, mature, mate. Destiny fulfilled. Now run along and die.

Tortoises, so scientists have found, are built differently—as are many seabirds and blue whales and naked mole rats, making them key species in the study of negligible senescence. Consider that an old tortoise is stronger and more virile than a young one. It walks and breathes the same as a young tortoise. Its heart beats with the same strength. As far as we know, tortoises don't see the risk for heart attacks or embolisms or cancer increase with age.

Aubrey de Grey, out of Cambridge, England, is a biomedical gerontologist who believes humans could live until a thousand, if not forever. He's even spearheaded a foundation, SENS, Strategies for Engineered Negligible Senescence. De Grey preaches that we should look at our bodies as we do vintage cars. When the engine claps out or the muffler's shot, we get a new one. The frame stays the same but the integral parts are replaced or restored.

Compelling stuff, until you realize flesh isn't nearly so durable as metal. I envisioned myself as one of de Gray's thousand-year-old model humans. My regenerative skin cladding bones drifted with desiccated marrow, secondhand eyes screwed into tormented sockets like blown fuses—a shambling shipwreck straight out of our worst childhood nightmares. De Gray believes that were society to embrace his model, the birth rates could drop astronomically, which paints an even bleaker picture: a bunch of doddering, mothball-smelling millennium-year-olds tottering about in a world cleansed of children's laughter.

"Creepy," says Johnson.

Creepy indeed, Bob.

I assure him that proponents of hormone therapy aren't interested in prolonging life indefinitely. They're merely dedicated to minimizing the ill effects of aging.

"You're talking about improved health span instead of increased life span," Johnson says.

nodding. "I can see that, but still—I'd suggest that we embrace life as the tortoise does. Admire the tortoise. But don't be the tortoise."

We turn back to them. Beautiful, understated creatures. A tortoise's life is like those summer evenings you remember as a kid, when the twilight stretched endlessly and the sun formed a glowing sine wave where it hummed along the curve of the earth. Gazing out your bedroom window, you saw the treetops smoldering in the depthless burnt-orange light of the horizon. You fell asleep in the softening flame of that ever-setting sun.

Who wouldn't seek that perfect twilight?

And so, Dad, we come back to that scab on your hand

We know what that scab means. The natural dwindling of the body's fire. It scares me. I assume it scares you, too, at least a little—maybe even more than death.

Do you remember my boyhood imagination, Dad? It was set on warp drive. I believed the devil lingered at gloomy crossroads and went to dim dance halls to kick up his cloven hooves. And I believed, like a lot of kids, that a monster lurked in my closet. But you got rid of it. You didn't do what many fathers would've done: walk me upstairs, open the closet, shift boxes and rattle coat hangers and say, "See? No monster." Maybe because you knew as a kid instinctively knows that monsters hid when adults were around only to saunter back once they'd left.

No, you'd grabbed your tool kit and knelt before the closet. Rapped the walls with your knuckles and gripped your chin, pondering, "Go downstairs and get that red lightbulb we used at Halloween, will you?" By the time I'd found it and come back, you'd laid down a ring of talcum powder on the closet floor.

"It's a trap. The monster'll blunder in and bang!—the trap locks shut. It's stuck."

You screwed the red lightbulb into the closet socket. "This'll fry that monster good," you assured me. "It'll turn black and hard as a rock."

You made me take your tool kit downstairs. When I got back, the closet was shut. You'd dragged in our old rocking chair. "I'll sleep here tonight, okay?"

When I awoke in the morning, I opened the door tentatively. Just as you'd said. In the dead center of the tale ring sat a small object—dark as night, hard as rock.

I picked up the blackened, calcified monster.

You smiled. "It's not every day that you can hold a monster in your palm, is it?"

That lump of obsidian—which you'd planted in the closet while I was downstairs—rested on my nightstand for years. So ended the great monster crisis.

When I tell people that story, Dad, they have a tough time squaring it with you. The streets where you grew up minted tough men. You lived raw of a necessity. Hustled pool. Sharked the rubes at dollar-limit stud poker in the utility shed behind the East City baseball diamond. Through a series of fortunate coincidences you ended up a banker—an outcome that surprised nobody more than you. Your hands may've

grown soft counting other people's money, but there is still that stoniness that tends to linger inside any man who has come up hard.

I don't believe you're afraid to die. We've never spoken on it, but that's my sense. But are you scared of all that precedes it? What sane man isn't? Humans are tough organisms, and it's hard for us to die. We keep flinging plaster even as our cathedra crumbles around us. That's where the fear lives, the cellular twilight. Senescence

It's the monster in the closet all over again, Dad. Except this time it's real.

And sure, aging is the most natural thing on earth. Some say it's our mammalian destiny to become frail and doddering, so for chrissakes be a man about it. Sack up! But what false nobility compels anyone toward such stubbornness? And what's medicine for if not to help us lead more tolerable lives? Leave natural to water-birthers and herbologists. I'll take Gord Tonnelly shaking his fist at heaven, shouting, "We must contest nature!" Fuck in-a right, Gordo!

Another thing I remember: As a kid you'd grab my hand in parking lots. Even if there were no cars. When I was a teenager you still tried to do that. It was a reflexive gesture, just something a father does. Nowadays when we're crossing a parking lot, I'm apt to grab your hand. You've sired and nurtured—as far as nature's concerned, you've done your part. Maybe the internal countdown sequence has already been initiated. The janitor's putting out the lights one by one. I only wish for you to be as healthy as possible until that last day.

As I type this, Colleen sits in the other room, five months pregnant with our first child, as you know. We saw his image on the ultrasound the other day. The sight sucked the air out of my lungs, Dad. A part of my own cellular complexity instilled therein. A commonplace miracle, I know—but still a miracle.

Thirty years from now, or forty or fifty, he may be grabbing for my hand in a parking lot. And I'll want to be strong when that day comes. I'll want the glittering twilight of a tortoise.

As for hormone-replacement therapy, Dad, I can say this. If you do it under a responsible physician, it won't harm you, and there's a good chance it'll help you. A lot, maybe. We've discovered how to safely reintroduce only a handful of hormones. As our knowledge advances, we may be able to implement the entire hormone spectrum, the results of which could be extraordinary.

Anything that purports to make you Live Longer! Feel Better! and Look Great Forever! is frequently, and often fairly, aligned with self-interest. But some therapies are not so much for you as they are for the people you care about. They'll suffer when you suffer, so if you don't suffer as much when you get older, neither will they.

So can I ask a favor, Dad? Do something about that scab. And I'm not talking a dab of Neosporin this time.

With love, Craig.

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Scott Brown

[continued from page 123] at a party. Everyone gets a photograph. And when they've all finished eating, Brown stands amid the tables and speaks in a plain voice. "First of all, I'm glad Gail's here with me. I couldn't do it without her. Her patience and love is—"

"He's trying to butter me up!" Gail calls out.

Brown grins. "I am trying to butter her up. All you men know exactly what I'm doing."

Everyone laughs.

"And all you women appreciate it," he adds.

It's corny but it's real and everyone enjoys it. The media flaps about his occasional clumsy remarks (announcing on Election Night that his daughters are "available," criticizing his opponent's looks) seem to miss the point entirely. He's a regular guy who puts his foot in his mouth and that's what they love about him. And everybody knows what a great dad he is and how supportive he's been of Gail's career.

Getting to the point, he tells them he believes he's done the thing they sent him down to do, he's been a "Scott Brown Republican" and an independent thinker who isn't afraid to go his own way. In fact, a recent independent report rated him "the second-most bipartisan senator in the entire United States Senate."

This is just a week after Newt Gingrich

won the South Carolina primary, and Massachusetts Republicans aren't completely immune to the party's national passions. It's a partisan crowd, but they applaud politely.

"And also," he adds, "by at least forty points, the most bipartisan in the delegation."

The crowd greets this boast with silence, but Brown keeps at it. "We're Americans first, and we have to remember that we're Americans first. Political parties are nice to be there and to have that security around us, but they don't define us. The bottom line is,

I know there's not only Republicans here. I know there's some good Democrats and independents in this room right now who care very deeply about our country and recognize that they are Americans first."

The audience listens quietly, waiting for the next turn—and here it comes, right on time. "And to me what that means is we need to start to work together, because we are in a financial emergency. We are in deep, deep trouble, and there are plenty of partisan folks out there and quite frankly, as you know, Professor Warren has indicated that she agrees with President Obama on everything."

Finally, something for the crowd to hold on to. Professor Warren is the bad guy. And Obama. They break out into boos. *Boo! Boo! Boo!*

But just as they're warming up, Brown tells them there are actually quite a number

of things he agrees with President Obama about, and silence returns to the room. In fact, they might have seen him approach the president after the State of the Union a few days ago—as Obama was walking down the aisle, Brown approached him and took his hand and they pulled close for a private conversation. Now he can tell them what he really said. "I said, 'Mr. President, Mr. President, my insider-trading bill is on Harry Reid's desk. Tell him to get it out.'"

The audience starts to laugh—*Yeah, right.*

"And he says, 'I will. I'll tell him to get it out—'"

More laughter, eagerly anticipating the punchline.

"And don't you know as of Monday, they're actually taking up the insider-trading bill. So—"

What? Huh? Oh. Obama is doing something right? We're not supposed to boo now? The brief excitement of partisanship passes and they settle back down to the dismal lot of the Massachusetts Republican, cordially applauding bipartisanship as if that's what they most want in the world. It's like being a liberal and finding yourself in Texas. You take what you can get and hope that over time the world will become more disposed to you, or that you'll somehow be able to reframe the debate in your favor.

But for the time being, this is still Hyannis, and in the most poisonous era in American politics since the anticommunist furies

of the 1950s, a time when partisans on both sides consider their opponents a danger to the nation, a group of dedicated Republican activists at a Republican political rally is *applauding for President Obama.*

The morning after the Patriots lost the Super Bowl, Brown brings his game face to the Republican headquarters in Boston. He is wearing a dark-blue business suit in advance of some formal meetings and is wary of the national press. From the beginning, his campaign managers said he didn't want to do national press like Esquire because his campaign was tightly focused on Massachusetts voters. The campaign was secretive about the locations of his campaign events and insisted that a few random exchanges on the campaign trail were all his schedule allowed, changing their minds only after a tense exchange in Hyannis involving cowardice and the responsibilities of a man running for the United States Senate.

So Senator Brown is talking, but he's not happy about it. "You need to take my entire record," he instructs me. "I can't be pigeonholed, and that's what makes me so effective."

Maybe, but he's gotten a lot of heat for voting with the Democrats on Wall Street reform.

"From who?"

From the right wing, Rush Limbaugh,

Glenn Beck—

"See, I don't work for Rush Limbaugh or Glenn Beck. I don't think I've ever even spoken to those guys. But the people in Massachusetts were very pleased with what I did."

But your own party seems to be trying to decide whether it wants to allow people like you to exist.

"So what's your question?" he asks.

What about the argument that centrists and the dread Massachusetts moderates are actually the problem with the party?

"Who's making these arguments?"

Everyone in the Republican party, every day. People on the campaign trail. The Tea Party people. It's currently tearing the party apart.

"If you want to talk about presidential politics," Brown says, "I'm with Mitt Romney. He's the nicest, hardest-working man I've ever met. But presidential politics has nothing to do with my race. When it comes to big issues like Don't Ask Don't Tell, FinReg, Harry Reid's jobs bill, the START Treaty, the bill I passed yesterday..."

So why don't you run on the things that make you a Republican instead of running on all the things on which you agree with the Democrats? What about the balanced-budget amendment? Or your opposition to gay marriage? Or your votes in support of the oil industry? When you're at rallies, you always say, "I'm the most bipartisan." You don't say, "I'm against cap and trade."

"People know that about me," he insists, driving his point forward with firm and steady determination. "I've been doing this for three and a half years. People know where I am on those issues. Cap and trade, I'm against cap and trade. People know that already. Why go back and talk about things that are two years

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Cheating

[continued from page 105] there's a guy you have a crush on, another friend that you kissed him, and another you tell that you take cabs with him because cabs are the only safe place and you straddle him in the cab and he puts his hands on your ass and you make out like animals. And then you forget who you told what.

So how was it?

Words can't describe. I was wearing a thin white button-down and like, our bodies together, holy shit, it was so hot, I mean the first time was like crazy, like we had to get it out. It was fucking crazy. The second time was slower. And the third time we did like everything we missed, crazy positions, oh my God, we did it everywhere.

Oh God. Okay. What are you going to do?

I don't know. Tell me what to do. I love X, but I don't know if I can live a life with him knowing what's out there. But I think I can, I mean, I'll have a normal, good life with X.

You know how I feel.

You don't think I should get married.

Yes.

But don't you think people should have last flings? I mean, You sort of told me I could do this.

Yeah, I meant that. Mostly because I think if you didn't do it now, you'd do it after a few kids, and that's worse. I just think it's too early for you to feel this way.

What if I just do this my whole life?

I think you might.

I feel so bad.
You sound excited.
Fuck you.

Maybe an actual individual needs to heal you, says a friend of mine to me. Maybe your parents' death fucked you up and you need someone who's going to change your mind about everything. My brother says to me, Whatever you do, don't get married.

There is a boy I meet in New York who lives in Los Angeles. I know his father professionally. I don't think he's the one by any stretch. Even if I did, I wouldn't admit it to anybody, especially to myself.

People in affairs are hackneyed. They talk about what would have happened if we had met five years ago, seven years ago, twenty-four years ago, if you had been alive then. Nothing probably, is the answer. A Tom Waits song would have come on in the bar and you would have decided her hair was too red or her laugh was too loud. But you can't have it now so you need it.

Maybe my friends are right, and I'm a little broken. But since the death of my parents, it's been easier for me to associate with the devils. I've never been cheated on, to the best of my knowledge, and I know women who would like me to feel it. I understand that. I'm sorry for them, and mindful it can happen to me. Because you are on one side, until you are on the other.

The boy in L.A., his father is slightly mad

and also slightly estranged from his son. The father says, You're rewriting about affairs, hmm? Why don't you write about my son, who is cheating on his fiancée with you?

At first I'm a little gutted, if you can be just a little gutted. It takes me a couple of hours to regroup.

I take an exercise class in Manhattan in which women with clean soy faces and Lululemon everything and Klonopin-sized engagement rings do pliés and lunges and glute moves and everyone looks like swans in mirrors, one long shiny black leg up in the air and the other finding purchase in a powder-blue rug. I feel like an interloper, even though I'm wearing Lululemons, too. There are two women in here who I know have been cheated upon. I know their fiancé and boyfriend and I know what they did with two girls.

I stare out across a roomful of them, Dove deodorant and girlish sweat like, a shiny black smooth pool of them, pulsing to Rihanna, BlackBerrys blinking up at them from the floor and the swans diving down to do standing splits, getting a closer look at the screen, which maybe says, Out w Brian. Call you later. And the swans reposition like I do, into wide second positions, their Lululemons stretching out like goalposts, they inhale deeply and pulse to the music, gracefully stretching themselves until they can bend all the way in opposition, waiting to become a plateful of olive pits, and me in the corner stroking my scales, until each of us switches positions again. ▀

Scott Brown

old? People don't care about cap and trade. They care about whether they can pay their bills. They care about whether they have a job, and those are the things that I'm focusing on—I mean, you want me to make something up to fit your philosophy of who a Republican is. But I'm going to be the person I always am and that's what makes me so effective—the reason I as a freshman senator can get bills passed like *Hire a Hero*, the 3 percent reduction in small-business tax, the Arlington Cemetery investigation, and this most recent bill about insider trading, and also be intimately involved in *Don't Ask Don't Tell*, the START Treaty, the FinReg, Harry Reid's jobs bill, and a whole list of other things. So I'll let my votes and my actions speak for themselves and I'm not going to be pigeonholed by you or by anybody else."

Of course, he's right. He's always been his own man, and his decent respect for the other side and willingness to compromise have made him a very effective senator, especially with no seniority. He's the kind of politician Americans always say they want but just don't seem to elect too often anymore. So of course he poses a threat to the heart of liberalism, maybe even to the heart of democracy as we knew it—in this ideological time, when the forces of certainty on both sides are growing ever stronger and more hostile, can a liberal citizen of Massachusetts be liberal enough to vote for a good man who isn't a liberal?

But Mitch McConnell is still the leader of the Republican caucus in the Senate, and Brown is voting with that caucus 80 percent of the time.

"That's not true," he responds in the same cool way. "It's 54 percent of the time."

This is an impressive statistic in these polarized times. But it leaves only one meaningful question. As a United States senator, your vote for majority leader is one of the most important votes that you will ever cast. Because whether you agree with Mitch McConnell 80 percent of the time or 54 percent, your decision to vote for him could give the Republicans the majority, and it could give him the power to control virtually every aspect of the business of the United States Senate. Will you vote for Mitch McConnell for majority leader?

"You know, I'll certainly have to see what happens," he answers coolly. "We have to see who's reelected. I'm gonna certainly sit down with him, as others are, and see if we're going to continue to have all the obstruction. I'm going to let him know that I don't like it."

With that he's up from his chair, a long flash of dark blue, a polite goodbye and out the door. He never even unbuttoned his jacket. Running is the one thing he's always been best at, the skill and talent that saved him from poverty, and now he has the race of his life ahead of him. Now, more than ever, like America herself, Scott Brown has to keep moving to survive. ■

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BY JONATHAN STERN

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[%] [F5]	Upload nude photos of highlighted name or Connie Britton.
[⌘] [Shift] [X]	Erase history of [%] [F5]. Replace with link to greatanniversarygifts.com .
[B] [I] [D] [D]	<i>Brazilian blowout!</i>
[Option] [Z]	Restore the two hours of my life I spent watching John Carter. Plus thirteen dollars for the ticket. (Plus another sixty-five for the babysitter and ten for "gas money," as if she had to drive a hundred miles to get home.... Give me a break.)
[S] [6]	Send SEAL Team Six!
[Option] [J]	<i>Don't stop believing.</i>
[Alt] [Shift] [%]	Random Newt Gingrich joke generator.
[Shift] [Esc]	Force quit <i>feeling sorry for myself. Get out there and grab the world by the balls!</i>
[Command] [Z] [Shift] [Esc]	<i>Undo grabbing world by balls. World not ready.</i>
[Ctrl] [U]	Underline text. (Pretty basic, but <i>really</i> comes in handy.)
[Alt] [L]	Shortcut for [Ctrl] [U].
[F1]	<i>Make the pain stop.</i>
[Ctrl] [Alt] [Delete]	Bring Deion Sanders over to help format my Word documents.
[⌘] [Delete]	Remove elements of this iPad built by indentured children in China.
[Alt] [-]	Force caring about Ron Paul.
[Ctrl] [+]	Calculate lifetime savings of time due to keyboard shortcuts.
[Option] [J] [X]	Okay, you can stop believing now.

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